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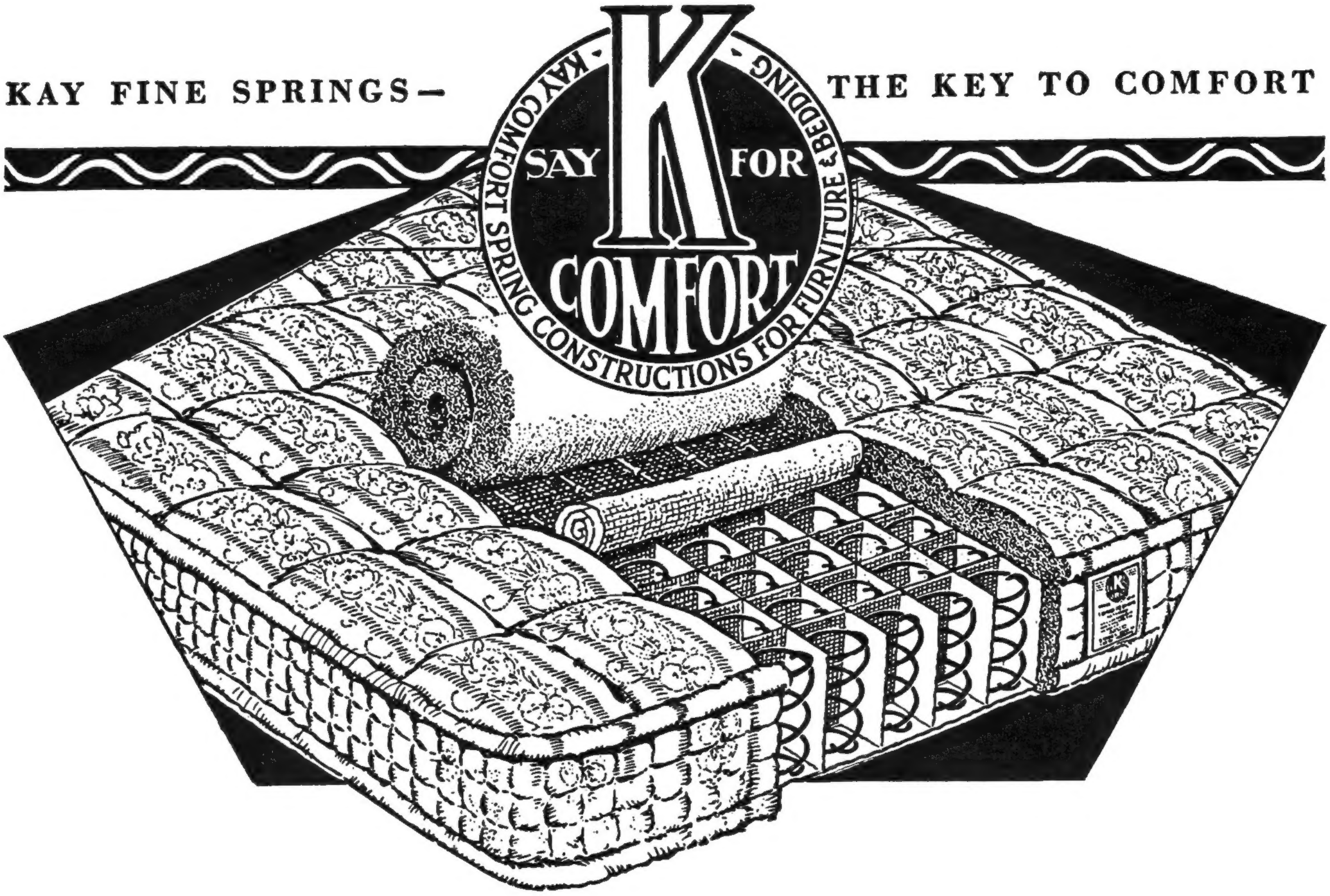
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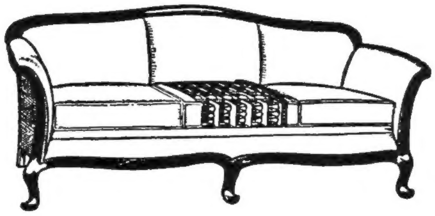

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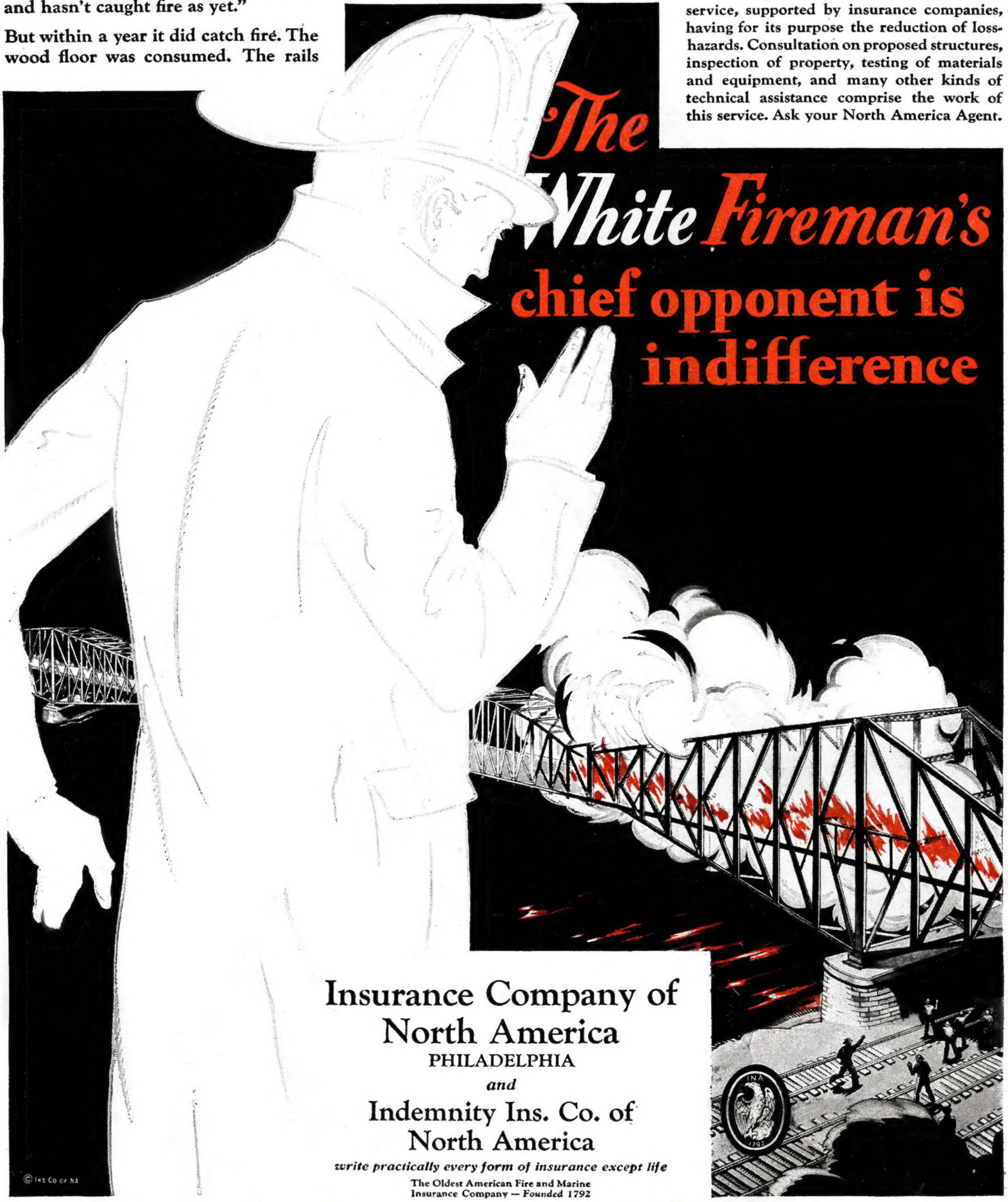
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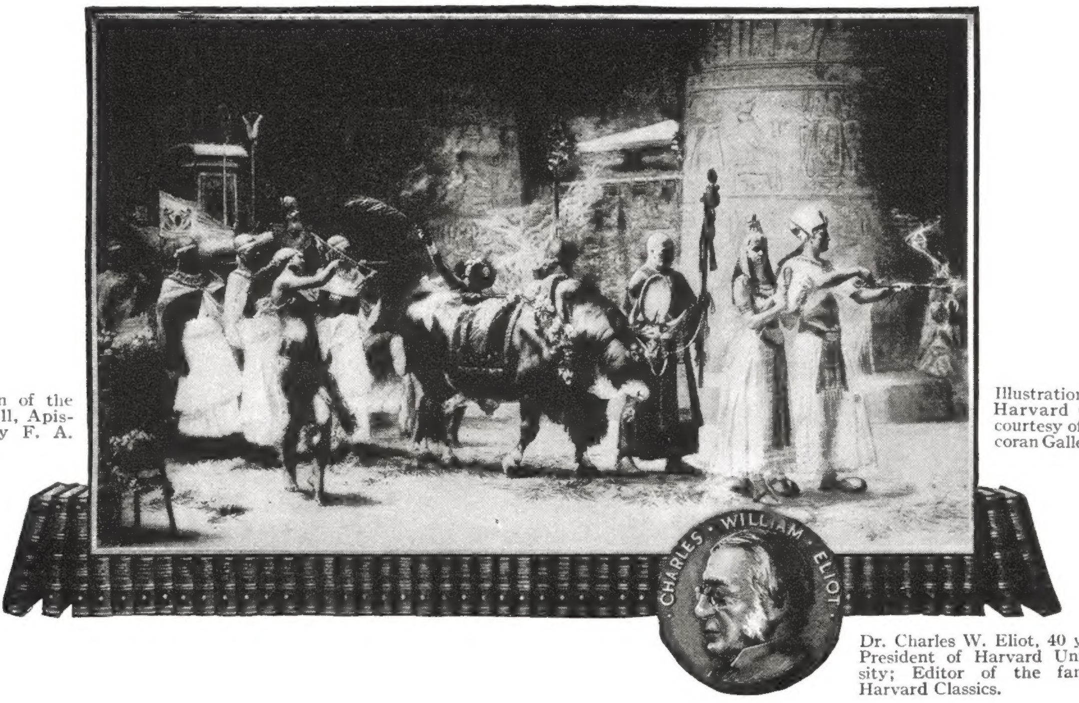

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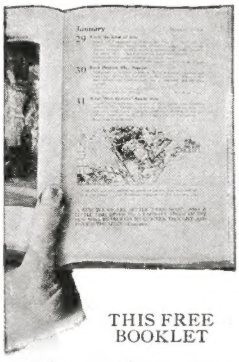

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THE
GOLDEN BOOK*
MAGAZINE

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Editorially Speaking

THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY of THE GOLDEN BOOK seems a fitting occasion to present it in a new and—we hope the consensus of opinion will pronounce—an improved garb.

To change the appearance of an old friend is always dangerous, though not nearly so dangerous as to maintain that perfection has been reached and improvement is impossible.

To the radical and adventurous any change carries with it at least the attractive quality of being "different." To the more conservative the accustomed bears a charm that the new cannot satisfactorily challenge, until it in turn acquires flavour and vintage.

So, our optimism is not without humility when we ask you to welcome a newly attired GOLDEN BOOK.

The advantages are perhaps too obvious to need more than passing mention—the excellent book paper, the larger type, which we hope will gladden your eyes as it has ours, the wide inside margins, permitting the doubling over of the magazine to hold in one hand without the type disappearing into the binding, the greater amount of reading matter before the page need be turned, and, finally, the opportunity given by the larger page for decoration and artistic presentation.

It may occur to you at first glance that here is another magazine in which the reader, after beginning a story, must turn innumerable pages of extraneous matter to find the continuation.

Let us reassure you at once. Every complete short story in the GOLDEN BOOK will be printed on consecutive pages, with no "turnover" to any other part of the magazine. Departments that have always appeared in the front and back will continue, and new departments will be added, planned to be so interesting (we hope) to GOLDEN BOOK readers that you will probably find it imperative to go through the magazine each month from cover to cover.

We think the majority will be favourably impressed as we make our bow, because everything that has been done has been with the hope of benefiting and pleasing—first and always—you, the reader. From those who think they preferred us as we were, we ask a gracious consideration until they get to know us better—a withholding of judgment until we have had time to prove ourselves.

In everything but physical formation the GOLDEN BOOK is the GOLDEN BOOK you have known, and of which so many of you have shown your approval by continuing to read year after year.

We shall still endeavour to bring to you the richness of the world's literature, ancient and modern; to prepare a monthly feast which it would not be feasible in this busy world for most people to seek out for themselves. All the offerings will not be equal in merit, nor will the judgment of readers be unanimous. The story or poem you may consider not quite worthy may be voted the best of the month by a fellow reader. It is, after all, a differing sense of values that makes great literature. Our choice may sometimes be open to question, but our devotion will be unfailing in the quest of fiction, prose, and verse that you would wish to read and reread. This brings us to the main point of our informal editorial chat.

Many of you, from time to time, have written us words of appreciation, criticism, and suggestion, the importance of which it would be impossible to exaggerate. These communications have indicated, not only your interest in the magazine as it is, but your good-will in helping us to maintain its best features and avoid possible errors. For such past help we express our gratefulness. For a still greater measure of help to come we make our plea.

No publication could be better constituted than the GOLDEN BOOK for the closest coöperation between readers and editors. The gems of creative literature are accessible to all. We try to live among them. You may have time only to visit them. And in these visits you may have unearthed treasures. Let us know about them if you think they belong in your GOLDEN BOOK. We may not always be able to get them, but we will try, and even occasional success will be eminently worth while.

With a successful record behind it, and with high hopes ahead, the GOLDEN BOOK begins another year. For its success in 1929 we shall hope to be especially indebted to the editorial coöperation of you, its readers.

◆

Archibald Henderson has many things to be proud of. He is the author of a dozen first-rate books of literary biography and criticism, and of an American history. He is head of the department of mathematics at the University of North Carolina, and has written scientific treatises on everything from cubic surfaces to relativity. But the thing of which he is most proud is the fact that he "discovered" George Bernard Shaw. It seems hard to believe that Shaw ever needed discovering, but the fact remains that when Mr. Henderson

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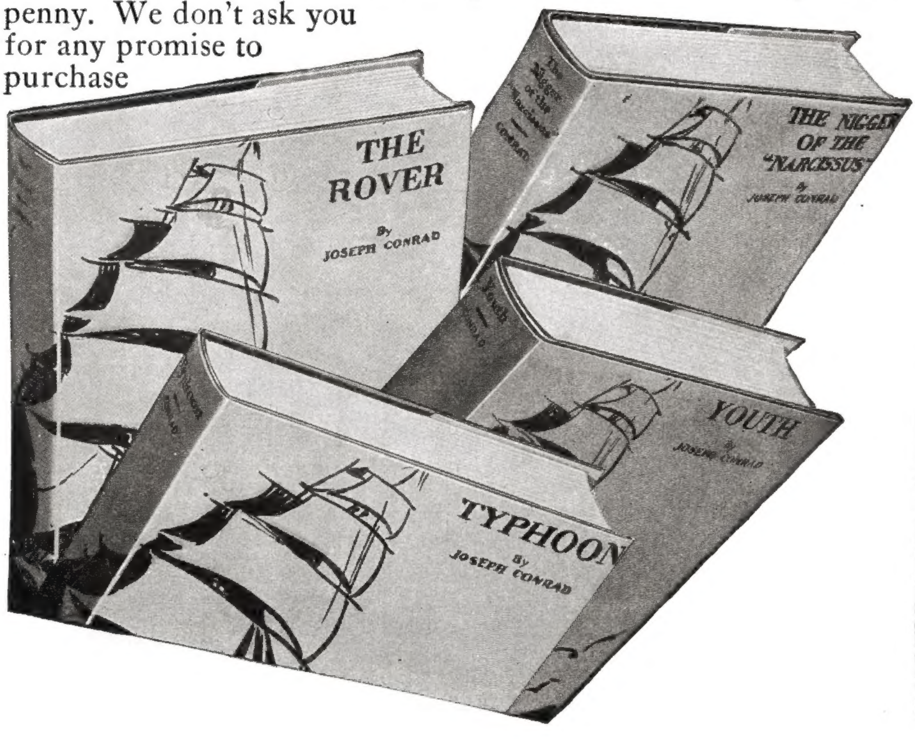

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began to tell the world about him. Mr. Henderson was one of only a small band of devoted followers who were just beginning to herald G. B. S. as a new star in the literary firmament.

There is something about the adroit prose of Arthur Cosslett Smith, and the polished finish of his two slim volumes of short stories, that makes him beloved of reading folk. Among those of literary discrimination, his name brings a gleam to the eye, and a sigh that the author of "The Turquoise Cup," "The Eye of the Harem," and "The Peach" is writing no longer. Many will not cease to remember this lawyer of Rochester, New York, whose pen was so quiet, so exquisite, so delightful.

When Samuel Lover came to London from Dublin in 1835 he took the town by storm. He dazzled with his variety of talents; he charmed with his gay Irish wit. Did you wish to have your portrait painted? Samuel Lover was the portrait painter of the hour. Were you anxious that your party be a success? Samuel Lover must be there to sing those delightful Irish songs of his. Did you keep up with the latest books? Certainly, then, you must have read *Handy Andy,* Samuel Lover's novel about which all London was talking. Had you been to the play at the Adelphi? Yes, it was Sam Lover's own adaptation of his novel *Rory O'More*. . . . By 1844 we find him giving regular public entertainments all over Great Britain and America. He called them his "Irish Evenings," and at them he sparkled with wit, sang his songs, recited his poetry.

None of Samuel Lover's literary ventures is more typical of his whimsical self than the one which led him to write the poem on Burns, explained in an editorial note on page 27.

If Mr. H. G. Wells had not attained such fame as historian, publicist, and novelist his short stories might be better known to American readers. They have a charm, whimsicality and humour which suggest that their author is having a very good time playing, rather than working, at writing. "A Deal in Ostriches" is one of several short stories by Mr. Wells which we hope to publish.

Leonard H. Robbins, the author of "Mr. Downey Sits Down," was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, and after a number of years as a newspaper man there, came East. In the East he soon won "brilliant success"—he writes of himself—"as a bass fisher and a flower gardener. His four-pounders are the envy of all Wolfboro, New Hampshire, and his tulips and chrysanthemums command the admiration of both the Montclairs, Upper and Lower, in New Jersey. Yet," he continues, "he is a modest-looking chap, much resembling 'D. K. T.' in the story, and would never be taken for a celebrity." Mr. Robbins writes "The Times in Rhymes" in the Sunday issue of the New York *Times*. "Really," says he, "there isn't another thing that can be said for him." In other words, let Mr. Downey speak for himself.

While Hebrew literature is one of the oldest in the world, Yiddish literature is one of the youngest. It was only fifty years ago that Jewish writers who wished to reach all Jewish people began to realize that they must write in Yiddish, the language of the people, and not in Hebrew, which had become the language of the scholarly few.

One of the first to experiment in Judæo-German dialect was Isaac Loeb Perez, whose name has now become generally accepted as the greatest in Yiddish literature.

"I am not crystal clear," Katherine Mansfield would exclaim in her journal, expressing profound dissatisfaction with writing which critics later found well-nigh perfect.

All through her thirty-four years, we learn from her husband, Middleton Murry, she strove ceaselessly after perfection; perfect clarity, perfect simplicity, so that the "deepest truth" would shine through. She died at Fontainebleau, near Paris, in 1923, without feeling that she had ever achieved her goal. And yet she has left four volumes of short stories of such rare insight, such delicate workmanship, that she has been acclaimed one of the geniuses of the age.

In an introduction to *The Doves' Nest*, published after her death, her husband includes part of her notebooks, so clearly revealing her inflexible ideals for herself, her struggle against illness. Her plan for this latest volume throws an interesting light on her method of work. On October 27, 1921, she wrote the following in her journal:

STORIES FOR MY NEW BOOK

Six Years After—A wife and husband on board a steamer. They see someone who reminds them. The cold buttons.

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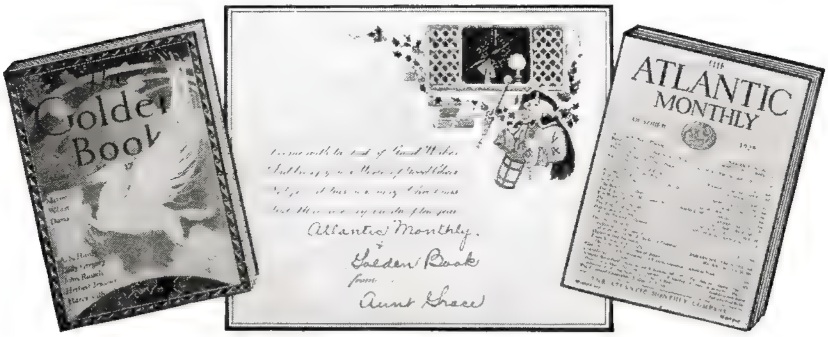

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Maxwell Struthers Burt of Moose, Wyoming, is a cattle-rancher, and was once a newspaper reporter, an army flier, a teacher of English. Whether he is prouder of being a partner in the Bar B. C. Ranch, or the author of a half-dozen books, we do not know. Certainly he can well be proud of "Each in His Generation," in this issue. It is a good yarn, and at the same time a penetrating comment on human nature. . . . Among his books are *John O'May and Other Stories, Interpreter's House, The Diary of a Dude Wrangler* and *Delectable Mountains.*

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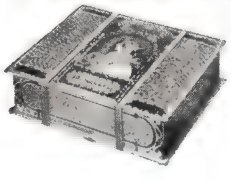

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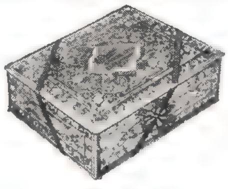

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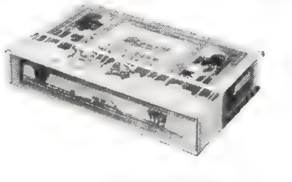

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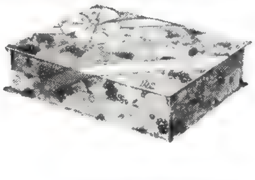

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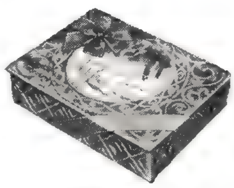

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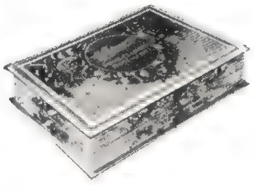

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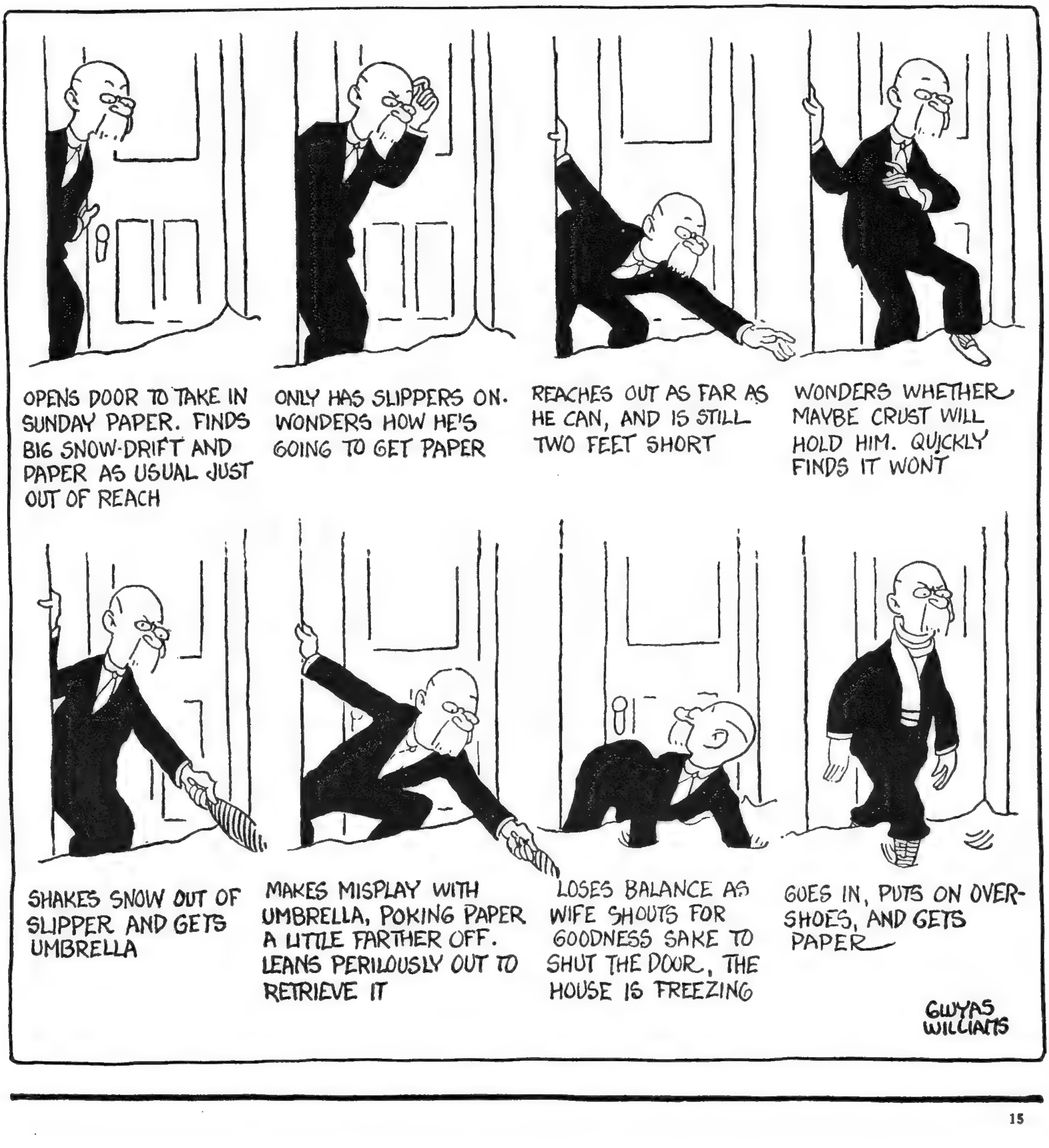
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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

JANUARY

On Christmas Eve, while the Perfect Reader sits in his armchair immersed in a book—so absorbed that he has let the fire go out—I propose to slip gently down the chimney and leave this tribute in his stocking. It is not a personal tribute. I speak, on behalf of the whole fraternity of writers, this word of gratitude—and envy. No one who has ever done any writing, or has any ambition toward doing so, can ever be a Perfect Reader. Such a one is not disinterested. He reads, inevitably, in a professional spirit.

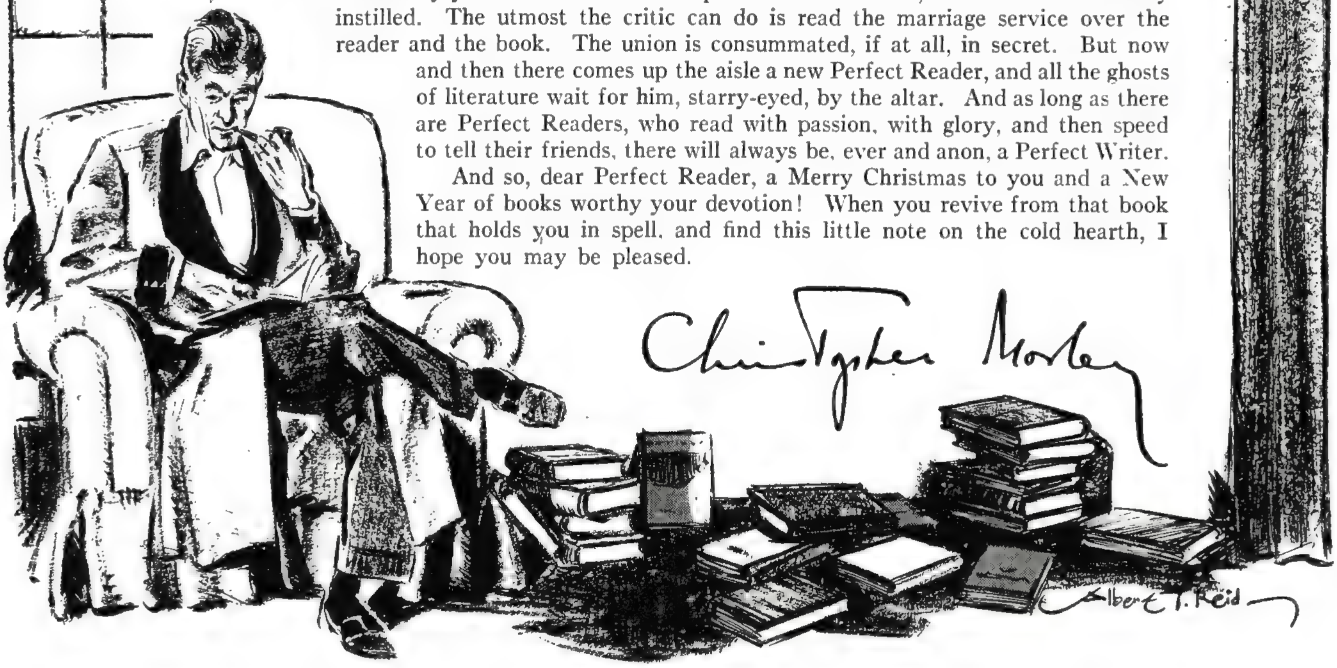
But the Perfect Reader, for whom all fine things are written, when *he* reads, it is without any *arrière pensée,* any twinging consciousness of self. I like to think of one Perfect Reader of my acquaintance. He is a seafaring man, and this very evening he is in his bunk, at sea, the day's tasks completed. I can see him reading. I know just how his mind feels! Oh, the Perfect Reader! There is not an allusion that he misses; in all those lovely printed words he sees the subtle secrets that a lesser soul would miss. He (bless his heart!) is not thinking how he himself would have written it; his clear, keen, outreaching mind is intent only to be one in spirit with the invisible and long-dead author. I tell you, if there is anywhere a return of the vanished, it is then, at such moments, over the tilted book held by the Perfect Reader.

And how quaint it is that he should diminish himself so modestly. "Of course" (he says), "I'm only a Reader, and I don't know anything about writing—" Why, you adorable creature, *you* are our court of final appeal, you are the one we come to, humbly, to know whether, anywhere in our miserable efforts to set out our unruly hearts in parallel lines, we have done an honest thing. What do we care for what (most of) the critics say? They (we know only too well) are not criticizing *us*, but, unconsciously, themselves. They skew their dreams into their comment, and blame us for not writing what they once wanted to. You we can trust, for you have looked at life largely and without pettifogging qualms. The parallel lines of our eager pages meet at Infinity—that is, in the infinite understanding and judgment of the Perfect Reader.

The enjoyment of literature is a personal communion; it cannot be outwardly instilled. The utmost the critic can do is read the marriage service over the reader and the book. The union is consummated, if at all, in secret. But now and then there comes up the aisle a new Perfect Reader, and all the ghosts of literature wait for him, starry-eyed, by the altar. And as long as there are Perfect Readers, who read with passion, with glory, and then speed to tell their friends, there will always be, ever and anon, a Perfect Writer.

And so, dear Perfect Reader, a Merry Christmas to you and a New Year of books worthy your devotion! When you revive from that book that holds you in spell, and find this little note on the cold hearth, I hope you may be pleased.

Christopher Morley



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The Eye of the Harem

By ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH

Arthur Cosslett Smith

When the Bishop had passed the customs—a High Church inspector letting certain embroidered vestments through as "tools to be used in a trade," under Schedule Z—he took a cab and had his wife and himself driven to the Albemarle. His rooms were ready for him, and his letters were on a table in the sitting-room. His wife, a small, thin woman with gray hair drawn over her ears, examined the letters and selected her own. Then she permitted the Bishop to have his. He went into his chamber, and soon came to the door in his shirt-sleeves.

"Maria," he called, "here is a note from Tewksbury. An engagement prevented his meeting us at the wharf, but he puts his carriage at our disposal while we are here, sends his kindest remembrances to you, and encloses——"

"What?" asked his wife, a hairpin in her mouth.

"Nothing," replied the Bishop; "that is," he added, "only a card"; and having been so near to an untruth, he thought of Saint Peter and half listened for the cock's crow.

"Well," said his wife, after a short interval, her mouth still occupied by the necessaries of her toilet, "if I felt equal to it I should go around to Trinity Chapel and give thanks for a safe voyage, but my head is very bad and I shall try to sleep. Of course you will go."

There was a knock at the door. The Bishop went to it hurriedly.

"Please, sir," said the buttons, "Mr. Tewksbury's carriage is below, and the groom says he is to take your orders."

The Bishop went to the door of his wife's room.

"My dear," he said, "I wish I could do something for you. I don't like to leave you alone."

"Nonsense," rejoined his wife; "it won't be the first time. There is a little foreign money in my purse. Put it in the offertory—I dare say they can use it; and get me some fruit while you are out—that nasty steamer food! lobsters on the menu six days out!—get me some nectarines, such as we had at Lambeth Palace; there is a fruit-shop just up the street; and don't wake me up to show them to me. Wait till I call you."

"Yes, my dear," said the Bishop, and he went down-stairs and entered the neat brougham which stood before the door.

"Where, my lord?" asked the footman.

"Anywhere," sighed the Bishop as he sank back against the cushions.

They drove through the park, and the sweetness of the landscape brought peace to the Bishop's heart.

"After all," he said to himself, "a celibate clergy has its limitations. See those baby-carriages and white-capped nurses on the lawn. None of them, it is to be hoped, belongs to the Pope, and any one of them—in fact, all of them—might belong to my humblest curate. Then, there is the question of stockings. Maria keeps mine darned. Friars are barefooted, doubtless because they have no one to darn for them. By the way, what was it Maria told me to fetch her? Oh, nectarines, that's it. I've plenty of time, and will get them after I have let the carriage go," and just then they quitted the macadam of the park for the asphalt of the avenue.

In a few moments the Bishop, who had been watching the street-lamps, squeezed the rubber bulb which hung in front of the brougham door, and the coachman drew up to the left-hand curb.

The Bishop backed slowly out, one foot on the step and the other feeling for the sidewalk.

"James," he said, when he had found his legs—and very good legs they were in their gaiters—"James, that is all."

"Thank you, my lord," said James, raising his forefinger to his hat-brim.

"And, James," added the Bishop, "if anyone should ask where you left me, you may say at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street. This *is* the corner of Thirty-eighth Street, is it not?"

"Quite so, my lord," replied James.

"I have enjoyed my drive very much," said the Bishop. "Share this with the coachman," and he slipped his wife's foreign money, wrapped in a bill, into James's hand.

The Bishop stood a moment, as if undecided where to go, then he walked briskly down the avenue. As he went along men and women turned to look at him, the men a little slyly, the women with frank admiration. Miss Dottie St. Claire, who was driving home from rehearsal, put her blond head out of the hansom and gazed after him.

"Aren't he a love?" she said to the young man by her side. "He makes me think of 'ome."

And the Bishop was well worth looking at. Six feet tall, with a smooth, ruddy face, kind blue eyes, crisp gray hair under a shovel hat, neat gaiters, well-blackened boots, and just enough waist to show off his apron, he was a pleasing object—so pleasing, indeed, that it was difficult for certain lewd men who passed him to conceive that he was the direct descendant of the apostles, who, they whispered one to another, were simple folk, with only one coat, one pair of shoes, and no stockings, no gaiters, no amethyst episcopal rings, no broughams, and no incomes.

But the good Bishop, as he walked down the avenue, was not troubled by these aspersions of his legitimacy. His thoughts were evidently fixed on pleasanter things than the bar sinister with which envy sought to daub his sacerdotal escutcheon.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if this is the place?" and he looked up at a corner house.

"Yes," he said, consulting a card which he held in his hand; "this is the number, but it might be a private house for all that appears. I had supposed—" and then he went up the steps which were on the side street and touched the bell. The door opened instantly.

"Is this the Saunterers' Club?" he asked of the servant who stood on the threshold.

"Yes, my lord," replied the hallman.

The Bishop blushed, first with pleasure, and again because his conscience pricked him.

"I am Bishop Williamson, of Porto Rico," he said, "and I received notice today that my old friend, Mr. Robert Tewksbury, has obtained the privileges of this club for me for two weeks. Is Mr. Tewksbury in?" and he held out the card.

"No, my lord," replied the doorman, "but he will be, later. He telephoned for dinner only a few moments ago."

The Bishop went in and a servant took his hat.

"I will show you about the 'ouse, my lord," he said.

The Bishop blushed again. He found it pleasant to be addressed by English servants.

They entered the library.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Bishop, "this is delightful. Such quiet, such repose, such a refuge from the hurly-burly of the street! I think I will try one of these hospitable chairs."

"Shall I bring you a paper, my lord?" asked the servant.

"Yes," replied the Bishop. "I should like to see the last copy of the *Churchman*."

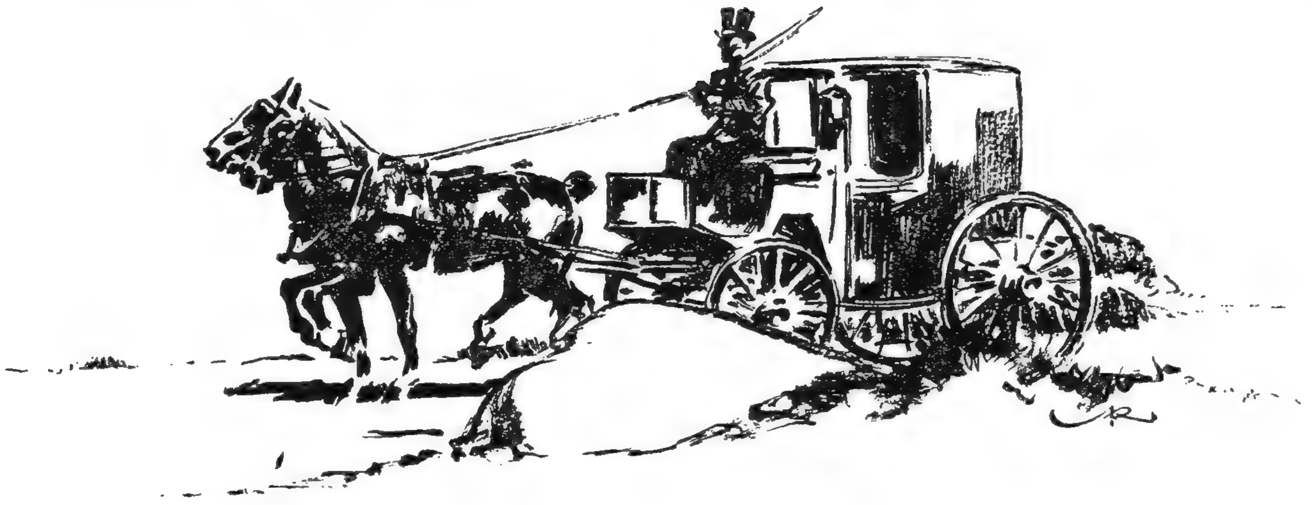
"Very sorry, my lord, but we don't take in the *Churchman*," said William. "Will you try the *Evening Post*, my lord? The *Post* is a very serious paper."

"No," replied the Bishop. "I think I will take a little rest. I have had a busy day. And, by the way," he added, his conscience pricking him again, "I am not 'my lord.' I am simply Bishop Williamson, of Porto Rico."

"Thank you, my lord," said William; and then he went away.

Left to himself, the good Bishop glanced languidly about the room—its huge chairs, heavy curtains, sombre colour, and subdued lights, so inviting to repose. Then, assured that he was alone, he stretched out his gaitered legs, crossed his white hands over his apron, dropped his chin upon his breast, and slept.

He had scarcely lost himself when the clear notes of a coach-horn filled the room. It was evidently blown at the club door. The Bishop awakened with a jerk, and getting on his feet, walked to the open window. He was just in time to see a black drag, picked out in yellow, draw up to the curb. While it was still in motion two servants ran to the heads of the horses, and when the brake was set a tall man in a drab coat, who was sitting on the box seat, threw the reins onto the wheelers' backs and stood up. The horses spread their legs and breathed hard. It was evident that they had come fast. A crowd gathered instantly from the place from which crowds come,



and men with bare heads ran out of the club and stood about the front wheels.

"Good old Tewksbury," cried some one from the club steps.

"Good old Macaroni," cried another.

"Three cheers for Spaghetti," yelled a third, and they were given with a will.

"Gentlemen," said Tewksbury, bracing himself on the footboard, "the filly ran true to breeding, and there will be cakes and ale in the blue dining-room at eight o'clock. I hope you all landed well. You haven't time to go home and dress. Come as you are. All you need is a thirst."

"Bless me," said the Bishop, to himself, "can that man in those very pronounced clothes be Robert Tewksbury? When I last saw him, at the General Convention"—and then the door flew open and Tewksbury came in.

"David, old boy, how are you?" he cried.

"Bob," replied the Bishop, "I am very well."

The two men stood gazing; smiling at each other.

"You old sinner," said Tewksbury, "how your togs become you!"

"You old saint," said the Bishop, "how funny you look in yours!" and then they laughed and shook hands for a long time.

"I saw your arrival in the *Herald*," said Tewksbury, "and I sent my coachman round to you with the carriage. Did he find you?"

"Indeed he did," said the Bishop, "and I got your card for the club, and came to thank you. I have to choose my time, for we are very busy, and Maria is a little nervous."

"How *is* Maria?" asked Tewksbury.

"Just as ever," replied the Bishop, "true as steel."

"Humph," said Tewksbury. The Bishop sighed.

As the mention of his wife had caused the silence which ensued, he felt bound to break it.

"What have you been doing lately, Bob?" he asked.

"Doing?" exclaimed Tewksbury — "everything. This has been my busy year. I went to Europe last October, fell in with the Turkish ambassador at London, went on with him to Constantinople, worked out a loan for the Sultan, cleaned up a million, came home last week, and today I won the 'Far and Near' with my filly Spaghetti, by Macaroni, out of Vermicelli."

"What is the 'Far and Near'?" asked the Bishop.

Tewksbury looked hard at his friend.

"Dave," he said, finally, "you always were rather downy at school. You used to pretend ignorance of lots of things with which you had at least a bowing acquaintance. This supposed ignorance of yours went far toward making you a bishop."

The Bishop smiled a sort of smile, but he asked again, "What is the 'Far and Near'?"

"If you're honest about it," said Tewksbury, "it's a horse-race, and I won it today, along with forty thousand dollars, and I'll build you a chapel in Porto Rico if you'll dine with me tonight." He was evidently somewhat excited.

The Bishop sat silent for a moment, and then he uttered the single word, "Maria?"

"Be a man, Dave," said Tewksbury.

THE BISHOP'S HANDS clasped the arms of his chair, and the charming bow of his lips became a straight line. "Bob," he said, "I will."

"Good," exclaimed Tewksbury, "the chapel is yours."

"I'm afraid," said the Bishop, "that I should have stayed without the chapel. I am periodically attacked with a longing to mingle with my fellow-men. Thus far I have fought against it, although in London I fell, and went to Madame Tussaud's. But today I have scarcely struggled. I started out this afternoon with the deliberate intention of coming here. I dismissed your carriage at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street, and told James to say he had set me down there. I thought it would not look well if I drove up to the door of a club, and I proposed to say nothing about it to Maria. This is bad enough, but it is not the worst, for, Bob, I actually revel in the deceit. I am wildly happy in my sin, and I propose to quaff the cup of pleasure to the dregs; but, Bob," he added earnestly, "you must let me know when it is ten o'clock. Till then I shall be a man among men. After ten, I shall be the Bishop of Porto Rico, and shall go home to Maria. I know what you are going to say. You are about to suggest that I tell Maria that I stayed out in order to get the chapel. There are two objections to that. One is that it is not true, and the other is that Maria will know that it is not true. By the way, I left her to go to Trinity Chapel, and then to get her some nectarines at Hicks's. Don't let me forget them."

"All right," said Tewksbury, "you have plenty of time to run over to the Albemarle and tell her you are going to dine with me."

"By no means," exclaimed the Bishop. "I shall send a note. I am not Catiline. If I go, I shall not return."

"All right," laughed Tewksbury. "You know best. I'll just run upstairs and do a tub. I shan't change, because the others haven't time. By the way, what clothes do you wear at coronations and such-like?"

The Bishop blushed for the third time.

"When I dined at Lambeth Palace," he said, "I wore silk stockings and silver buckles on my pumps, but my coat was very like the one I have on, except that it was braided."

"You'll do above the waist, then," said Tewksbury, "and your legs will be under the table. Come along if you want to wash your hands."

A SCORE OF MEN sat about the long table in the Blue Room. There were bankers, railroad presidents, promoters, corporation lawyers, idlers: all were millionaires except the Bishop and a little man in tweeds who sat at the host's left. The little man was presented to the Bishop by Tewksbury as his trainer; "and what Jenkins doesn't know about horses," he added, "you can put in tea."

"How very interesting," rejoined the Bishop. "I should enjoy a long talk with you, Mr. Jenkins, about that noblest of animals, the horse. You doubtless recall the matchless description of him in the Book of Job."

"I carn't say as I do, my lord," replied Mr. Jenkins. "What with lookin' after three-and-thirty in trainin', keepin' the stable lads sober, warnin' off the touts and reporters, seein' after the weights and entries, nursin' the sick ones, patchin' up the cripples, takin' off my 'at to the jocks, as you has to do now-a-days, and with oats at forty-eight cents, I don't have the time for much readin', but I was well acquainted with Job."

"What?" exclaimed the Bishop.

"Of course you understand," added Mr. Jenkins, "that Job wasn't his real name. He just took it for sportin' purposes, and he used to sign it to the racin' articles in the *Spirit*. He called on me once at the stables, a proper gentleman with sandy hair and a blue bird's-eye tie—didn't ask for no tips—just passed the time of day—gave me a cigar—had the clothes off of Macaroni—went into the 'ouse to see the picture of the old 'orse with me at his 'ead—took a cup of tea with the missus—liked to killed her with one of his stories—'ad the little girl onto his lap, and went away as pleasant as a May mornin'. I'll look up his book this winter unless we take the string South."

"I fear," said the Bishop, "that I did not make myself quite clear. I had reference to——"

"David," interrupted Tewksbury, "do you see that lad down at the other end, the chap with the white hyacinth in his buttonhole? He is Carrol De Lancy, one of our most eminent cotillion leaders."

"Dear me," said the Bishop, "I have never seen one." After a look through his glasses, he turned to Tewksbury, his eyes twinkling, and whispered, "And a little child shall lead them."

"Not such a child as he looks," said Tewksbury. "He'll be presented to you later, and will ask you for the loan of his cab fare. He never carries any money in his evening clothes. Says it bulges him and spoils his figure. He's got a flat latchkey which he keeps in his hat lining. He gets his corsets from Klob in Vienna, who makes for the Pope's guard."

"Dear me," said the Bishop, "I had no idea—who is that man with the side whiskers, the one speaking to the waiter?"

"Oh," replied Tewksbury, "that's Jamieson, the most awful millionaire here. He's drunk half that bottle, and now he is telling the waiter that it is corked. That's a habit. He paid a thousand dollars the other day to become a life member of the club. He immediately began to think. 'If I die inside of five years,' he said to me, 'my estate will lose money, as the annual dues are two hundred. What'd you do?'

"I couldn't advise. Later he came to me radiant.

"'I've fixed that matter I was speaking to you about,' he said. 'I've taken out a five-year policy on my life for a thousand dollars. My estate can't lose much. One has to look after these things.'"

"Dear me," said the Bishop, again. "I had no idea—and he is of a very old family, is he not?"

"I should say so," replied Tewksbury. "Good old Bible family. A lot of his ancestors ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and——"

"Tewksbury," called a man from the other end of the table, "they say that when you were in Turkey last winter the Sultan got sweet on you and gave you the Eye of the Harem. Can't we have a look at it, or have you locked it up in some safe deposit vault down town?"

"No," said Tewksbury, "I wore it to the races today, for luck, and I am ashamed to say, I have got it on yet," and he took off his ring and passed it on—a blue diamond as large as a filbert, with pink and white flashes through it that made the millionaires gasp. To the Bishop it was only something to marvel at and admire; to the others, it was something to covet and appraise.

"A hundred thousand dollars, if it is worth anything," whispered the Bishop's right-hand neighbour. "Such jewels should be suppressed. They breed crime. They make thieves and poisoners. How often do you suppose blood has been spilled on account of that stone?"

The Bishop did not reply, for just then a servant offered him a huge bowl of white and black grapes, and, as he helped himself to a small cluster, he uncovered a crimson-cheeked nectarine. He had forgotten his wife's commission.

"Are you ill?" asked his neighbour. "You look rather white. Let me get you some brandy."

"No," said the Bishop, with a faint smile, "it is my conscience, not my stomach, that is troubling me. I have thought too much of my own pleasure today, and too little of that of others. Now I must go and confess"; and he rose from his chair.

"Not going, are you, David?" asked Tewksbury.

"Yes," said the Bishop, "I must say good night."

"Well," said Tewksbury, "I'll see you out, and if no one will have any more drink, we will have our coffee in the other room. By the way, where is my ring?" and he held up the hand upon which he had worn it.

There followed a moment's silence and then—"I passed it on" said one, "and I," "and I," said each. They shook the napkins and searched the floor. The cotillion leader took one of the candles and disappeared under the table. No diamond. "Never mind," said Tewksbury, "it will turn up all right. Don't think any more about it."

Then they thought about it very hard indeed, and a silence ensued that became embarrassing. It was broken by Jamieson, the millionaire, who walked unsteadily but rapidly to the door and locked it.

"I move we all be searched," he cried, in a voice made strident by drink. "I can't afford to have diamonds like that disappear at dinner-tables where I am. Search me first and let me out. Who's next?"

"Mr. Jamieson," said Tewksbury, "you forget yourself. These are my guests. I don't have guests that have to be searched."

"You've got nothing to do with it," screamed Jamieson. "It is a measure of self-preservation for each of us. We can't go until the stone is found, or until it is proved that we haven't got it. Do you all agree?"

And they all agreed but one—the Bishop. He stood, very erect and very pale, his hand extended to Tewksbury.

"I think I'll go now, Robert," he said, and then he turned and, looking down the room, added, "Good night, gentlemen."

There were a few awkward responses as Tewksbury unlocked the door and went out with his friend. The two did not speak until they stood on the steps of the club. Then Tewksbury put his hand on the Bishop's shoulder, and said: "Dave, it was awfully square of you to stand up and refuse to be searched. That drunken fool, Jamieson, put you all in a dreadful hole, and I know how hard it was for you to walk out. You did it for my sake."

"No, Bob," said the Bishop, sadly, "I did it for my own sake. I didn't dare to be searched. I'm a thief."

"My God, Dave, what do you mean?" gasped Tewksbury.

"I mean," said the Bishop, "that I stole this," and putting his hand into his skirt pocket he drew out a nectarine. Tewksbury glanced at it and burst into a laugh.

"It is no laughing matter," said the Bishop. "It made a sneak and coward of me. I had to run away or be exposed. Fancy an unworthy successor of the apostles searched, and found with stolen fruit on his person"; and drawing back his arm he flung the nectarine far down the street.

"Poor old boy," said Tewksbury, "I should not have asked you to such a dinner."

"It is not your fault," said the Bishop. "I deserve it all. I began the day wrong. I was not conscientious on the wharf this morning in regard to my vestments. And then I permitted Maria to believe that I left her to go to Trinity Chapel, and instead of going, I drove in the park. I gave her money to the groom when she had charged me to put it in the offertory. I wrote her that I was dining with you, but did not mention the club, and I forgot all about her fruit until that on your table reminded me of it. I am sorry that you have lost your ring, Bob, but I have lost much more —my self-respect."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Tewksbury. "You're morbid. You spend too much time with curates and women."

"I am going home to a woman now," said the Bishop, "and I am wondering just what I shall say to her. Good night," and he started down the street.

He walked very slowly, and he even took a little stroll in Madison Square before he entered the hotel. When he did go in, he declined the offer of the elevator and climbed the stairs. He opened the door very carefully and crept into the sitting-room. It was dark, but a faint glimmer of light came from his wife's room. He could hear her breathing. She was asleep. He was reprieved until morning. With a thankful heart he groped his way toward his own door. He had almost reached it when he stepped upon the projecting rocker of a chair. There was a bang against the wall, a cry from his wife, a sudden gleam of light as she turned up the gas, and then the Bishop realized that his crimes had overtaken him.

He began to talk very rapidly: "Tewksbury asked particularly after you, my dear—very particularly. We had a delightful dinner. I don't know when I have had so charming a dinner. We had oysters and soup and fish and roast and snipe—I think, yes, snipe —and, ha, ha, ha, there was a young man present who leads cotillions and wears corsets. It was a delightful dinner, most delightful—Tewksbury asked——"

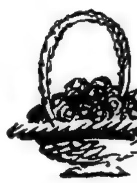
"That will do," said his wife. "You may complete the menu in the morning. I wonder what they think down in the office, of the Bishop of Porto Rico coming in at this hour of the night. Leave the nectarines in the sitting-room and go to bed."

"My dear," began the Bishop, "I regret——"

There was a knock at the outer door. The Bishop answered it. A servant from the club stood in the hall with a small basket in his hand.

"My lord," he said, taking off his hat, "Mr. Tewksbury sends these nectarines with his compliments, and bids me say that he found the ring. He put it in his waistcoat pocket when it was passed back to him, and forgot all about it. Good night, my lord."

"Good night," said the Bishop, "and God bless you."



The Stranger

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Faithfully yours
Katherine Mansfield.

It seemed to the little crowd on the wharf that she was never going to move again. There she lay, immense, motionless on the gray crinkled water, a loop of smoke above her, an immense flock of gulls screaming and diving after the galley droppings at the stern. You could just see little couples parading—little flies walking up and down the dish on the gray crinkled tablecloth. Other flies clustered and swarmed at the edge. Now there was a gleam of white on the lower deck—the cook's apron or the stewardess', perhaps. Now a tiny black spider raced up the ladder on to the bridge.

In the front of the crowd a strong-looking, middle-aged man, dressed very well, very snugly in a gray overcoat, gray silk scarf, thick gloves and dark felt hat, marched up and down, twirling his folded umbrella. He seemed to be the leader of the little crowd on the wharf, and at the same time to keep them together. He was something between the sheep-dog and the shepherd.

But what a fool—what a fool he had been not to bring any glasses! There wasn't a pair of glasses between the whole lot of them.

"Curious thing, Mr. Scott, that none of us thought of glasses. We might have been able to stir 'em up a bit. We might have managed a little signaling: *Don't hesitate to land. Natives harmless.* Or: *A welcome awaits you. All is forgiven.* What? Eh?"

Mr. Hammond's quick, eager glance, so nervous and yet so friendly and confiding, took in everybody on the wharf, roped in even those old chaps lounging against the gangways. They knew, every man-jack of them, that Mrs. Hammond was on that boat, and he was so tremendously excited it never entered his head not to believe that this marvelous fact meant something to them too. It warmed his heart towards them. They were, he decided, as decent a crowd of people—— Those old chaps over by the gangways, too—fine, solid old chaps. What chests— by Jove! And he squared his own, plunged his thick-gloved hands into his pockets, rocked from heel to toe.

"Yes, my wife's been in Europe for the last ten months. On a visit to our eldest girl, who was married last year. I brought her up here, as far as Salisbury, myself. So I thought I'd better come and fetch her back. Yes, yes, yes." The shrewd gray eyes narrowed again and searched anxiously, quickly, the motionless liner. Again his overcoat was unbuttoned. Out came the thin, butter-yellow watch again, and for the twentieth—fiftieth—hundredth time he made the calculation.

"Let me see, now. It was two-fifteen when the doctor's launch went off. Two-fifteen. It is now exactly twenty-eight minutes past four. That is to say, the doctor's been gone two hours and thirteen minutes. Two hours and thirteen minutes! Wheeooh!" He gave a queer little half-whistle and snapped his watch to again. "But I think we should have been told if there was anything up—don't you, Mr. Gaven?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hammond! I don't think there's anything to—anything to worry about," said Mr. Gaven, knocking out his pipe against the heel of his shoe. "At the same time——"

"Quite so! Quite so!" cried Mr. Hammond. "Dashed annoying!" He paced quickly up and down and came back again to his stand between Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mr. Gaven. "It's getting quite dark, too," and he waved his folded umbrella as though the dusk at least might have had the decency to keep off for a bit. But the dusk came slowly, spreading like a slow stain over the water. Little Jean Scott dragged at her mother's hand.

"I wan' my tea, mammy!" she wailed.

"I expect you do," said Mr. Hammond. "I expect all these ladies want their tea." And his kind, flushed, almost pitiful glance roped them all in again. He wondered whether Janey was having a final cup of tea in the saloon out there. He hoped so; he thought not. It would be just like her not to leave the deck. In that case perhaps the deck steward would bring her up a cup. If he'd been there he'd have got it for her—somehow. And for a moment he was on deck, standing over her, watching her little hand fold round the cup in the way she had, while she drank the only cup of tea to be got on board. . . . But now he was back here, and the Lord only knew when that cursed Captain would stop hanging about in the stream. He took another turn, up and down, up and down. He walked as far as the cab-stand to make sure his driver hadn't disappeared; back he swerved again to the little flock huddled in the shelter of the banana crates. Little Jean Scott was still wanting her tea. Poor little beggar! He wished he had a bit of chocolate on him.

"Here, Jean!" he said. "Like a lift up?" And easily, gently, he swung the little girl on to a higher barrel. The movement of holding her, steadying her, relieved him wonderfully, lightening his heart.

"Hold on," he said, keeping an arm round her.

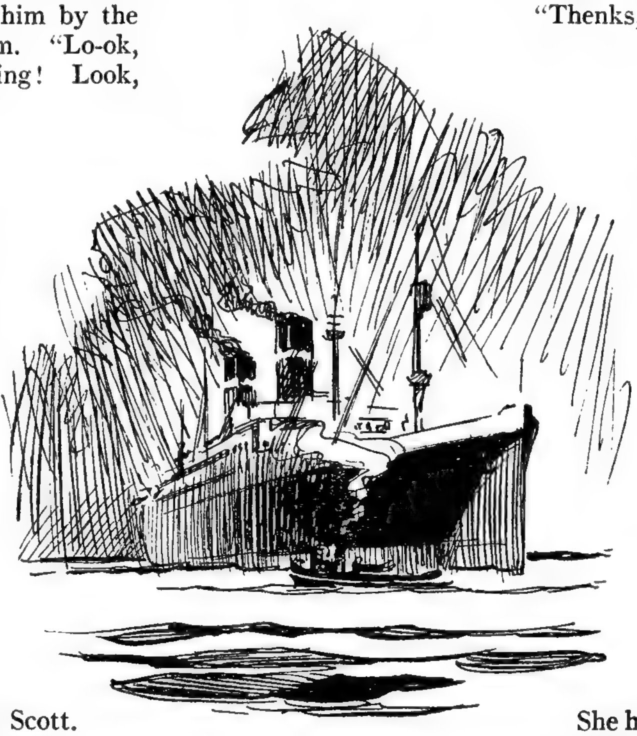
"Oh, don't worry about *Jean,* Mr. Hammond!" said Mrs. Scott.

"That's all right, Mrs. Scott. No trouble. It's a pleasure. Jean's a little pal of mine, aren't you, Jean?"

"Yes, Mr. Hammond," said Jean, and she ran her finger down the dent of his felt hat.

But suddenly she caught him by the ear and gave a loud scream. "Lo-ok, Mr. Hammond! She's moving! Look, she's coming in!"

By Jove! So she was. At last! She was slowly, slowly turning round. A bell sounded far over the water and a great spout of steam gushed into the air. The gulls rose; they fluttered away like bits of white paper. And whether that deep throbbing was her engines or his heart Mr. Hammond couldn't say. He had to nerve himself to bear it, whatever it was. At that moment old Captain Johnson, the harbour-master, came striding down the wharf, a leather portfolio under his arm.



"Jean'll be all right," said Scott. "I'll hold her." He was just in time. Mr. Hammond had forgotten about Jean. He sprang away to greet old Captain Johnson.

"Well, Captain," the eager, nervous voice rang out again, "you've taken pity on us at last."

"It's no good blaming me, Mr. Hammond," wheezed old Captain Johnson, staring at the liner. "You got Mrs. Hammond on board, ain't yer?"

"Yes, yes!" said Hammond, and he kept by the harbour-master's side. "Mrs. Hammond's there. Hul-lo! We shan't be long now!"

With her telephone ring-ringing, the thrum of her screw filling the air, the big liner bore down on them, cutting sharp through the dark water so that big white shavings curled to either side. Hammond and the harbour-master kept in front of the rest. Hammond took off his hat; he raked the decks—they were crammed with passengers; he waved his hat and bawled a loud, strange "Hul-lo!" across the water; and then turned round and burst out laughing and said something—nothing—to old Captain Johnson.

"Seen her?" asked the harbour-master.

"No, not yet. Steady—wait a bit!" And suddenly, between two great clumsy idiots—"Get out of the way there!" he signed with his umbrella—he saw a hand raised—a white glove shaking a handkerchief. Another moment, and—thank God, thank God!—there she was. There was Janey. There was Mrs. Hammond, yes, yes, yes—standing by the rail and smiling and nodding and waving her handkerchief.

"Well, that's first class—first class! Well, well, well!" He positively stamped. Like lightning he drew out his cigar-case and offered it to old Captain Johnson. "Have a cigar, Captain! They're pretty good. Have a couple! Here,"—and he pressed all the cigars in the case on the harbour-master—"I've a couple of boxes up at the hotel."

"Thenks, Mr. Hammond!" wheezed old Captain Johnson.

Hammond stuffed the cigar-case back. His hands were shaking, but he'd got hold of himself again. He was able to face Janey.

There she was, leaning on the rail, talking to some woman and at the same time watching him. It struck him, as the gulf of water closed, how small she looked on that huge ship. His heart was wrung with such a spasm that he could have cried out. How little she looked, to have gone all that long way and back by herself! Just like her, though. Just like Janey. She had the courage of a—— And now the crew had come forward and parted the passengers; they had lowered the rails for the gangways.

The voices on shore and the voices on board flew to greet each other.

"All well?"

"All well."

"How's mother?"

"Much better."

"Hullo, Jean!"

"Hillo, Aun' Emily!"

"Had a good voyage?"

"Splendid!"

"Shan't be long now!"

The engines stopped. Slowly she edged to the wharf-side.

"Make way there—make way—make way!" And the wharf hands brought the heavy gangways along at a sweeping run. Hammond signed to Janey to stay where she was. The old harbour-master stepped forward; he followed. As to "ladies first," or any rot like that, it never entered his head.

"After you, Captain!" he cried genially. And, treading on the old man's heels, he strode up the gangway on to the deck in a bee-line to Janey, and Janey was clasped in his arms.

"Well, well, well! Yes, yes! Here we are at last!" he stammered. It was all he could say. And Janey emerged, and her cool little voice—the only voice in the world for him—said: "Well, darling!

Darling! Have you been waiting long?"

No; not long. Or, at any rate, it didn't matter. It was over now. But the point was, he had a cab waiting at the end of the wharf. Was she ready to go off. Was her luggage ready? In that case they could cut off sharp with her cabin luggage, and let the rest go hang until tomorrow. He bent over her and she looked up with her familiar half-smile. She was just the same. Not a day changed. Just as he'd always known her. She laid her small hand on his sleeve.

"How are the children, John?" she asked.

(Hang the children!) "Perfectly well. Never better in their lives."

"Haven't they sent me letters?"

"Yes, yes—of course! I've left them at the hotel for you to digest later on."

"We can't go quite so fast," said she. "I've got people to say good-bye to—and then there's the Captain." As his face fell she gave his arm a small understanding squeeze. "If the Captain comes off the bridge I want you to thank him for having looked after your wife so beautifully." Well, he'd got her. If she wanted another ten minutes—— As he gave way she was surrounded. The whole first-class seemed to want to say good-bye to Janey.

"Good-bye, *dear* Mrs. Hammond! And next time you're in Sydney I'll *expect* you."

"Darling Mrs. Hammond! You won't forget to write to me, will you?"

"Well, Mrs. Hammond, what this boat would have been without you!"

It was as plain as a pikestaff that she was by far the most popular woman on board. And she took it all—just as usual. Absolutely composed. Just her little self—just Janey all over; standing there with her veil thrown back. Hammond never noticed what his wife had on. It was all the same to him whatever she wore. But today he did notice that she wore a black "costume"—didn't they call it?—with white frills (trimmings, he supposed they were) at the neck and sleeves. All this while Janey handed him round.

"John, dear!" And then: "I want to introduce you to——"

FINALLY they did escape, and she led the way to her state-room. To follow Janey down the passage that she knew so well—that was so strange to him; to part the green curtains after her and to step into the cabin that had been hers gave him exquisite happiness. But—confound it!—the stewardess was there on the floor, strapping up the rugs.

"That's the last, Mrs. Hammond," said the stewardess, rising and pulling down her cuffs.

He was introduced again, and then Janey and the stewardess disappeared into the passage. He heard whisperings. She was getting the tipping business over, he supposed. He sat down on the striped sofa and took his hat off. There were the rugs she had taken with her; they looked good as new. All her luggage looked fresh, perfect. The labels were written in her beautiful little clear hand—"Mrs. John Hammond."

"Mrs. John Hammond!" He gave a long sigh of content and leaned back, crossing his arms. The strain was over. He felt he could have sat there forever sighing his relief—the relief at being rid of that horrible tug, pull, grip on his heart. The danger was over. That was the feeling. They were on dry land again.

But at that moment Janey's head came round the corner.

"Darling—do you mind? I just want to go and say good-bye to the doctor."

Hammond started up. "I'll come with you."

"No, no!" she said. "Don't bother. I'd rather not. I'll not be a minute."

And before he could answer she was gone. He had half a mind to run after her; but instead he sat down again.

WOULD SHE REALLY not be long? What was the time now? Out came the watch; he stared at nothing. That was rather queer of Janey, wasn't it? Why couldn't she have told the stewardess to say good-bye for her? Why did she have to go chasing after the ship's doctor? She could have sent a note from the hotel even if the affair had been urgent. Urgent? Did it—could it mean that she had been ill on the voyage—she was keeping something from him? That was it! He seized his hat. He was going off to find that fellow and to wring the truth out of him at all costs. He thought he'd noticed just something. She was just a touch too calm—too steady. From the very first moment——

The curtains rang. Janey was back. He jumped to his feet.

"Janey, have you been ill on this voyage? You have!"

"Ill?" Her airy little voice mocked him. She stepped over the rugs, and came up close, touched his breast, and looked up at him.

"Darling," she said, "don't frighten me. Of course I haven't! Whatever makes you think I have? Do I look ill?"

But Hammond didn't see her. He only felt that she was looking at him and that there was no need to worry about anything. She was here to look after things. It was all right. Everything was.

The gentle pressure of her hand was so calming that he put his over hers to hold it there. And she said:

"Stand still. I want to look at you. I haven't seen you yet. You've had your beard beautifully trimmed, and you look—younger, I think, and decidedly thinner! Bachelor life agrees with you."

"Agrees with me!" He groaned for love and caught her close again. And again, as always, he had the feeling he was holding something that never was quite his—his. Something too delicate, too precious, that would fly away once he let go.

"For God's sake, let's get off to the hotel so that we can be by ourselves!" And he rang the bell hard for some one to look sharp with the luggage.

. . . .

Walking down the wharf together she took his arm. He had her on his arm again. And the difference it made to get into the cab after Janey—to throw the red-and-yellow striped blanket around them both—to tell the driver to hurry, because neither of them had had any tea. No more going without his tea or pouring out his own. She was back. He turned to her, squeezed her hand, and said gently, teasingly, in the “special” voice he had for her: “Glad to be home again, dearie?” She smiled; she didn’t even bother to answer, but gently she drew his hand away as they came to the brighter streets.

“We’ve got the best room in the hotel,” he said. “I wouldn’t be put off with another. And I asked the chambermaid to put in a bit of a fire in case you felt chilly. She’s a nice, attentive girl. And I thought now we were here we wouldn’t bother to go home tomorrow, but spend the day looking round and leave the morning after. Does that suit you? There’s no hurry, is there? The children will have you soon enough. . . . I thought a day’s sight-seeing might make a nice break in your journey—eh, Janey?”

“Have you taken the tickets for the day after?” she asked.

“I should think I have!” He unbuttoned his overcoat and took out his bulging pocket-book. “Here we are! I reserved a first-class carriage to Cooktown. There it is—‘Mr. *and* Mrs. John Hammond.’ I thought we might as well do ourselves comfortably, and we don’t want other people butting in, do we? But if you’d like to stop here a bit longer——?”

“Oh, no!” said Janey quickly. “Not for the world! The day after tomorrow, then. And the children——”

But they had reached the hotel. The manager was standing in the broad, brilliantly-lighted porch. He came down to greet them. A porter ran from the hall for their boxes.

“Well, Mr. Arnold, here’s Mrs. Hammond at last!”

The manager led them through the hall himself and pressed the elevator-bell. Hammond knew there were business pals of his sitting at the little hall tables having a drink before dinner. But he wasn’t going to risk interruption; he looked neither to the right nor the left. They could think what they pleased. If they didn’t understand, the more fools they—and he stepped out of the lift, unlocked the door of their room, and shepherded Janey in. The door shut. Now, at last, they were alone together. He turned up the light. The curtains were drawn; the fire blazed. He flung his hat on to the huge bed and went towards her.

But—would you believe it!—again they were interrupted. This time it was the porter with the luggage. He made two journeys of it, leaving the door open in between, taking his time, whistling through his teeth in the corridor. Hammond paced up and down the room, tearing off his gloves, tearing off his scarf. Finally he flung his overcoat on to the bedside.

At last the fool was gone. The door clicked. Now they *were* alone. Said Hammond: “I feel I’ll never have you to myself again. These cursed people! Janey”—and he bent his flushed, eager gaze upon her—“let’s have dinner up here. If we go down to the restaurant we’ll be interrupted, and then there’s the confounded music” (the music he’d praised so highly, applauded so loudly last night!). “We shan’t be able to hear each other speak. Let’s have something up here in front of the fire. It’s too late for tea. I’ll order a little supper, shall I? How does that idea strike you?”

“Do, darling!” said Janey. “And while you’re away—the children’s letters——”

“Oh, later on will do!” said Hammond.

“But then we’d get it over,” said Janey. “And I’d first have time to——”

“Oh, I needn’t go down!” explained Hammond. “I’ll just ring and give the order . . . you don’t want to send me away, do you?”

Janey shook her head and smiled.

“But you’re thinking of something else. You’re worrying about something,” said Hammond. “What is it? Come and sit here—come and sit on my knee before the fire.”

“I’ll just unpin my hat,” said Janey, and she went over to the dressing-table. “A-ah!” She gave a little cry.

“What is it?”

“Nothing, darling. I’ve just found the children’s letters. That’s all right. They will keep. No hurry now!” She turned to him, clasping them. She tucked them into her frilled blouse. She cried quickly, gaily: “Oh, how typical this dressing-table is of you!”

“Why? What’s the matter with it?” said Hammond.

“If it were floating in eternity I should say ‘John!’” laughed Janey, staring at the big bottle of hair tonic, the wicker bottle of eau-de-Cologne, the two hair-brushes, and a dozen new collars tied with pink tape. “Is this all your luggage?”

“Hang my luggage!” said Hammond; but all the same he liked being laughed at by Janey. “Let’s talk. Let’s get down to things. Tell me”—and as Janey perched on his knees he leaned back and drew her into the deep, ugly chair—“tell me you’re really glad to be back, Janey.”

“Yes, darling, I am glad,” she said.

But just as when he embraced her he felt she would fly away, so Hammond never knew—never knew for dead certain that she was as glad as he was. How could he know? Would he ever know? Would he always have this craving — this pang-like hunger, somehow, to make Janey so much a part of him that there wasn’t any of her to escape? He wanted to blot out everybody, everything. He wished now he’d turned off the light. That might have brought her nearer. And now those letters from the children rustled in her blouse. He could have chucked them into the fire. “Janey,” he whispered.

“Yes, dear?” She lay on his breast, but so lightly, so remotely. Their breathing rose and fell together.

"Janey!"

"What is it?"

"Turn to me," he whispered. A slow, deep flush flowed into his forehead. "Kiss me, Janey! You kiss me!"

It seemed to him there was a tiny pause—but long enough for him to suffer torture—before her lips touched his, firmly, lightly—kissing them as she always kissed him, as though the kiss—how could he describe it?—confirmed what they were saying, signed the contract. But that wasn't what he wanted; that wasn't at all what he thirsted for. He felt suddenly, horribly tired.

"If you knew," he said, opening his eyes, "what it's been like—waiting today. I thought the boat never would come in. There we were, hanging about. What kept you so long?"

SHE MADE no answer. She was looking away from him at the fire. The flames hurried—hurried over the coals, flickered, fell.

"Not asleep, are you?" said Hammond, and he jumped her up and down.

"No," she said. And then: "Don't do that, dear. No, I was thinking. As a matter of fact," she said, "one of the passengers died last night—a man. That's what held us up. We brought him in—I mean, he wasn't buried at sea. So, of course, the ship's doctor and the shore doctor——"

"What was it?" ask Hammond uneasily. He hated to hear of death. He hated this to have happened. It was, in some queer way, as though he and Janey had met a funeral on their way to the hotel.

"Oh, it wasn't anything in the least infectious!" said Janey. She was speaking scarcely above her breath. "It was *heart*." A pause. "Poor fellow!" she said. "Quite young." And she watched the fire flicker and fall. "He died in my arms," said Janey.

The blow was so sudden that Hammond thought he would faint. He couldn't move; he couldn't breathe. He felt all his strength flowing—flowing into the big dark chair, and the big dark chair held him fast, gripped him, forced him to bear it.

"What?" he said dully. "What's that you say?"

"The end was quite peaceful," said the small voice. "He just"—and Hammond saw her lift her gentle hand—"breathed his life away at the end." And her hand fell.

"Who—else was there?" Hammond managed to ask.

"Nobody. I was alone with him."

Ah, my God, what was she saying! What was she doing to him! This would kill him! And all the while she spoke:

"I saw the change coming, and I sent the steward for the doctor, but the doctor was too late. He couldn't have done anything, anyway."

"But—why *you*, why *you?*" moaned Hammond.

At that Janey turned quickly, quickly searched his face.

"You don't *mind*, John, do you?" she asked. "You don't—— It's nothing to do with you and me."

Somehow or other he managed to shake some sort of smile at her. Somehow or other he stammered: "No—go—on, go on! I want you to tell me."

"But, John darling——"

"Tell me, Janey!"

"There's nothing to tell," she said, wondering. "He was one of the first-class passengers. I saw he was very ill when he came on board. . . . But he seemed to be so much better until yesterday. He had a severe attack in the afternoon—excitement—nervousness, I think, about arriving. And after that he never recovered."

"But why didn't the stewardess——"

"Oh, my dear—the stewardess!" said Janey. "What would he have felt? And besides . . . he might have wanted to leave a message . . . to——"

"Didn't he?" muttered Hammond. "Didn't he say anything?"

"No, darling, not a word!" She shook her head softly. "All the time I was with him he was too weak . . . he was too weak even to move a finger. . . ."

Janey was silent. But her words, so light, so soft, so chill, seemed to hover in the air, to rain into his breast like snow.

The fire had gone red. Now it fell in with a sharp sound and the room was colder. Cold crept up his arms. The room was huge, immense, glittering. It filled his whole world. There was the great blind bed, with his coat flung across it like some headless man saying his prayers. There was the luggage, ready to be carried away again, anywhere, tossed into trains, carted on to boats.

. . . "He was too weak. He was too weak to move a finger." And yet he died in Janey's arms. She—who'd never—never once in all these years—never, on one single solitary occasion——

No; he mustn't think of it. Madness lay in thinking of it. No, he wouldn't face it. He couldn't stand it. It was too much to bear!

And now Janey touched his tie with her fingers. She pinched the edges of the tie together.

"You're not—sorry I told you, John darling? It hasn't made you sad? It hasn't spoilt our evening—our being alone together?"

But at that he had to hide his face. He put his face into her bosom and his arms enfolded her.

Spoilt their evening! Spoilt their being alone together! They would never be alone together again.

◆ ◆ ◆

For we are all much of the same quality; the tallest man in the world is not much more than twice the height of the shortest, and the crime for which the murderer dies is just the concrete realization of the saint's flash of anger.

—H. G. WELLS.

A Voice from the Far West

By SAMUEL LOVER

Each January continues to bear further evidence to the abiding affection for Robert Burns. On the one hundred and seventieth anniversary of his birth, celebrated this month, we are reminded of his centennial, when the Directors of the Crystal Palace, in Sydenham, London, proposed a prize of fifty guineas for the best poem on Burns. Samuel Lover, the famous author of "Handy Andy," amused himself by submitting a number of poems written in imitation of popular poets. These were published later under the title, "Rival Rhymes in Honour of Burns." We select for publication here the poem in the manner of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I

FOOTSTEPS of Time, how stealthy—stealthy as foot of the Indian,
Sheath'd in the moccasin pliant, treading the forest primeval,
When to the lair of the panther, or on the path of the foeman,
Gliding he cometh;—the dry leaves uncrackling are trodden beneath him,
Leaving the sentinel oaks asleep on their posts undisturbéd.
But if some branch overlaid with leaves and mosses and grasses,
Traverse the path of the red man, unseen and all unexpected,
The branch with its crackling bark, giveth alarm like a watch-dog;
And the squirrel awaken'd to danger looks down on the hunter detected.
So do the names of renown, defying decay and resisting
The down-tramp of Time as he stalks through the wilderness solemn in silence;
Snapping asunder the crust of oblivion, assert their existence:——
The names of the great ones, O Time!—the names of the great ones defy thee!

II

And now hath Time set his foot on a branch lying long in the byways,
Falling at first prematurely, disastrously snapp'd in its vigour,
Too long neglected;—but often Neglect is the mother of Beauty;
The branch while it lay has been gathering mosses and golden lichens,
Richer and richer each year, encrusted with growing glories;
Sunshine and rain have fed it:—Whence came the sunshine and rain?—
Even from human eyes, as they flash'd or they wept mirth or sorrow!
Such is the branch that hath crackled beneath the footsteps of Time.

> *Then let us pray that come it may,*
> *As come it will for a' that;*
> *That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,*
> *May bear the gree, an' a' that.*
> *For a' that, and a' that,*
> *It's comin' yet, for a' that,*
> *That man to man, the warld o'er,*
> *Shall brothers be for a' that.*
> —ROBERT BURNS

And the forest laughs forth in echoes that murmur "A hundred years."

III

And Time with his scythe makes a notch in the moss-cover'd branch, as a record,
Whittling his stick, as it were, in a kind-o'-like almanac fashion,
Even as castaway Crusoe his rails nick'd, his lone days to measure:
The earliest example we have of a time-table kept by the railway,
Ere railways restricted the steps of our wide-roving children of freedom,
Compelling monotonous movement in paths parallelogramical.

IV

Happy thy name, O Burns!—for burns, in thy native Doric,
Meaneth the free bright streams, exhaustless, pellucid, and sparkling,
Mountain-born, wild and erratic, kissing the flow'rets in passing,
Type of thy verse and thyself—loving and musical ever;
And the streams by thy verse made immortal are known by our giant rivers,
Where the emigrants sing them to soothe the yearnings for home in their bosoms,
And the Coila and gentle Doon, by the song of the Celtic wanderer,
Are known to the whispering reeds that border the great Mississippi.

V

Thou wert the lad for the lasses—lasses the same are as misses;
And here we have misses had pleased you—Missouri and fast Mississippi.
And "green grow the rushes" beside them—as thy evergreen chorus would have them.

VI

Thou wert the champion of freedom!—Thou didst rejoice in our glory!
When we at Bunker's Hill no bunkum display'd, but true courage!
Jubilant thou wert in our declaration of independence!
More a republican thou than a chain-hugging bow-and-scrape royalist!
Even the Stars and the Stripes seem appointed the flag of thy destiny:—
The stars are the types of thy glory, the stripes thou didst get from Misfortune.

VII

But other cup didst thou drain than that Misfortune dealt thee,
The cup of good-fellowship, brimming and wreathed with the flowers of thy fancy;
Oh, such a cup could I fill with a pledge to such spirit as thine,
Perchance I might trespass like thee, and sit till the "hour 'yont the twal,"
Defying the Maine liquor-law and the sleeky Slyboots of Boston.
But not in Catawba wine will I drink (although I have sung it.
To pleasure some *Vigneron* friends that dwell by the beautiful river);
Nor not in New York champagne, that is turn'd out of New Jersey turnips;
Nor not in that fire-water fusty, entitled Monongahela;
But in old West-India rum—with ebony Sambo to serve it.
And though some might object to carouse in this State of Massachusetts,
Who dare forbid, when Sambo would say, "Massa chuses it!"
So libation I pour to thee, Burns! on this thy Hundredth birthday,
And hundreds of thousands shall drink it for thousands of years to come.

Buddha Answered:

Do not believe anything on hearsay; do not believe traditions because they are old and handed down through many generations; do not believe anything on account of rumours or because people talk much about it; do not believe simply because the written testimony of some ancient sage is shown thee; never believe anything because presumption is in its favour, or because the custom of many years leads thee to regard it as true; do not believe anything on the mere authority of teachers or priests. Whatever, according to thine own experience and after thorough investigation, agrees with thy reason and is conducive to thine own weal and to that of all other living beings, that accept as truth, and live accordingly.

Drawing by Katherine Phillips

A Deal in Ostriches

By H. G. WELLS

H. G. Wells

"TALKING of the prices of birds, I've seen an ostrich that cost three hundred pounds," said the Taxidermist, recalling his youth of travel. "Three hundred pounds!" He looked at me over his spectacles. "I've seen another that was refused at four."

"No," he said, "it wasn't any fancy points. They was just plain ostriches. A little off colour, too—owing to dietary. And there wasn't any particular restriction of the demand either. You'd have thought five ostriches would have ruled cheap on an East Indiaman. But the point was, one of 'em had swallowed a diamond.

"The chap it got it off was Sir Mohini Padishah, a tremendous swell, a Piccadilly swell, you might say, up to the neck of him, and then an ugly black head and a whopping turban, with this diamond in it. The blessed bird pecked suddenly and had it, and when the chap made a fuss it realized it had done wrong, I suppose, and went and mixed itself with the others to preserve its *incog.* It all happened in a minute. I was among the first to arrive, and there was this heathen going over his gods, and two sailors and the man who had charge of the birds laughing fit to split. It was a rummy way of losing a jewel, come to think of it. The man in charge hadn't been about just at the moment, so that he didn't know which bird it was. Clean lost, you see. I didn't feel half sorry, to tell you the truth. The beggar had been swaggering over his blessed diamond ever since he came aboard.

"A thing like that goes from stem to stern of a ship in no time. Everyone was talking about it. Padishah went below to hide his feelings. At dinner—he pigged at a table by himself, him and two other Hindoos—the captain kind of jeered at him about it, and he got very excited. He turned round and talked into my ear. He would not buy the birds; he would have his diamond. He demanded his rights as a British subject. His diamond must be found. He was firm upon that. He would appeal to the House of Lords. The man in charge of the birds was one of those wooden-headed chaps you can't get a new idea into anyhow. He refused any proposal to interfere with the birds by way of medicine. His instructions were to feed them so-and-so and treat them so-and-so, and it was as much as his place was worth not to feed them so-and-so and treat them so-and-so. Padishah had wanted a stomach-pump—though you can't do that to a bird, you know. This Padishah was full of bad law, like most of these blessed Bengalis, and talked of having a lien on the birds, and so forth. But an old boy, who said his son was a London barrister, argued that what a bird swallowed became *ipso facto* part of the bird, and that Padishah's only remedy lay in an action for damages, and even then it might be possible to show contributory negligence. He hadn't any right of way about an ostrich that didn't belong to him. That upset Padishah extremely, the more so as most of us expressed an opinion that that was the reasonable view. There wasn't any lawyer aboard to settle the matter, so we all talked pretty free. At last, after Aden, it appears that he came round to the general opinion, and went privately to the man in charge and made an offer for all five ostriches.

"The next morning there was a fine shindy at breakfast. The man hadn't any authority to deal with the birds, and nothing on earth would induce him to sell; but it seems he told Padishah that a Eurasian named Potter had already made him an offer, and on that Padishah denounced Potter before us all. But I think the most of us thought it rather smart of Potter, and I know that when Potter said he'd wired at Aden to London to buy the birds, and would have an answer at Suez, I cursed pretty richly at a lost opportunity.

"At Suez, Padishah gave way to tears—actual wet tears—when Potter became the owner of the birds, and offered him two hundred and fifty right off for the five, being more than two hundred per cent. on what Potter had given. Potter said he'd be hanged if he parted with a feather of them—that he meant to kill them off one by one and find the diamond; but afterwards, thinking it over, he relented a little. He was a gambling hound, was this Potter, a little queer at cards, and this kind of prize-packet business must have suited him down to the ground. Anyhow, he offered, for a lark, to sell the birds separately to separate people, by auction, at a starting price of £80 for a bird. But one, he said, he meant to keep for luck.

"You must understand this diamond was a valuable one—a little Jew chap, a diamond merchant, who was with us, had put it at three or four thousand when Padishah had shown it to him—and this idea of an ostrich gamble caught on. Now it happened that I'd been having a few talks on general subjects with the man who looked after these ostriches, and quite incidentally he'd said one of the birds was ailing, and he fancied it had indigestion. It had one feather in its tail almost all white, by which I knew it, and so when, next day, the auction started with it, I capped Padishah's eighty-five by ninety. I fancy I was a bit too sure and eager with my bird, and some of the others spotted the fact that I was in the know. And Padishah went for that particular bird like an irresponsible lunatic. At last the Jew diamond merchant got it for £175, and Padishah said £180 just after the hammer came down—so Potter declared. At any rate the Jew merchant secured it, and there and then he got a gun and shot it. Potter made a Hades of a fuss because he said it would injure the sale of the other three, and Padishah, of course, behaved like an idiot; but all of us were very much excited. I can tell you I was precious glad when that dissection was over, and no diamond had turned up—precious glad. I'd gone to one-forty on that particular bird myself.

"The little Jew was like most Jews—he didn't make any great fuss over bad luck; but Potter declined to go on with the auction until it was understood that the goods could not be delivered until the sale was over. The little Jew wanted to argue that the case was exceptional, and as the discussion ran pretty even, the thing was postponed until the next morning. We had a lively dinner-table that evening, I can tell you, but in the end Potter got his way, since it would stand to reason he would be safer if he stuck to all the birds, and we owed him some consideration for his sportsmanlike behaviour. And the old gentleman whose son was a lawyer said it was very doubtful if, when a bird had been opened and the diamond recovered, it ought not to be handed back to the proper owner. I remember I suggested it came under the laws of treasure-trove—which was really the truth of the matter. There was a hot argument, and we settled it was certainly foolish to kill the bird on board the ship. Then the old gentleman, going at large through his legal talk, tried to make out the sale was a lottery and illegal, and appealed to the captain; but Potter said he sold the birds *as* ostriches. He didn't want to sell any diamonds, he said, and didn't offer that as an inducement. The three birds he put up, to the best of his knowledge and belief, did *not* contain a diamond. It was in the one he kept—so he hoped.

"Prices ruled high next day all the same. The fact that now there were four chances instead of five of course caused a rise. The blessed birds averaged £227, and, oddly enough, this Padishah didn't secure one of 'em—not one. He made too much shindy, and when he ought to have been bidding he was talking about liens, and, besides, Potter was a bit down on him. One fell to a quiet little officer chap, another to the little Jew, and the third was syndicated by the engineers. And then Potter seemed suddenly sorry for having sold them, and said he'd flung away a clear thousand pounds, and that very likely he'd draw a blank and that he always had been a fool, but when I went and had a bit of a talk to him, with the idea of getting him to hedge on his last chance, I found he'd already sold the bird he'd reserved to a political chap that was on board, a chap who'd been studying Indian morals and social questions in his vacation. That last was the three-hundred-pounds-bird. Well, they landed three of the blessed creatures at Brindisi—though the old gentleman said it was a breach of the Customs regulations—and Potter and Padishah landed too. The Hindoo seemed half mad as he saw his blessed diamond going this way and that, so to speak. He kept on saying he'd get an injunction—he had injunction on the brain—and giving his name and address to the chaps who'd bought the birds, so that they'd know where to send the diamond. None of them wanted his name and address, and none of them would give their own. It was a fine row I can tell you—on the platform. They all went off by different trains. I came on to Southampton, and there I saw the last of the birds, as I came ashore; it was the one the engineers had bought, and it was standing up near the bridge, in a kind of crate, and looking as leggy and silly a setting for a valuable diamond as ever you saw—if it *was* a setting for a valuable diamond.

"*How did it end?* Oh! like that. Well—perhaps. Yes, there's one more thing that may throw light on it. A week or so after landing I was down Regent Street doing a bit of shopping, and who should I see arm-in-arm and having a purple time of it but Padishah and Potter. If you come to think of it——

"Yes. *I've* thought that. Only, you see, there's no doubt the diamond was real. And Padishah was an eminent Hindoo. I've seen his name in the papers—often. But whether the bird swallowed the diamond certainly is another matter, as you say."

Fear

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Achmed Abdullah

THE FACT THAT THE MAN whom he feared had died ten years earlier did not in the least lessen Stuart McGregor's obsession of horror, of a certain grim expectancy, every time he recalled that final scene, just before Farrugut Hutchison disappeared in the African jungle that stood, spectrally motionless as if forged out of some blackish-green metal, in the haggard moonlight.

As he reconstructed it, the whole scene seemed unreal, almost oppressively, ludicrously theatrical. The pall of sodden, stygian darkness all around; the night sounds of soft-winged, obscene things flapping lazily overhead or brushing against the furry trees that held the woolly heat of the tropical day; the slimy, swishy things that glided and crawled and wiggled underfoot; the vibrant growl of a hunting lioness that began in a deep basso and peaked to a shrill, high-pitched, ridiculously inadequate treble; a spotted hyena's vicious, bluffing bark; the chirp and whistle of innumerable monkeys; a warthog breaking through the undergrowth with clownish crash—and somewhere, very far away, the staccato thumping of a signal drum, and more faintly yet the answer from the next in line.

He had seen many such drums, made from fire-hollowed palm trees and covered with tightly stretched skin—often the skin of a human enemy.

Yes. He remembered it all. He remembered the night jungle creeping in on their camp like a sentient malign being—and then that ghastly, ironic moon squinting down, just as Farragut Hutchison walked away between the six giant, plumed, ochre-smeared Bakoto negroes, and bringing into crass relief the tattoo mark on the man's back where the shirt had been torn to tatters by camel thorns and wait-a-bit spikes and saber-shaped palm leaves.

He recalled the occasion when Farragut Hutchison had had himself tattooed; after a crimson, drunken spree at Madam Celeste's place in Port Said, the other side of the Red Sea trader's bazaar, to please a half-caste Swahili dancing girl who looked like a golden madonna of evil, familiar with all the seven sins. Doubtless the girl had gone shares with the Levantine craftsman who had done the work—an eagle, in bold red and blue, surmounted by a lopsided crown, and surrounded by a wavy design. The eagle was in profile, and its single eye had a disconcerting trick of winking sardonically whenever Farragut Hutchison moved his back muscles or twitched his shoulder blades.

Always, in his memory, Stuart McGregor saw that tattoo mark.

Always did he see the wicked, leering squint in the eagle's eye—and then he would scream, wherever he happened to be—in a theatre, a Broadway restaurant, or across some good friend's mahogany and beef.

Thinking back, he remembered that, for all their bravado, for all their showing off to each other, both he and Farragut Hutchison had been afraid since that day up the hinterland when, drunk with fermented palm-wine, they had insulted the fetish of the Bakotos, while the men were away hunting and none to guard the village except the women and children and a few feeble old men whose curses and high-pitched maledictions were picturesque, but hardly effectual enough to stop him and his partner from doing a vulgar, intoxicated dance in front of the idol, from grinding burning cigar ends into its squat, repulsive features, and from generally polluting the juju hut—not to speak of the thorough and profitable looting of the place. Yes. He remembered it all.

THEY HAD GOT AWAY with the plunder, gold dust and a handful of splendid canary diamonds, before the Bakoto warriors had returned. But fear had followed them, stalked them, trailed them; a fear different from any they had ever experienced before. And be it mentioned that their path of life had been crimson and twisted and fantastic, that they had followed the little squinting, swart-headed, hunchbacked djinni of adventure wherever man's primitive lawlessness rules, from Nome to Timbuktu, from Peru to the black felt tents of Outer Mongolia, from the Australian bush to the absinthe-sodden apache haunts of Paris. Be it mentioned, furthermore, that thus, often, they had stared death in the face and, not being fools, had found the staring distasteful and shivery.

But what they had felt on that journey, back to the security of the coast and the ragged Union Jack flapping disconsolately above the British governor's official corrugated iron mansion, had been something worse than mere physical fear; it had been a nameless, brooding, sinister apprehension which had crept through their souls, a harshly discordant note that had pealed through the hidden recesses of their beings.

Everything had seemed to mock them—the crawling, sour, miasmic jungle; the slippery roots and timber falls; the sun of the tropics, brown, decayed, like the sun on the Day of Judgment; the very flowers, spiky, odourous, waxen, unhealthy, lascivious.

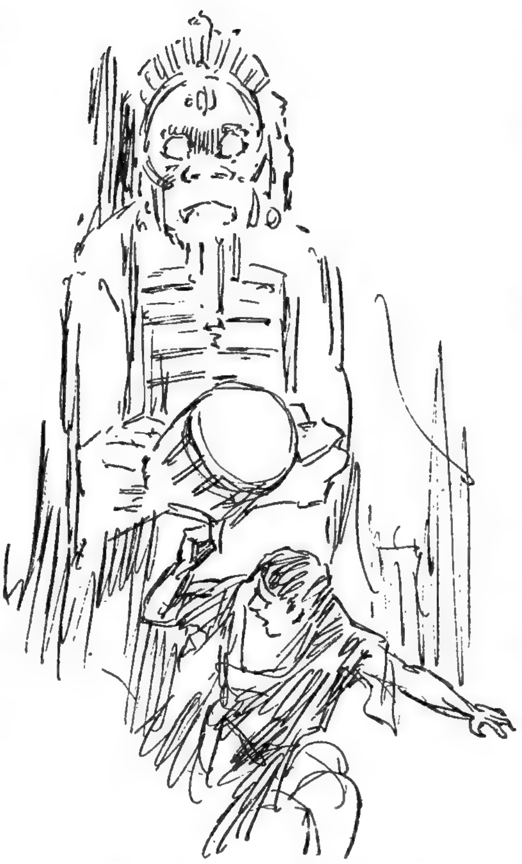
At night, when they had rested in some clearing, they had even feared their own camp fire—flaring up, twinkling, flickering, then coiling into a ruby ball. It had seemed completely isolated in the purple night.

Isolated!

How they had longed for human companionship—white companionship!

White faces. White slang. White curses. White odours. White obscenities.

Why—they would have welcomed a decent, square, honest white murder; a knife flashing in some yellow-haired Norse sailor's brawny fist; a belaying pin in the hand of some bullying Liverpool tramp-ship skipper; some Nome gambler's six-gun splattering leaden death; some apache of the Rue de Venise garroting a passerby.



Drunk with fermented palm-wine, they had insulted the fetish of the Bakotos

But here, in the African jungle—and how Stuart McGregor remembered it—the fear of death had seemed pregnant with unmentionable horror. There had been no sounds except the buzzing of the tsetse flies and a faint rubbing of drums, whispering through the desert and jungle like the voices of disembodied souls, astray on the outer rim of creation.

And, overhead, the stars. Always, at night, three stars, glittering, leering; and Stuart McGregor, who had gone through college and had once written his college measure of limping, anemic verse, had pointed at them.

"The three stars of Africa!" he had said. "The star of violence! The star of lust! And the little stinking star of greed!"

Then had McGregor broken into staccato laughter which had struck Farragut Hutchison as singularly out of place and had caused him to blurt forth with a wicked curse:

"Shut your trap, you——!"

For already they had begun to quarrel, those two pals of a dozen tight, riotous adventures. Already, imperceptibly, gradually, like the shadow of a leaf through summer dusk, a mutual hatred had grown up between them.

But they had controlled themselves. The diamonds were good, could be sold at a big figure; and, even split in two, would mean a comfortable stake.

Then, quite suddenly, had come the end—the end for one of them.

And the twisting, gliding skill of Stuart McGregor's fingers had made sure that Farragut Hutchison should be that one.

Years after, when Africa as a whole had faded to a memory of coiling, unclean shadows, Stuart McGregor used to say, with that rather plaintive, monotonous drawl of his, that the end of this phantasmal African adventure had been different from what he had expected it to be.

In a way, he had found it disappointing.

Not that it had lacked in purely dramatic thrills and bloodcurdling trimmings. That wasn't it. On the contrary, it had had a plethora of thrills.

But, rather, he must have been keyed up to too high a pitch; must have expected too much, feared too much during that journey from the Bakoto village back through the hinterland.

Thus when, one night, the Bakoto warriors had come from nowhere, out of the jungle, hundreds of them, silent, as if the wilderness had spewed them forth, it was all quite prosy.

Prosy, too, had been the expectation of death. It had even seemed a welcome relief from the straining fatigues of the jungle pull, the recurrent fits of fever, the flying and crawling pests, the gnawing moroseness which is so typically African.

"An explosion of life and hatred," Stuart McGregor used to say, "that's what I had expected, don't you see? Quick and merciless. And it wasn't. For the end came—slow and inevitable. Stolid. Greek in a way. And so courtly! So polite! That was the worst of it."

For the leader of the Bakotos, a tall, broad, frizzy, odourous warrior, with a face like a black Nero with a dash of Manchu emperor, had bowed before them with a great clanking of barbarous ornaments. There had been no marring taint of hatred in his voice as he told them that they must pay for their insults to the fetish. He had not even mentioned the theft of the gold dust and diamonds.

"My heart is heavy at the thought, white chiefs," he said. "But—you must pay!"

Stuart McGregor had stammered ineffectual, foolish apologies:

"We—we were drunk. We didn't know what—or—what we——"

"What you were doing!" the Bakoto had finished the sentence for him, with a little melancholy sigh. “And there is forgiveness in my heart——”

“You—you mean to say——” Farragut Hutchison had jumped up, with extended hand, blurting out hectic thanks.

“Forgiveness in my heart, not in the juju’s,” gently continued the negro. “For the juju never forgives. On the other hand, the juju is fair. He wants his just measure of blood. Not an ounce more. Therefore,” the Bakoto had gone on, and his face had been as stony and as passionless as that of the Buddha who meditates in the shade of the cobra’s hood, “the choice will be yours.”

“Choice?” Farragut Hutchison had looked up, a gleam of hope in his eyes.

“Yes. Choice which one of you will die.” The Bakoto had smiled, with the same suave courtliness which had, somehow, increased the utter horror of the scene. “Die—oh—a slow death, befitting the insult to the juju, befitting the juju’s great holiness!”

Suddenly, Stuart McGregor had understood that there would be no arguing, no bargaining whatsoever; quickly had come his hysterial question:

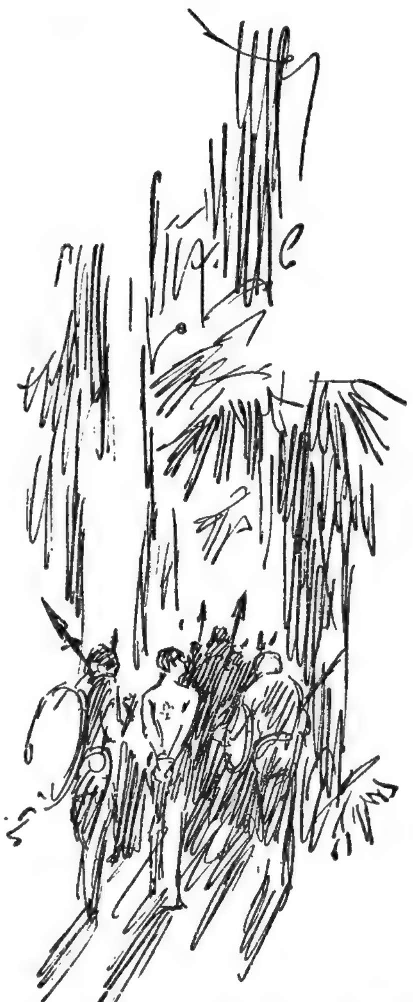
“Who? I—or——”

He had slurred and stopped, somehow ashamed, and the Bakoto had finished the interrupted question with gentle, gliding, inhuman laughter: “Your friend? White chief, that is for you two to decide. I only know that the juju has spoken to the priest, and that he is satisfied with the life of one of you two; the life—and the death. A slow death.”

He had paused; then had continued gently, so very, very gently: “Yes. A slow death, depending entirely upon the vitality of the one of you two who will be sacrificed to the juju. There will be little knives. There will be the flying insects which follow the smell of blood and festering flesh. Too, there will be many crimson-headed ants, many ants—and a thin river of honey to show them the trail.”

He had yawned. Then he had gone on: “Consider. The juju is just. He wants the sacrifice of only one of you, and you yourselves must decide which one shall go, and which one shall stay. And—remember the little, little knives. Be pleased to remember the many ants which follow the honey trail. I shall return shortly and hear your choice.”

He had bowed and, with his silent warriors, had stepped back into the jungle that had closed behind them like a curtain.



Into the jungle walked Farragut Hutchison between the giant ochre-smeared Bakotos

Even in that moment of stark, enormous horror, horror too great to be grasped, horror that swept over and beyond the barriers of fear—even in that moment, Stuart McGregor had realized that, by leaving the choice to them, the Bakoto had committed a refined cruelty worthy of a more civilized race, and had added a psychic torture fully as dreadful as the physical torture of the little knives.

Too, in that moment of ghastly expectancy, he had known that it was Farragut Hutchison who would be sacrificed to the juju—Farragut Hutchinson, who sat there, staring into the camp fire, making queer little, funny noises in his throat.

Suddenly, Stuart McGregor had laughed—he remembered that laugh to his dying day—and had thrown a greasy pack of playing cards into the circle of meagre, indifferent light.

“Let the cards decide, old boy,” he had shouted. “One hand of poker—and no drawing to your hand. Show-down! That’s square, isn’t it?”

“Sure!” the other had replied, still staring straight ahead of him. “Go ahead and deal——”

His voice had drifted into a mumble while Stuart McGregor had picked up the deck, had shuffled, slowly, mechanically.

As he shuffled, it had seemed to him as if his brain was frantically telegraphing to his fingers, as if all those delicate little nerves that ran from the back of his skull down to his finger tips were throbbing a clicking little chorus:

“Do—it—Mac! Do—it—Mac! Do—it—Mac!” with a maddening, syncopated rhythm.

He had kept on shuffling, had kept on watching the motions of his fingers—and had seen that his thumb and second finger had shuffled the ace of hearts to the bottom of the deck.

Had he done that on purpose? He did not know then. He never found out—though, in his memory, he lived through the scene a thousand times.

But there were the little knives. There were the ants. There was the honey trail. There was his own hard decision to live. And, years earlier, he had been a professional faro dealer at Silver City.

Another ace had joined the first at the bottom of the deck. The third. The fourth.

And then Farragut Hutchison’s violent: “Deal, man, deal! You’re driving me crazy. Get it over with.”

The sweat had been pouring from Stuart McGregor’s face. His blood had throbbed in his veins. Something like a sledge hammer had drummed at the base of his skull.

"Cut, won't you?" he had said, his voice coming as if from very far away.

The other had waved a trembling hand. "No, no! Deal 'em as they are. You won't cheat me."

Stuart McGregor had cleared a little space on the ground with the point of his shoe.

He remembered the motion. He remembered how the dead leaves had stirred with a dry, rasping, tragic sound, how something slimy and phosphorous-green had squirmed through the tufted jungle grass, how a little furry scorpion had scurried away with a clicking tchk-tchk-tchk.

He had dealt.

MECHANICALLY, even as he was watching them, his fingers had given himself five cards from the bottom of the deck, four aces—and the queen of diamonds. And, the next second, in answer to Farragut Hutchison's choked: "Show-down! I have two pair—kings—and jacks!" his own well simulated shriek of joy and triumph:

"I win! I've four aces! Every ace in the pack!"

And then Farragut Hutchison's weak, ridiculous exclamation—ridiculous considering the dreadful fate that awaited him:

"Geewhittaker! You're some lucky guy, aren't you, Mac?"

At the same moment the Bakoto chief had stepped out of the jungle, followed by half a dozen warriors.

Then the final scene—that ghastly, ironic moon squinting down, just as Farragut Hutchison had walked away between the giant, plumed, ochre-smeared Bakoto negroes, bringing into stark relief the tattoo mark on his back where the shirt had been torn to tatters—and the leering, evil wink in the eagle's eye as Farragut Hutchison twitched his shoulder blades with absurd, nervous resignation.

Stuart McGregor remembered it every day of his life.

He spoke of it to many. But only to Father Aloysius O'Donnell, the priest who officiated in the little Gothic church around the corner, on Ninth Avenue, did he tell the whole truth—did he confess that he had cheated.

"Of course I cheated!" he said. "Of course!" And, with a sort of mocking bravado: "What would you have done, padre?"

The priest, who was old and wise and gentle, thus not at all sure of himself, shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied. "I don't know."

"Well—I do know. You would have done what I did. You wouldn't have been able to help yourself." Then, in a low voice: "And you would have paid! As I pay—every day, every minute, every second of my life."

"Regret, repentance," murmured the priest, but the other cut him short.

"Repentance—nothing. I regret nothing! I repent nothing! I'd do the same tomorrow. It isn't that—oh—that—what d'ye call it?—sting of conscience, that's driving me crazy. It's fear!"

"Fear of what?" asked Father O'Donnell.

"Fear of Farragut Hutchison—who is dead!"

Ten years ago!

And he knew that Farragut Hutchison had died. For not long afterward a British trader had come upon certain gruesome but unmistakable remains, and had brought the tale to the coast. Yet was there fear in Stuart McGregor's soul, fear worse than the fear of the little knives. Fear of Farragut Hutchison who was dead?

No. He did not believe that the man was dead. He did not believe it, could not believe it.

"And even suppose he's dead," he used to say to the priest, "he'll get me. He'll get me as sure as you're born. I saw it in the eye of that eagle—the squinting eye of that infernal, tattooed eagle!"

Then he would turn a grayish yellow, his whole body would tremble with a terrible palsy, and in a sort of whine, which was both ridiculous and pathetic, given his size and bulk, given the crimson, twisted adventures through which he had passed, he would explain:

"He'll get me. He'll get me. He'll get me even from beyond the grave."

And then Father O'Donnell would cross himself rapidly, just a little guiltily.

It is said that there is a morbid curiosity which forces the murderer to view the place of his crime. Some psychic reason of the same kind may have caused McGregor to decorate the walls and corners of his sitting-room with the memories of that Africa which he feared and hated, and which, daily, he was trying to forget—with a shimmering, cruel mass of jungle curios, sjamboks and assegais, signal drums and daggers, knobkerries and rhino shields and what not.

STEADILY, HE ADDED to his collection, buying in auction rooms, in little shops on the water front, from sailors and ship pursers and collectors who had duplicates for sale.

He became a well-known figure in the row of antique stores in back of Madison Square Garden, and was so liberal when it came to payment that Morris Newman, who specialized in African curios, would send the pick of all the new stuff he bought to his house.

It was on a day in August—one of those tropical New York days when the very birds gasp for air, when orange-flaming sun rays drop from the brazen sky like crackling spears, and the melting asphalt picks them up again and tosses them high—that Stuart McGregor, returning from a short walk, found a large, round package in his sitting-room.

"Mr. Newman sent it," his servant explained. "He said it's a rare curio, and he's sure you'll like it."

"All right."

The servant bowed, left, and closed the door, while Stuart McGregor cut the twine, unwrapped the paper, looked.

And then, suddenly, he screamed with fear; and, just as suddenly, the scream of fear turned into a scream of maniacal joy.

For the thing which Newman had sent him was an African signal drum, covered with tightly stretched skin—human skin—white skin! And square in the centre there was a tattoo mark—an eagle in red and blue, surmounted by a lopsided crown, and surrounded by a wavy design.

Here was the final proof that Farragut Hutchison was dead, that, forever, he was rid of his fear. In a paroxysm of joy, he picked up the drum and clutched it to his heart.

He gave a cry of pain. His lips quivered, frothed. His hands dropped the drum and fanned the air, and he looked at the thing that had fastened itself to his right wrist.

It seemed like a short length of rope, grayish in colour, spotted with dull red. Even as Stuart McGregor dropped to the floor, dying, he knew what had happened.

A little venomous snake, an African fer-de-lance, that had been curled up in the inside of the drum, numbed by the cold, had been revived by the splintering heat of New York.

Yes—even as he died he knew what had happened. Even as he died, he saw the malign, obscene squint in the eagle's eye. Even as he died, he knew that Farragut Hutchison had killed him—from beyond the grave!

The History of Mankind

“When the young prince Zémire succeeded his father on the throne of Persia, he called all the academicians of his kingdom together, and said:

“ ‘The learned Zeb, my instructor, has taught me that monarchs would be liable to fewer errors if they were enlightened by past experience. Therefore I wish to study the history of nations. I order you to compose a universal history, and to neglect nothing to make it complete.’

“The wise men promised to carry out the prince's desire, and having withdrawn, they set to work immediately. At the end of twenty years they appeared before the king, followed by a caravan composed of twelve camels, each bearing 500 volumes. The secretary of the academy, having prostrated himself on the steps of the throne, spoke in these terms:

“ ‘Sire, the academicians of your kingdom have the honour to place at your feet the universal history that they have compiled at your majesty's behest. It comprises 6,000 volumes, and contains all that we could possibly collect regarding the customs of nations and the vicissitudes of empires. We have inserted the ancient chronicles which have been luckily preserved, and we have illustrated them with abundant notes on geography, chronology, and diplomacy. The prolegomena are alone one camel's load, and the paralipomena are borne with great difficulty by another camel.’

“The king answered:

“ ‘Gentlemen, I thank you for the trouble you have taken. But I am very busy with the cares of state. Moreover, I have aged while you worked. I am arrived, as says the Persian poet, half-way along the road of life, and even supposing I die full of years, I cannot reasonably hope to have the time to read such a lengthy history. It shall be placed in the archives of the kingdom. Be good enough to make me a summary better fitted to the brevity of human life.’

“The Persian academicians worked another twenty years; then they brought to the king 1,500 volumes on three camels.

“ ‘Sire,’ said the permanent secretary, in a weakened voice, ‘here is our new work. We believe we have omitted nothing essential.’

“ ‘That may be,’ answered the king, ‘but I shall not read it. I am old; lengthy undertakings do not suit my years; abridge it further, and do not be long about it.’

“They lingered so little that at the end of ten years they returned followed by a young elephant bearing 500 volumes.

“ ‘I flatter myself I have been succinct,’ said the permanent secretary.

“ ‘You have not yet been sufficiently so,’ answered the king.

“ ‘I am at the end of my life. Abridge, abridge, if you want me to know the history of mankind ere I die.’

“The permanent secretary reappeared before the palace at the end of five years. Walking with crutches, he held by the bridle a small donkey which bore a big book on its back.

“ ‘Hasten,’ said the officer to him, ‘the king is dying.’

“The king in fact was on his death-bed. He turned on the academician and his big book his nearly expiring gaze, and said with a sigh:

“ ‘I shall die, then, without knowing the history of mankind!’

“ ‘Sire,’ replied the learned man, who was almost as near death as himself, ‘I will sum it up for you in three words: *They were born, they suffered, they died!*’

“Thus did the king of Persia learn the history of mankind in the evening of life.”

The Opinions of Jérôme Coignard.
Anatole France (Jackson).

Utopia

From *The Coasts of Illusion* (Harper's).

Why There Will Always Be Utopias

This world needs Utopias as it needs fairy stories. It does not matter so much where we are going, as long as we are making consciously for some definite goal. And a Utopia, however strange and fanciful, is the only possible beacon upon the uncharted seas of the distant future.

It encourages us in our efforts. Sometimes the light is hidden by the clouds, and for a moment we may lose our way. Then the faint light once more breaks through the darkness and we press forward with new courage.

And when life is dull and meaningless (the main curse of all existence) we find consolation in the fact that a hundred years from now our children shall reach the shore for which we were bound when we ourselves left the bridge and were lowered to the peaceful bottom of the ocean.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Utopias are often only premature truths.

LAMARTINE.

A Sea Captain Delivers a Dictum – 1600 A. D.

Grand Master: Oh, if you knew what our astrologers say of the coming age, and our age, that it has in it more history within 100 years than all the world had in 4,000 years before! of the wonderful inventions of printing and guns, and the use of the magnet, and how it all comes of Mercury, Mars, the Moon, and the Scorpion!

Captain: Ah, well! God gives all in His good time. They astrologize too much.

City of the Sun. THOMAS CAMPANELLA.

"It is not your success, dear Fairmena," replied Evrona, "but my failure that I feel so bitterly. It is told that in the old days 'all women could be mothers.'"

"Yes, but in those days of marriage a woman had to live her whole life with the same man."

"I certainly should not like that scheme," ejaculated Evrona.

Geyserland. RICHARD HATFIELD.

Gonzalo's Commonwealth

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure,
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have.

The Tempest. SHAKESPEARE.

Not So Very Different

"What part do the women take?"

Before any of the others could answer, a strikingly beautiful woman, who had just joined our party, and stood leaning over the back of Darelis's chair, broke in laughingly——

"The part women take, Janeris, is the part which pleases them best. They take care of their husbands and children and try to make them comfortable and happy, and they make the finest and gayest dresses for themselves that the combined imagination and skill of the whole sex can devise. To put it in other words, the women do just those things they really like doing, and the men do all the rest, whether they like it or not."

Kalomera. W. J. Saunders.

Persons who show that they are habitual drunkards will be not merely allowed, but absolutely compelled, to drink themselves to death. *The Almost Perfect State.* Don Marquis.

Choosing a Site for an Ideal Community

According to Thos. Poole, "twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles" were to set sail for America with twelve ladies in the following April, to settle in some delightful part of the backwoods. Coleridge [Samuel Taylor Coleridge] had a friend, an old school-fellow, who had returned after five years' residence in America, to act as agent for the sale of land there. He recommended the banks of the Susquehanna as the ideal spot for the purposes of the Pantisocrats—secure from hostile Indians, bisons, and mosquitoes. He assured them that "literary characters make money there." *Pantisocracy.* John Edwards.

Improving on Utopia

The Chamberlain our native stage has purged, beyond a question,
Of "risky" situation and indelicate suggestion;
No piece is tolerated if it's costumed indiscreetly—
In short, this happy country has been Anglicised completely.
It really is surprising
What a thorough Anglicising
We've brought about—Utopia's quite another land;
In her enterprising movements
She is England—with improvements
Which we dutifully offer to our motherland!

W. S. Gilbert.

Sickness a Crime

In that country if a man falls into ill health, or catches any disorder, or fails bodily in any way before he is seventy years old, he is tried before a jury of his countrymen, and if convicted is held up to public scorn and sentenced more or less severely as the case may be. There are subdivisions of illnesses into crimes and misdemeanours as with offenses among ourselves.

Erewhon. Samuel Butler.

WHEN RADIO WAS STILL A DREAM

"I am so glad you like the organ," said she. . . .

She made me sit down comfortably, and crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem; filled, not flooded, for, by some means, the volume of melody had been perfectly graduated to the size of the apartment. I listened, scarcely breathing, to the close. Such music, so perfectly rendered, I had never expected to hear.

"Grand!" I cried, as the last great wave of sound broke and ebbed away into silence. "Bach must be at the keys of that organ; but where is the organ?"

"Wait a moment, please," said Edith; "I want you to listen to this waltz before you ask any questions. I think it is perfectly charming"; and as she spoke the sound of violins filled the room with the witchery of a summer night. When this had also ceased, she said: "There is nothing in the least mysterious about the music, as you seem to imagine. It is not made by fairies or genii, but by good, honest, and exceedingly clever human hands. We have simply carried the idea of labour-saving coöperation into our musical service as into everything else. There are a number of music rooms in the city, perfectly adapted acoustically to the different sorts of music. These halls are connected by telephone with all the houses of the city whose people care to pay the small fee, and there are none, you may be sure, who do not. . . ."

"It appears to me, Miss Leete," I said, "that if we could have devised an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained, and ceased to strive for further improvements."

Looking Backward. EDWARD BELLAMY (1887).

There will be very few laws in the Almost Perfect State. Such laws as there are will exist only for the purpose of being violated, as people are so in the habit of violating laws that it would be a pity to take that simple pleasure from them.

DON MARQUIS.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST'S VISION

What was the fashion of their vision?

The Earthly Paradise was to be, first, Free.

Czarism . . . was to go. All its associations of Court and State, of class divisions, titles, and ancient dignities were to go with it. Nationalism was to be replaced by universal brotherhood.

Private property was to be wiped out. Usury, profiteering, and extortion, the exploitation of the poor, and all the ugly accretions that have gathered around the acquisition and accumulation of wealth, were to disappear.

The Church was to be deprived of power. These reformers saw the Church as the willing agent of reaction, the encourager of ignorance, and the most potent weapon of autocracy. . . .

The care of everyone was to be the concern of all. Children were to have the best, for on them depended the future of the State. The sick and the aged would be guarded from want.

An earthly Paradise!

Russia Before Dawn.
F. A. MACKENZIE.

We are told that a people of true Christians would form the most perfect society that can be imagined. I can see only one great difficulty in this supposition, and that is that a society of true Christians would be no longer a society of men.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

MACHINE-MADE MEN OF GOD

He took me to an enormous hall behind the palace. It was like a huge factory, so full was it of machinery, all in motion. It was, indeed, he assured me, a religion factory, one of the grandest institutions in the world. This controlled all the services in the temples of the island. He took me to one great machine that had on a capacious barrel all the litanies of the year. At the moment we came up it was started by the controller of religious services, who sat in a recess of the inner hall of the king's palace. We heard a prayer to the god of peace most painfully and articulately intoned. . . . In the temple the clack and shuttling of the machinery was not heard; instead of it there was an automatic priest, magnificently clothed, bowing and posturing to suit the word. It was only a wax figure containing clockwork controlled by this great litany machine, but the effect was like life, or rather much more impressive. There was none of the hawking and hemming of the human priest, none of his awkward pauses and blowings of the nose, none of the clumsy gestures or inability to dispose of the hands; and the voice rang out through the great building with a bell-like clearness that would have made the human voice seem pathos. How feeble and tremulous, I remembered, buzzed the voices of the priests I had heard in the cathedrals of Europe! I felt almost ashamed of the memory.

Riallaro. GODFREY SWEVEN.

A LAND WITHOUT LAWYERS

They have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters and to wrest the laws. By this means they cut off many delays, and find out truth more certainly; for after the parties have laid open the merits of the case, without those artifices which lawyers are apt to suggest, the judge examines the whole matter, and supports the simplicity of such well-meaning persons, whom otherwise crafty men would be sure to run down: and thus they avoid those evils which appear very remarkably among all those nations that labour under a vast load of laws.

Utopia. SIR THOMAS MORE (1516).

Even in Utopia human nature is not Utopian.

KENNETH INGRAM.

A WORLD GOVERNMENT

The coming world state will be based upon a common world religion, very much simplified and universalized and better understood. . . . Throughout the world men's thoughts and motives will be turned by education, example, and the circle of ideas about them, from the obsession of self to the cheerful service of human knowledge, human power, and human unity.

And this world state will be sustained by a universal education, organized upon a scale and of a penetration and quality beyond all present experience. . . . Parents will have a technical knowledge of teaching.

There will be no armies, no navies, and no classes of unemployed people, either wealthy or poor. . . .

The world's political organization will be democratic.

Its economic organization will be an exploitation of all natural wealth and every fresh possibility science reveals by the agents and servants of the common government for the common good. Private enterprise will be the servant—a useful, valued, and well-rewarded servant—and no longer the robber-master of the commonweal.

Outline of History. H. G. WELLS.

As regards drinking, they are very moderate. Wine is never given to the young people until they are ten years old, unless the state of their health demands it. After their tenth year they take it diluted with water, and so do the women, but the old men of fifty and upwards use little or no water.

THOMAS CAMPANELLA.

AN ANTI-UTOPIAN OUTBURST

The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. But the truth is that, in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable; they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beards; they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam engine. But there are steam engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which would enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain would be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbours.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE MOST TROUBLE OF ALL

As for their Women, the *Pophar* told me it was what gave them the most trouble of any Thing in their whole Government. . . . If you allow them Liberty, you must depend on their Honour, or rather *Capricio,* for your own; if you keep them under Confinement, they'll be sure to revenge themselves the first Opportunity, which they will find in spite of all you can do. The Rules, said he, by which Men are govern'd, won't hold with Women; solid Reason if you can make them sensible of it, will some time or other have an influence on Most Men, whereas Humour is what predominates in Women. Hit that, you have them; miss it, you do nothing; and yet they are so far from being an indifferent Thing in the Commonwealth, that much more depends on the right Management of them than People imagine.

Memoirs of Signor Gaudentio Di Lucca.

SIMON BERINGTON (1737).

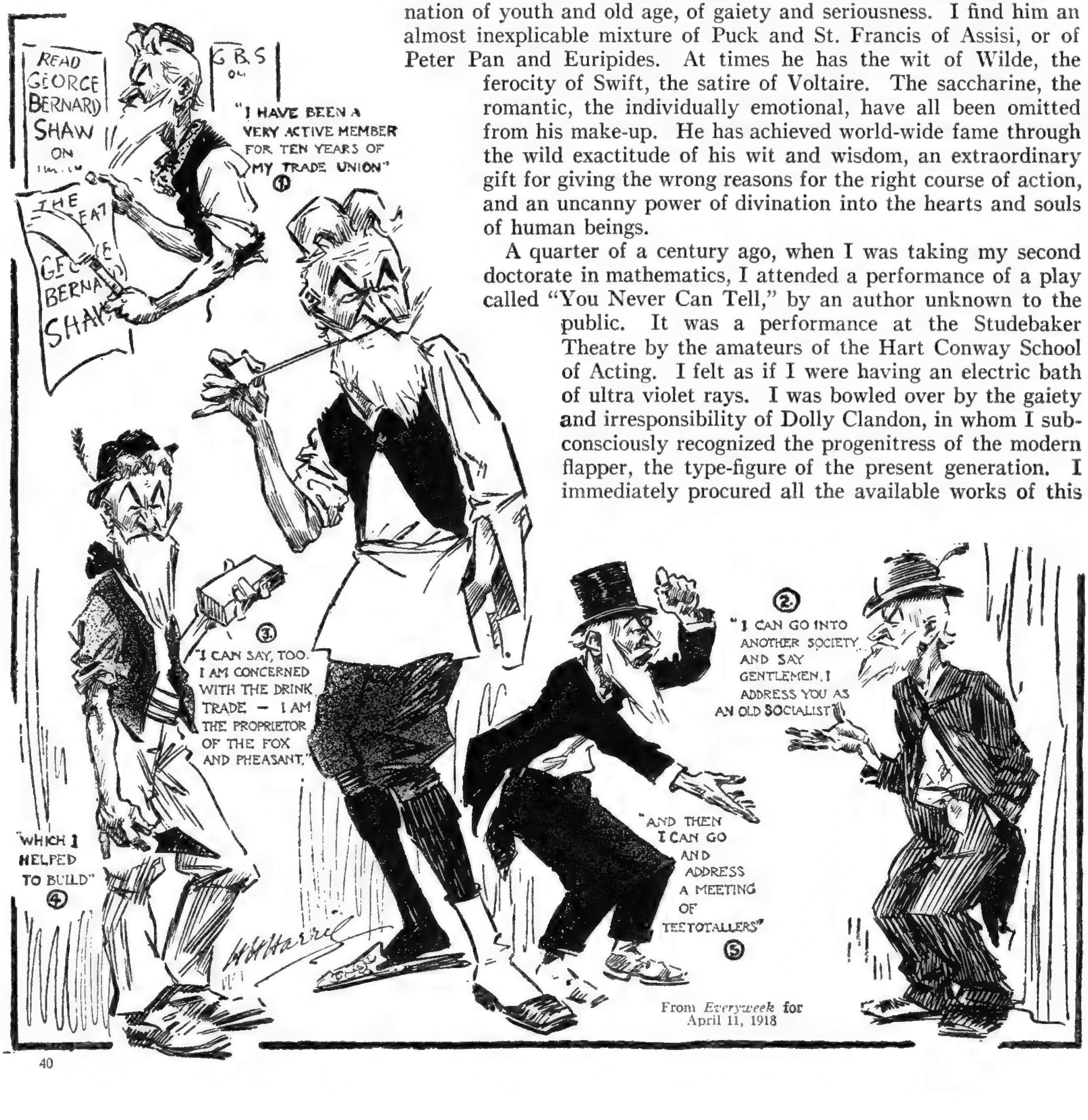
Bernard Shaw the Man

Dr. Archibald Henderson, a distinguished American man of letters, has been Bernard Shaw's close friend for a generation, is his official biographer and the recognized interpreter of his remarkable personality. In the accompanying article, the first of a notable series, Dr. Henderson presents an intimate study of "The Grand Old Man of Present-Day Literature."

Bernard Shaw is the cleanest man I have ever known. Cleanest physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. He is immaculate in person. His skin is as tender as a baby's. His clothes are soft, loose, unobtrusive and expensive. He abhors starch and blacking, dress clothes, and frills of any sort. He has no bad habits. He does not eat meat. He does not drink intoxicants of alcoholic content, or even mild stimulants like tea and coffee. He does not smoke tobacco in any form. He never swears. No breath of scandal has ever touched his public or private life. He is the most happily married man I know.

For all his wit, frivolity, and satire, Bernard Shaw is essentially austere, ascetic, astringent, antiseptic. He is an extraordinary combination of youth and old age, of gaiety and seriousness. I find him an almost inexplicable mixture of Puck and St. Francis of Assisi, or of Peter Pan and Euripides. At times he has the wit of Wilde, the ferocity of Swift, the satire of Voltaire. The saccharine, the romantic, the individually emotional, have all been omitted from his make-up. He has achieved world-wide fame through the wild exactitude of his wit and wisdom, an extraordinary gift for giving the wrong reasons for the right course of action, and an uncanny power of divination into the hearts and souls of human beings.

A quarter of a century ago, when I was taking my second doctorate in mathematics, I attended a performance of a play called "You Never Can Tell," by an author unknown to the public. It was a performance at the Studebaker Theatre by the amateurs of the Hart Conway School of Acting. I felt as if I were having an electric bath of ultra violet rays. I was bowled over by the gaiety and irresponsibility of Dolly Clandon, in whom I subconsciously recognized the progenitress of the modern flapper, the type-figure of the present generation. I immediately procured all the available works of this


READ GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ON
G.B.S
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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
"I HAVE BEEN A VERY ACTIVE MEMBER FOR TEN YEARS OF MY TRADE UNION" ①
② "I CAN GO INTO ANOTHER SOCIETY AND SAY GENTLEMEN, I ADDRESS YOU AS AN OLD SOCIALIST"
③ "I CAN SAY, TOO. I AM CONCERNED WITH THE DRINK TRADE — I AM THE PROPRIETOR OF THE FOX AND PHEASANT,"
"WHICH I HELPED TO BUILD" ④
"AND THEN I CAN GO AND ADDRESS A MEETING OF TEETOTALLERS" ⑤

From *Everyweek* for April 11, 1918

By
ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Archibald Henderson

unknown author, whose name was Bernard Shaw, and devoured them with the utmost avidity and enjoyment.

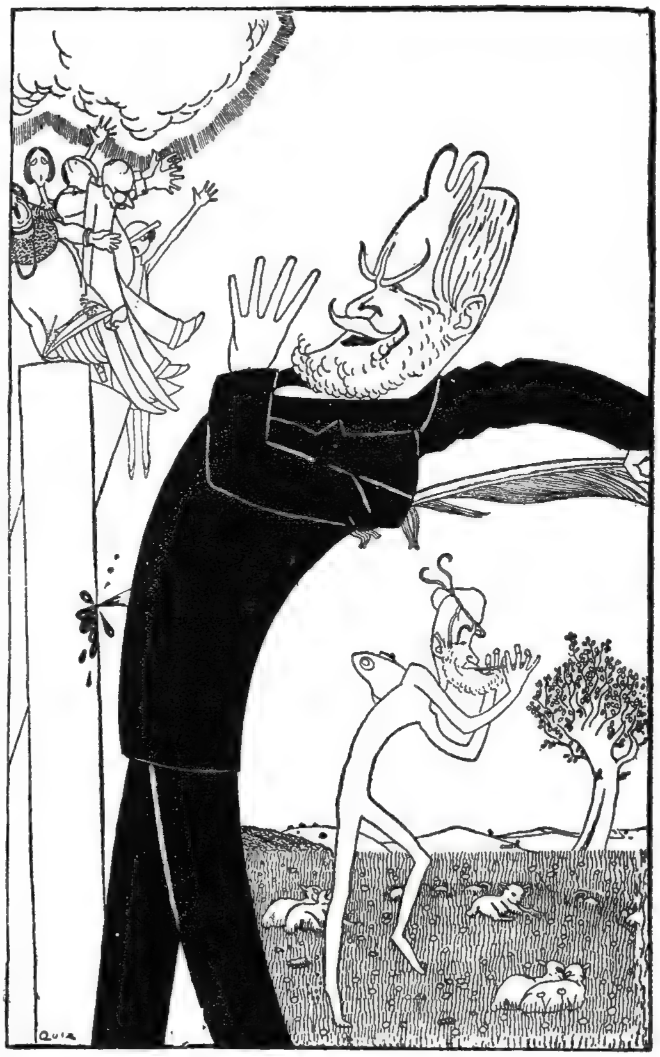
Although I had never seriously contemplated devoting my attention to literature, I was deeply interested in the modern dramatists: Ibsen, Björnson, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler. After reading Shaw's works, I realized that some strange detonation had taken place in my brain. Accordingly, with the methodical madness of youth, and wholly unconscious of what I was undertaking, I wrote to Mr. Shaw and proposed the writing of a book about him. At this time no book of any sort about him had as yet appeared.

I AWAITED HIS REPLY in great trepidation, almost in fear and trembling. After an interval, there came a post-card bearing the alarming request: "Send me your photograph!"

Now at this point, I must explain the true cause of my alarm. To make an honest confession, all photographs of me, wherever taken or reproduced, always represent me as a hijacker with homicidal instincts, or as a yeggman bearing all the stigma of crime. Finding a photograph which seemed somewhat less forbidding in appearance than the others, I sent it on to Mr. Shaw, believing that by this rash act I was forever relinquishing all hopes of carrying on my cherished design. What was my amazement when I received a post-card from Mr. Shaw, bearing the incredible legend: "You look like the man who can do the job!"

The clever Irishman began by pitching my entire plan, which was drawn on a very modest scale, out of the window. "I do not think what you propose is important as my biography, but a thorough biography of any man who is up to the chin in the life of his time as I have been is worth writing as a historical document, and, therefore, if you still care to face it, I am willing to give you what help I can. Indeed, you can force my hand to some extent, for any story that you start will pursue me to all eternity; and if there *is* to be a biography, it is worth my while to make it as accurate as possible." This is what Mr. Shaw said in a letter on typewriter-size paper written in his own fine, beautiful handwriting, fifty-four pages long!

After three years of unremitting labour, I went to London in 1907 to visit Mr. Shaw. He was then living at 10 Adelphi Terrace, London. The house in which he lived rests upon the famous Adelphi Arches, where Charles Dickens and his young friends played hide and seek after work was finished at the blacking factory at Hungerford Market.



Shaw at his favourite diversion of toppling idols, as portrayed in THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Mr. Shaw's quarters were on the third floor of this building, overlooking the Thames, with the Houses of Parliament in plain view on the right. Some years later Sir James M. Barrie took quarters in another house just across the street.

IN MR. SHAW I encountered one of the most delightful and genial of men. He spoke perfect English, with a delightful Irish accent, and we were soon upon the most unceremonious terms. I found Mr. Shaw to be slightly over six feet tall, with carroty red hair and beard, slightly tinged with gray, jocular-looking eyebrows, one cocking madly upward, the other preserving the level of true gravity, and steel-blue eyes, now dancing with mirth, now flashing with the baleful fire of the reformer. His forehead, of marble whiteness, was extraordinarily high, and the conformation was an elongated rectangle, ready-made to the pencil of the cartoonist. Mr. Shaw's movements were quick, nervous and springy; and I soon learned that he was genuinely fond of boxing, cycling, and swimming, in all of which he excelled. Seldom a day passed that he did not make a public speech. He was constantly being sought by reporters, whom he endeavoured to avoid. I soon found that he was unable to do much creative work in London, on account of constant interruption, and the insistent demands upon him as a public speaker.

I came to know Mr. Shaw intimately only after I had gone down to visit him in the country. Here, at his charming place at Ayot St. Lawrence in Hertfordshire, you will find, not the red spectre of Socialism or the harlequin of the popular prints, but an unassuming Irish gentleman who shows you what it is to live the life of a typical English squire. Here he is on easy terms with the villagers, from the rector of the parish church, which he habitually attends, to the butcher who, when asked who Bernard Shaw was, diffidently replied: "He does something in Lunnon, I think, sir. But it isn't for *me* to ahsk him about his trade, now, is it, sir?"

MR. SHAW NEVER WASTES a moment of his time. In the old days, he used to write his plays in tiny little notebooks, as he rode jerkily along on the tops of omnibuses. I have sat beside him in a train, while he wrote an essay, an article, or a letter to the press, upon a portfolio resting in his lap, writing in a very small and delicate writing with violet ink. In important communications and productions, literary and epistolary, he has often written me in pencil. He knows what he calls his own rhythm in style and composition. To retain this rhythm in its purity, he adheres to the practice of writing with his own hand, which custom has now almost gone out of fashion since the invention of the typewriter.

Mr. Shaw is like a high-powered automobile, always in perfectly oiled condition. He accomplishes from five to ten times what the average man accomplishes, by husbanding his energy and minutely organizing his time. He declares that he is a drunkard of a peculiar type, that he is intoxicated with the heady draft of productive work. Periodical headaches lay him low, but once these are past, he returns to his labours with accelerated energy and almost feverish ferocity. One night, when I was visiting him at Ayot, I inquired why he had chosen this place to live. He replied: "Let us take a walk over to the cemetery in the moonlight, and I will explain." He pointed out to me a tombstone, on which I deciphered the inscription:

JANE EVERSLEY
Born 1805. Died 1895.
"Her Time Was Short."

Shaw's comment was: "My dear Henderson: I decided after seeing this inscription that, if it could truly be stated of anyone who had lived to be ninety years old, that their time was short, then this was precisely the climate and environment for me."

Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw were my heroes and my close friends. I had the honour of introducing these two extraordinary figures to each other upon the station platform of St. Pancras, London. I have written the biographies of both men; the great humorist and the greatest wit, respectively, of our era.

As Mr. Shaw, who had come to meet me, drove me to the Northumberland Hotel, he addressed to me this unforgettable remark: "Mark Twain and I are in very much the same position; we have to put matters in such a way as to make people, who would otherwise hang us, believe that we are joking!"

As we drove along, we simultaneously noticed with keen amusement the newspaper caption in huge letters, borne by the sandwich men:

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES
ASCOT CUP STOLEN

In all of his speeches in Great Britain, Mr. Clemens jocularly repudiated the charge intimated in that association of news items. In his last speech, he solemnly acknowledged the theft of the Ascot Gold Cup, to the huge delight of his appreciative audience.

BERNARD SHAW never publicly claimed that he was a genius. He admitted that he has genius: but he refused to claim the title! Twenty-odd years ago, in one of the very first communications I ever had from him, as yet unpublished, Shaw forthrightly said: "I advise you, in anything you write, to insist on this training of mine, as otherwise you will greatly exaggerate my natural capacity. It has enabled me to produce an impression of being an extraordinarily clever, original, and brilliant writer, deficient only in feeling, whereas the truth is that though I am in a way a man of genius, otherwise I suppose I would not have sought out and enjoyed my experience, and been simply bored by holidays, luxury, and money—yet I am not in the least naturally 'brilliant' and not at all ready or clever. If literary men generally were put through the mill I went through, and kept out of their stuffy little coteries where works of art breed in and in until the intellectual and spiritual product becomes hopelessly degenerate, I should have a thousand rivals more brilliant than myself. There is nothing more mischievous than the notion that my works are the mere play of a delightfully clever and whimsical hero of the salons; they are the result of perfectly straightforward drudgery, beginning in the ineptest novel-writing juvenility, and persevered in every day for twenty-five years. Anybody can get my skill for the same price; and a good many people could probably get it cheaper."

Thomas Edison has asserted that genius is nine-tenths perspiration, one-tenth inspiration. Mr. Shaw himself once remarked to me: "Ninety-nine per cent of me is just like everybody else." It is that precious one per cent—the saving remnant of personality, temperament, individuality, what you will—which marks the difference between the genius and the drudge.

Next Month—Bernard Shaw on Women and Children

Mr. Downey Sits Down

By LEONARD H. ROBBINS

Leonard H. Robbins

Jacob Downey waited in line at the meat shop. A footsore little man was he. All day long, six days a week for twenty-two years, he had stood on his feet, trotted on them, climbed on them, in the hardware department of Wilbram, Prescott & Co., and still they would not toughen; still they would hurt; still to sustain his spirit after three o'clock he had to invoke a vision of slippers, a warm radiator, the *Evening Bee,* and the sympathy of Mrs. Downey and the youngsters. To the picture this evening he had added pork chops.

The woman next in line ahead of him named her meat. Said the butcher, with a side glance at the clock, "A crown roast takes quite a while, lady. Could I send it in the morning?"

No, the lady wished to see it prepared. Expressly for that purpose had she come out in the rain. Tomorrow she gave a luncheon.

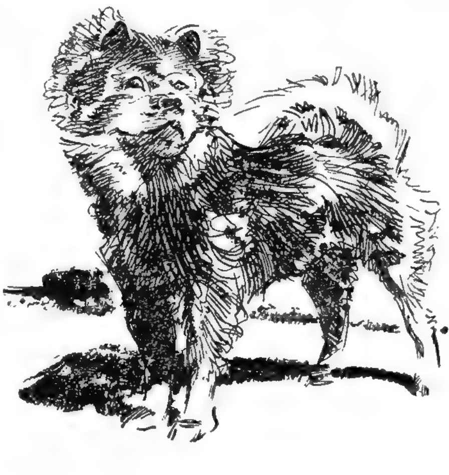
"First come, first served," thought Jacob Downey, and bode his time in patience, feeling less pity for his aching feet than for Butcher Myers. Where was the charity in asking a hurried man at five minutes to six o'clock to frill up a roast that would not see the inside of the oven before noon next day?

Now, crown roasts are one thing to him who waits on fallen arches, and telephone calls are another. Scarcely had Downey's opening come to speak for pork chops cut medium when off went the bell and off rushed Butcher Myers.

Sharply he warned the unknown that this was Myers' Meat Shop. Blandly he smiled into the transmitter upon learning that his caller was Mrs. A. Lincoln Wilbram.

By the audience in front of the counter the following social intelligence was presently inferred:

That Mr. and Mrs. Wilbram had just returned from Florida; that they had enjoyed themselves ever so much; that they hoped Mr. Myers' little girl was better; that they were taking their meals at the Clarendon pending the mobilization of their house-servants; that they expected to dine with the Mortimer Trevelyans this evening; the food for the dog may with propriety be brought home from a hotel, but not from the Mortimer Trevelyans; that there was utterly nothing in the icebox for poor Mudge's supper; that Mudge was a chow dog purchased by a friend of Mr. Wilbram's in Hongkong at so much a pound, just as Mr. Myers purchased live fowls; that Mudge now existed not to become chow, but to consume chow, and would feel grateful in his dog heart if Mr. Myers would, at this admittedly late hour, send him two pounds of bologna and a good bone; and that Mrs. Wilbram would consider herself under deep and lasting obligation to Mr. Myers for this act of kindness.



Mr. Myers assured Mrs. Wilbram that it would mean no trouble at all; he would send up the order as soon as his boy came back from delivering a beefsteak to the Mortimer Trevelyans.

He filled out a slip and stuck it on the hook.

"Now, Mr. Downey," he said briskly.

But Jacob Downey gave him one tremendous look and limped out of the shop.

II

It was evening in the home of Miss Angelina Lance. Twenty-seven hours had passed since Jacob Downey's exasperated exit from Myers' Meat Shop. The eyes of Miss Angelina were bright behind her not-unbecoming spectacles as she watched the face of the solemn young man in the Morris chair near the reading lamp.

In his hand the solemn young man held three sheets of school composition paper. As he read the pencil writing on page one he lost his gravity. Over page two he smiled broadly. At the end of the last page he said:

"D. K. T. couldn't have done better. May I show it to him?"

In the office of the Ashland (N. J.) *Bee* the solemn young man was known as Mr. Sloan. At Miss Lance's he was Sam. The mentioned D. K. T. conducted the celebrated "Bee-Stings" column on the editorial page of Mr. Sloan's journal, his levity being offset by the sobriety of Mr. Sloan, who was assistant city-editor.

On two evenings a week Mr. Sloan fled the cares of the Fourth Estate and became Sam in the soul-refreshing presence of

Miss Angelina. He was by no means her only male admirer. In the Sixth Grade at the Hilldale Public School she had thirty others; among these Willie Downey, whose name appeared on every page of the composition Mr. Sloan had read.

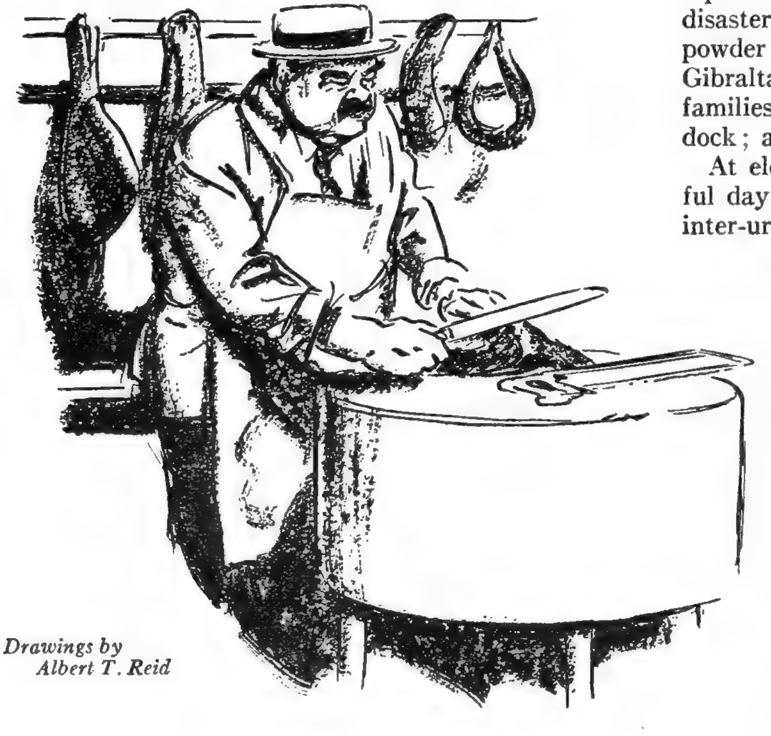
With a host of other sixth-graders throughout the city, Willie had striven that day for a prize of ten dollars in gold offered by the public-spirited A. Lincoln Wilbram, of Wilbram, Prescott & Co., for the best schoolboy essay on Moral Principles.

"Moral principles, gentlemen; that is what we need in Ashland. How many men do you know who stand up for their convictions—or have any to stand up for?"

If the head of a department store is a bit thunderous at times, think what a Jovian position he occupies. In his cloud-girt, mahogany-paneled throne-room on the eighth floor he rules over a thousand mortals, down to the little Jacob Downeys in the basement, who, if they do not quite weep with delight when he gives them a smile, tremble, at least, at his frown. When a large body of popular opinion accords him greatness, were he not undemocratic to affect humility and speak small?

"I speak of common men," said Mr. Wilbram (this was at a Chamber of Commerce banquet); "of men whose living depends upon the pleasure of their superiors. How few there are with fearless eye!"

He scarcely heard the laughter from a group of building contractors at a side table, who had not seen a servile eye among their workmen in many moons; for a worthy project had popped into his mind at that instant. How was the moral backbone of our yeomanry to be stiffened save through education? Why not a prize contest to stimulate the interest of the rising generation in this obsolete subject?



Drawings by Albert T. Reid

In many an Ashland home where bicycles, roller-skates, wireless outfits, and other such extravagances were strongly desired, the question had since been asked: "Pa, what are Moral Principles?" While some of the resulting essays indicated a haziness in paternal minds, not so the production that Mr. Sloan read in Miss Lance's parlour.

"But I couldn't let you print it," said Miss Angelina. "I wouldn't have Willie shamed for anything. He may be weak in grammar, but he is captain of every athletic team in the school. He has told me in confidence that he means to spend the prize money for a genuine horse-hide catching-mitt."

"If I cross out his name, or give him a *nom de plume?"*

On that condition Miss Lance consented.

III

At the office next morning Sloan found the essay in his pocket and looked around the city-room for D. K. T. The staff poet-clown was no daylight saver; professing to burn the midnight oil in the interest of his employer, he seldom drifted in before half-past nine.

"See me. S. S." wrote Sloan, and dropped Willie's manuscript on D. K. T.'s desk.

Then he jumped and gasped, and copy-readers and office-boys jumped and gasped, and the religious editor dashed frantically for the stairs, outrunning the entire staff down the hall, though he had farther to go than any other man or woman there. A huge, heart-stopping shock had rocked the building, set the windows to clattering and the lights to swinging, and brought down in a cloud the accumulated dust of a quarter-century.

Within two minutes by the clock Sloan and five reporters had started for the scene of the Rutland disaster, fifteen miles away, where enough giant powder had gone up in one terrific blast to raze Gibraltar. A thriving town lay in ruins; hundreds of families were homeless; a steamship was sunk at her dock; a passenger train blown from the rails.

At eleven o'clock on the night following that pitiful day Sloan journeyed homeward to Ashland in an inter-urban trolley-car in company with a crowd of refugees. A copy of the last edition of the *Bee* comforted his weary soul.

The first page was a triumph. Count on the office to back up its men in the field! There was the whole story, the whole horror and heartbreak, finely displayed. There were his photographs of the wreckage; there, in a "box," was his interview with the superintendent of the Rutland Company; there was a map of the devastated area. Perhaps someone had found time even to do an editorial; in that case the clean-up would be complete.

Opening the paper to the sixth page, he groaned aloud; for the first thing that caught his eye was Willie Downey's school essay, at the top of D. K. T.'s celebrated column, with Willie's name below the headline.

MOREL PRINSAPLES

By Willie Downey
age 12

Morel Prinsaples is when you have a nerve to stick up for some thing.

Like last night my Father went in Mires meet shop & stood in line 15 or twenty min. wateing his tirn & whn his tirn come he says to mr. Mires Ile have 6 porc chops.

at that inst. the telaphone wrang & mr. Mires slidd for it like it was 2nd base.

Hold on Mires says Pa, who got here 1st, me or that bell wringer.

Igscuse me just 1 min. says Mr. mires.

No I be ding if Ile igscuse you says Pa, 1st come 1st served is the rool of bizness all over."

But Mr. mires wyped his hands on his apern & ansered the wring & it was mrs. Will Brum, she was going to eat out at a frends so she wanted 2 lbs, bolony & a dog bone.

So then Pa give him hale columbus.

"Here I bin wateing ½ an our he said, yet when some lazy lofer of a woman who has been reading a novvle or a sleep all after noon pfhones you to rush her up some dog meet in youre Autto with gass 36 cts. & charge it to her acct. & may be you wont get youre munny for three 4 munts, wy you run to wate on her while I stand & shovle my feet in youre saw dust like a ding mexican pea own or some thing.

What says Pa is there about a cusstamer who takes the trubble to come for his meet & pay cash for it & delivvers it him self that maiks him so Meen & Lo that he hass to be pushed one side for some body that has not got Gumpshun enoughf to order her dog bones before the rush our?

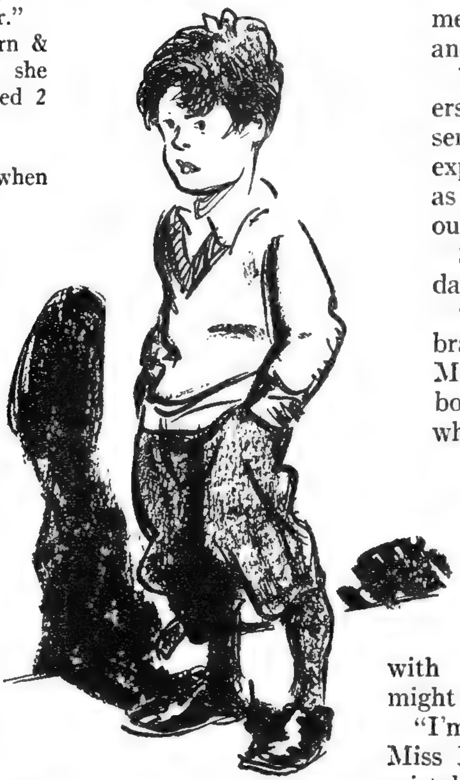
Do you think that people with a telapfhone's munny is any better than mine, do you think because I walk in here on my hine leggs that I am a piker & a cheap skait, because if so I will bring along my telapfhone contract nex time & show you & then may be you will reckonnize me as a free born amerrican who dont haff to traid where I haff to play 2d fiddle to a chow pupp. Its agenst my morel prinsaples says Pa."

With theas wirds he walks out in the rane although his feet hurt him clear down to washington St. to the nex meet store, but by that time they were all closed up so we had prinsaples for supper insted of porc chops.

Pa says if he run a store & had a pfhone & no body to anser it & do nothing else he would ring it's neck, becuase while the telaphone is the gratest blesing of the aige, but a pfhone with out on opperater is like a ham ommalet with the ham let out. He says the reazon the Chane Stores have such a pull with the public is becuase the man behine the counter is not all the time Jilting you in the middle of your order & chacing off to be sweet to some sosciety dame with a dog 4 miles away.

Ma says she dont kno why we have a pfhone any how becuase every time she is youseing it a woman buts in & jiggles the hook & says will you pleas hang up so I can call a Dr. & when Ma hangs up & then lissens in to see who is sick, wy this woman calls up a lady frend & they nock Ma back & 4th over the wyre for ours & some times they say I bet she is lisening in on us dont you.

So as I say let us all stick up for our Morel Prinsaples like my Father come what may.



IV

Bright were Miss Angelina's eyes but not with mirth. It was unspeakable, this thing that Mr. Sloan had done. Thrice before bedtime she called his lodgings. Mr. Sloan was not in.

Before the last call, she donned her wraps and went out to Plume Street. Courageously she pulled the bell at Number Nine. Willie's mother opened the door and cried, surprised, "Why! Miss Lance."

"Is Willie here? Have you seen the paper? Will you let me tell him how it happened, and how sorry I am?"

Willie was not receiving callers this evening. He had been sent to bed without supper. The explosion at Rutland had been as nothing, it seemed, to the outburst in the Downey home.

Slowly the extent of the harm dawned upon Miss Angelina.

"It was Mrs. A. Lincoln Wilbram wanted the dog bone," said Mrs. Downey tearfully. "Everybody will recognize her; and what Mr. Wilbram will do to us we don't need to be told. Poor Jake is so upset he has gone out to roam in the dark. He couldn't stay in the house."

New jobs were scarce for men at his time of life, and with his feet. Dora and Jennie might have to leave high school.

"I'm sure you meant us no wrong, Miss Lance; I'm sure there was a mistake. But think how dreadful it is, after twenty-two years of having Mr. Wilbram's pay, then to turn around and backbite his wife like that, right out in print!"

Doubly troubled now, Miss Lance departed. Attracted by a quick gathering of loiterers in the avenue, she witnessed a controversy that might easily have become a police matter.

"You're a liar if you say you said all that to me!" shouted the burly Butcher Myers. "You never opened your head, you shrimp! Bawling me out in the papers and losing me my best customers! Whaddye mean?"

Back came the retort from Jacob Downey, with the snarl of a little creature at bay.

"If I didn't say it to you then, you big lobster, I say it to you now. All that the paper says I said I say. What'll you do about it?"

"Hah! You!" Myers snapped his fingers in Downey's fiery face and turned away.

Miss Lance's path to the Hilldale School next morning took her past three post-boxes. Into the third she dropped a note that she had carried from home. Mr. Sloan would find her message exceedingly brief, although (or, perhaps, because) she had spent hours in composing it.

> DEAR SIR:
> I regret to discover that you lack moral principles.
> ANGELINA LANCE.

Just before the last bell the janitor brought in a prisoner for her custody. Willie Downey's head was bloody but unbowed; three seventh-graders he had vanquished in one round. "They guyed me," said he. "They called me a Nawthour."

Morning prayer and song waited while teacher and pupil spoke earnestly of many things; while the teacher's eyes filled with tears, and the pupil's heart filled with high resolve to bring home the baseball championship of the Ashland Public School League and lay it at Miss Angelina's feet, or perish in the attempt.

V

THE A. LINCOLN WILBRAM prize went to a small boy named Aaron Levinsky whose English was 99 per cent. pure. Little Aaron's essay was printed as the centre-piece in Wilbram, Prescott & Co.'s page in the *Bee;* little Aaron invested his gold in thrift-stamps, and the tumult and the shouting died.

Miss Angelina Lance sat alone every evening of the week. True, Mr. Sloan had tried to right the wrong; he had called Miss Angelina on the telephone, which he should have known was an inadequate thing to do; he had also sent a ten-dollar bank-note to Willie, in care of Miss Lance at the Hilldale School, together with his warm felicitations upon Willie's success as a *littérateur.* Did Willie know that his fine first effort had been reprinted, with proper credit, in the great New York *Planet?*

True, too, the illustrious D. K. T. had written Miss Angelina an abject apology, most witty and poetic, taking all the blame to himself and more than exonerating his high-principled friend Mr. Sloan.

But the bank-note went back to its donor without even a rejection slip; and D. K. T.'s humour was fatal to his client's cause. Ghastly are they who jest in the shadow of tragedy. Mr. Sloan and D. K. T. did not know, of course—Miss Angelina had not thought it of any use to tell them—of the sword which they had hung up by a thread above the heads of the Downeys.

As for Jacob Downey, he limped about amid his hardware in the basement at Wilbram, Prescott & Co.'s, careworn, haunted of eye, expecting the house to crash about his ears at any moment. One does not with impunity publish the wife of one's employer as a lazy loafer.

The A. Lincoln Wilbrams had servants again, and dined at home. To Mr. Wilbram said Mrs. Wilbram one evening:

"It is the strangest thing. In the last month I've met scarcely a soul who hasn't asked me silly questions about Mudge and his diet. Mrs. Trevelyan and everybody. And they always look so queer."

Mr. Wilbram was reminded that while coming home that evening with a package in his hand he had met Trevelyan, and Trevelyan had inquired: "What's that? A bone for the dog?"

"Tomorrow," said A. Lincoln, "I'll ask him what he was driving at."

"What was the package?" queried his wife.

He fetched it from the hall. It had come to him at the store that day by registered mail.

"From Hildegarde," said Mrs. Wilbram, noting the Los Angeles postmark. Hildegarde was honeymooning among the orange groves. Wrote the happy bride:

> DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE:
> Charles and I see by the paper that Mudge is hungry, so we are sending him a little present.

"What can the child mean, Abe?"

"Don't ask me," he answered. "Undo the present and see."

They loosened blue ribbons and wrappings of soft paper, and disclosed a link of bologna sausage.

Maddening? It might have been, if Hildegarde had not thought to inclose a page from the *Daily Southern Californian,* upon which, ringed with pencil marks, was a bit of miscellany headed, "Morel Prinsaples."

They read it through to the conclusion:

> So as I say let us all stick up for our Morel Prinsaples like my Father come what may.—Willie Downey in Ashland (N. J.) *Bee.*

"Why!—why!—it's—it's me!" cried Mrs. Wilbram. "I did telephone to Mr. Myers for two pounds of bologna and a dog bone—on the night we dined at the Trevelyans'!"

"It comes mighty close to libel," fumed Wilbram.

"How do they dare! You must see Worthington Oakes about this, Abe."

"I certainly will," he vowed.

VI

HE CERTAINLY DID, as Mr. Worthington Oakes, the publisher of the *Bee,* will testify. In the front office on the editorial floor he saw Mr. Oakes for a bad half-hour, and demanded a public retraction of the insult.

At about the same time a dapper stranger who had come up in the elevator with Mr. Wilbram held speech with Assistant City Editor Sloan in the local room at the other end of the hall.

"Yonder's your bird," said Mr. Sloan, pointing to a poetic-looking young man at a desk in a corner.

Crossing to the poet, who was absorbed in his day's poesy and talking to himself as he versified, the stranger smiled and spoke.

"Am I addressing the celebrated D. K. T.?"

"Am, cam, dam, damn, ham, jam, lamb——"

The far-away look of genius faded out of the poet's eyes.

"Not buying," said he. "My pay envelope is mortgaged to you book-agents for ten years to come.

Ma'am, ram, Sam, cram, clam, gram, slam——"

"Books are not my line," said the dapper one briskly. "I represent the Jones-Nonpareil Newspaper Syndicate. In fact, I am Jones. I have a proposition to make to you, Mr. D. K. T., that may enable you to buy more books than you can ever read. You know, of course, what the Jones-Nonpareil service is. We reach the leading dailies of the United States and Canada——"

"Have a chair, Mr. Jones."

"Thank you. We handle some very successful writers. Malcomb Hardy, you may have heard, takes his little five hundred a week out of us; and poor Larry Bonner pulled down eleven hundred as long as he had health. His Chinese-laundryman sketches might be selling yet."

"Suspense is cruel," spoke D. K. T. eagerly. "Let the glad news come."

"Some time ago," said the syndicate man, "you printed in your column an essay in imitation of a schoolboy's. You called it 'Moral Principles.'"

D. K. T. sank back with a low moan.

"If you can write six of those a week for a year," continued the visitor, "you won't ever need to slave any more. You can burn your pen and devote the rest of your life to golf and good works."

The poet closed his eyes. "Sham, swam, diagram," he murmured.

"Does a minimum guarantee of fifteen thousand a year look like anything to you? There will, of course, be the book rights and the movie rights in addition."

"Anagram, epigram, telegram, flimflam—aha!" cried D. K. T. "Sham!" He wrote it down.

"That little skit of yours," pursued the caller, "has swept the country. You have created a nation-wide demand. My finger is on the journalistic pulse, and I know. Can you repeat?"

He drew a paper from his pocketbook.

"Here is a list of subjects your imaginary Willie Downey might start with: The Monetary System; the Cost of Living; the League of Nations; Capital and Labour——"

Over the stranger's head an office-boy whispered significantly: "Front office."

"Excuse me," said the poet, and hurried away.

With the publisher, in the front office, sat A. Lincoln Wilbram, quite purple in the cheeks. They had a file of the *Bee* before them.

"Diedrick," said Mr. Oakes, "on March eighteenth you printed this thing"—his finger on Willie's essay—"why did you do it?"

"What's the matter with it?" replied D. K. T.

"The matter with it," spoke Mr. Wilbram terribly, "is that it slanders my wife. It makes her out to eat dog bones. Friends of ours as far away as California have seen it and recognized her portrait, drawn by your scurrilous pen. The worst of it is, the slander is founded on fact. By what right do you air my domestic affairs before the public in this outrageous fashion?"

With agonized eyes the funny-man read the essay as far as the fateful line, "It was Mrs. Will Brum."

"My gosh!" he cried.

"How did you come to write such a thing?" Mr. Oakes demanded.

"Me write that thing? If I only had!"

The facts were recalled; the sending of Mr. Sloan and many reporters to Rutland; the need of extra hands at the copy-table that day.

"I found this contribution on my desk. It looked safe. In the rush of the morning I sent it up and never gave it another thought."

"So it is really a boy's essay, and not some of your own fooling?" asked Oakes.

"A boy's essay, yes; entered in Mr. Wilbram's prize contest, eliminated by the boy's teacher and shown by her to Mr. Sloan, who brought it to the shop. I know now that Sloan meant me to change the author's name to save the kid from ridicule. If there were actual persons in it, I'm as amazed as Mrs. Wilbram."

"I wonder, Oakes," said Wilbram, "that a dignified newspaper like yours would print such trash, in the first place."

Worthington Oakes looked down his nose. D. K. T. took up the challenge.

"Trash, sir? If it's trash, why has the Ashland Telephone Company asked permission to reprint it on the front cover of their next directory?"

"Have they asked that?"

"They have; they say they will put a little moral principle into the telephone hogs in this town. And didn't a Fifth Avenue minister preach a sermon on it last Sunday? Doesn't the *Literary Review* give it half a page this week? Hasn't it been scissored by almost every exchange editor in the land? Isn't there a man in the city-room now offering me fifteen thousand a year to write a daily screed like it?"

"You can see, Wilbram," said Mr. Oakes, "that there was no intention to injure or annoy. We are very sorry; but how can we print an apology to Mrs. Wilbram without making the matter worse?"

"Who is this Willie Downey?" demanded Wilbram. "And who is the school teacher?"

"I don't believe my moral principles will let me tell you," replied D. K. T. "I'm positive Mr. Sloan's won't let him. We received the essay in confidence."

"Enough said," Mr. Wilbram exclaimed, rising. "Good day to you. I don't need your help, anyway. I'll find out from the butcher."

VII

It seemed necessary that Mr. Sloan should call at the Lance home that evening. Whatever Miss Angelina might think of him, it was his duty to take counsel with her for the welfare of Willie.

He began with the least important of the grave matters upon his mind.

"Do you suppose your *protégé* could write some essays like the one we printed?"

"Why, Mr. Sloan?"

If Miss Angelina had responded, "Why, you hyena?" she would not have cut him more deeply than with her simple, "Why, Mr. Sloan?"

"A newspaper syndicate," he explained, "has offered D. K. T. a fortune for a series of them."

"Poor Willie!" she sighed. "He flunked his English exam. today. I'm afraid I shall have him another year."

"He is a lucky boy," said Sloan.

"Do you think so?"

Clearly her meaning was, "Do you think he is lucky when a powerful newspaper goes out of its way to crush him?"

"There is no use approaching him with a literary contract?"

"Not with the baseball season just opening. His team beat the Watersides yesterday, sixteen—nothing. He has more important business on hand than writing for newspapers."

Since Sloan wrote for a newspaper, this was rather a dig. Nevertheless, he persevered.

"A. Lincoln Wilbram is on his trail. Do you know that Willie libeled Mrs. Wilbram?"

"Oh, Sam! Surely I know about the libel. But is—is Mr. Wilbram really—— Has he discovered?"

"He came to the office today. We gave him no information; but he has other sources. He is bound to identify his enemy before he quits."

"I didn't know about the so-called slander at first," said she, "when I—when you——"

"When I promised to change Willie's name?"

"I found out when I went to them, on the night it came out in the paper. They were woefully frightened. They are frightened still. Mr. Downey has worked for Mr. Wilbram since he was a boy. They think of Mr. Wilbram almost as a god. It's—it's a tragedy, Sam, to them."

"Would it do any good to warn them?"

"They need no warning," said Miss Angelina. "Don't add to their terrors."

"I am more sorry than I can say. May I hope to be forgiven some day?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Sam. It was an accident. But don't you see what a dangerous weapon a newspaper is?"

"Worse than a car or a gun," he agreed.

As he strolled homeward along a stately avenue, wondering what he could do to avert the retribution that moved toward the Downeys, and finding that his assistant-city-editor's resourcefulness availed him naught, he heard the scamper of feet behind him and whirled about with cane upraised in time to bring a snarling chow dog to a stand.

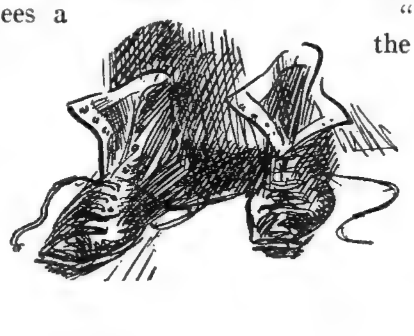
"Beat it, you brute!" he growled.

"Yeowp!" responded the chow dog, and leaped in air.

"Don't be alarmed," spoke a voice out of the gloom of the nearest lawn. "When he sees a man with a stick, he wants to play."

Sloan peered at the speaker's face. "Isn't this Mr. Wilbram? You were at the *Bee* office today, sir. May I have a word with you about the Willie Downey matter?"

"Come in," said Mr. Wilbram.



VIII

ON THE FIRST PAY-DAY in May the impending sword cut its thread. Said a messenger to Jacob Downey: "They want you on the eighth floor." Downey set his jaws and followed.

In the mahogany-paneled room A. Lincoln Wilbram turned from the window and transfixed his servitor with eyes that bored like steel bits.

"Downey, I understand you have a literary son."

Jacob held his breath, eyed his accuser steadily, and assured himself that it would soon be over now.

"How about it, Downey?"

"I know what you mean, sir."

"Did you say the things printed there?"

The little man wasted no time in examining the newspaper clipping.

"Yes, sir, I did. If it has come to your lady's ears what I called her, I beg her pardon. But what I said I'll stick to. If I stand fifteen minutes in line in a meat store or any other kind of store, I've got a right to be waited on ahead of anybody that rings up, I don't give a ding who she is."

"Good for you, Downey. Let me see, how long have you worked for us?"

"Twenty-three years next January, sir."

"Floor salesman all the while?"

"Since 1900. Before that I was a wrapper."

"How many men have been promoted over your head?"

"Three."

"Four," Wilbram corrected. "First was Miggins."

"I don't count him, sir. Him and I started together."

"Miggins was a failure. Then Farisell; now in prison. Next, McCardy: he ran off to Simonds & Co. the minute they crooked a finger at him. Last, young Prescott, who is now to come up here with his father. Could you run the department if you had it?"

"Between you and I," replied Jacob Downey, sick, dizzy, trembling, "I been running the department these fifteen years."

"How'd you like to run it from now as manager? When I find a man with convictions and courage I advance him. The man who stands up is the man to sit down. That's evolution. If you could stand up to a big butcher like Myers and talk Dutch to him the way you did, I guess we need you at a desk. What do you say?"

A desk! A chance to rest his feet! Jacob Downey stiffened.

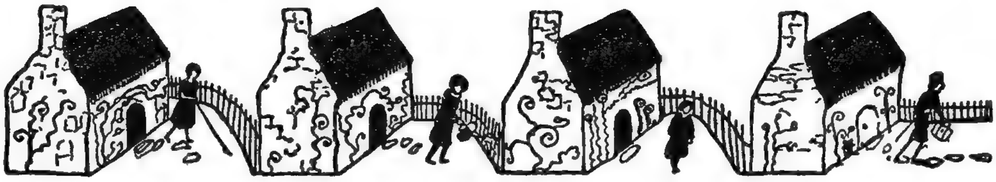
"Mr. Wilbram, I—I got to tell the truth. I never said those things to Myers. I just walked out."

"But you said them. You acknowledge it."

"I said 'em, yes—after I got home. To the family I said 'em. When I was in the meat shop I only thought 'em."

"So Myers has told me," said Jove, smiling. "Downey, my man, you've got more than moral courage. You've got common sense to go with it. Tell young Prescott to give you his keys."

So They Say



M. Aristide Briand:
French Minister of Foreign Affairs

"The Locarno agreement must not be likened to a magic hat from which one can draw at will anything desired."

Ernst Lothar:
in "Neue Freie Presse," advises making life easier with this experiment—

"When you want to spend yourself on a task, ask first: 'Will the result still be worth while in three months' time?' "

Mr. Burton Crane:
financial editor of the "Japan Advertiser" of Tokyo

"For the casual foreign visitor Moscow is the most expensive city in Europe."

Rudyard Kipling:
English author, praises Britain's sailors

"It is the sea that has given us a cutting-edge to our imagination, nerve that meets all manner of trouble with inherited conviction that nothing really matters so long as one keeps one's nerve, and in that certainty overcomes every handicap without too much clamour."

Mr. Li Chung-Yun:
declares he is 250 years old, with 188 descendants, and supplies maxims to representatives of the "North China Daily News"

"Keep a quiet heart. Sit like a tortoise. Walk sprightly like a pigeon. Sleep like a dog."

Caddy:
when asked name by golfer, gives it, and feels obliged to explain

"Ferguson MacDonald—I'm Scotch."

Prof. Benj. R. Andrews:
of Columbia University

"Only approximately 5 per cent. of American homes are actually employing outside-the-family helpers."

Himansu Rai:
leading film actor of India

"India is suffering from an inferiority complex which is lessened by every success scored by an Indian."

George Bernard Shaw:
when asked if influence of women could stop another war

"There is no evidence that women are less warlike than men."

Dr. James Doran:
national prohibition commissioner, says prohibition makes men more handsome

"Under prohibition the average man has more money to spend, and since he cannot spend it legally for liquor, he spends it for shaves, facials, haircuts, and manicures."

Herr Von Guerard:
German Minister of Transportation, predicts a sky too small for air traffic

"The time is coming when our planet will be too small."

Ben Tillett:
English labour leader

"God help the man who won't marry until he finds a perfect woman, and God help him still more if he finds her."

Spiritual Guide:
of Charles E. Masche of London, signs reply message from Mars to Dr. Mansfield Robinson's radio greeting to that planet

"Don't touch Mars. Keep miles away from it. It is a hotbed of vice and virulence."

William T. Cosgrave:
third president of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State

"Ireland is a great country! My people are great people. They are simple, moral, honest, and hard-working."

Hugo Wast:
Argentine literary prize winner, and father of eleven children

"Every stone in Argentina has a history, and each corner of the land reeks with colour and a lively past."

Hugh Walpole:
English author

"Art and life ought to be hurriedly remarried and brought to live together."

Milan Djoritch:
Serbian gangster leader, when captured

"It is necessary for a house burglar to talk nicely and wittily if possible, with the ladies. There is no excuse for crudeness."

Robert Nathan: *American novelist*	"As a nation we Americans seem to be suffering from a sort of mother-fixation. The mother element, the mother figure, is constantly paraded through our national life, as it is through our private lives."
M. Claude Anet: *Frenchman, who is to lecture in America on love*	"Courage is a necessary thing in love. For love, you see, that is a fight."
Rev. J. Shepherd: *at Islington Chapel, London, declares that seaside resorts have ruined many homes*	"Young people change very quickly by the sea. Many hopes and homes have been broken by seaside flirtations.
Moritz Doehler: *70, says dog helped wreck romance with his bride of 37 who is now seeking a separation*	"A further cause of difficulty was a large black-and-white shepherd dog which was unfriendly to me, and which, my wife insisted, be permitted to sleep on our bed. The dog would constantly growl and bark at me, making life miserable for me."
Prosperous Chinese Merchant: *who, in defiance of long-established custom in China, has employed about 20 girls in a new shop*	"Women have a right to live and earn a living."
Young Man Suicide: *in a farewell note*	"I take this step because I want to find out for myself if there really exists an ethereal world that one's soul is supposed to inhabit."
Girls: *let their hair grow as a sign of their youth*	"We look too much like our mothers and our grandmothers. We'll let our hair grow."
Heinrich Grunzweig: *counsellor of commerce*	"The elegant and pampered lady of fashion buys the latest models cheaper and better in Vienna than in Paris."
Health Commissioner Kegel: *of Chicago*	"Scorn the kiss of anyone with a cold."
Queen Souriya: *of Afghanistan, who is trying to popularize education for women*	"Islam granted to women, about 1,350 years ago, that right of voting and election which is cruelly denied to the women in many countries in advanced Europe."
Sir Hubert Wilkins: *explorer, quotes Australian cannibals who murdered a wife-stealer and then ate him in spite of their vague belief in Christianity*	"Now that he is dead and his spirit gone to Jesus it is not likely it will return to harm us, so why should we waste such fine, fat meat?"
Helen Davis: *who heads a "matrimonial caravan" of women on a nation-wide hunt for ideal mates*	"We have some 600 husband applicants to interview, and we are not starting out on a frivolous party. We are idealistic but modern, and want to become home-makers."
Selma Lagerlöf: *Swedish novelist, and first woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature*	"Keep the imagination young."
Montague Perry: *author, tells what qualities make a wife easy to live with*	"Knowing when and when not to ask a man to do little chores around the house. How to stretch the money. Taking time off to play. A sense of proportion—not making a life tragedy out of a steak that is spoiled because a man doesn't get home on time to dinner."
Bishop of Winchester: *is making a walking pilgrimage to his thirty parishes in a purple cassock and carrying his bishop's crook, followed by a singing throng*	"If the people will not come to the church, then the church must go to the people."
Sir Oliver Lodge: *English scientist*	"Death is not a foe, but an inevitable adventure."
Dr. Frederick Tilney: *professor of neurology at Columbia University, terms old age a disease*	"There is a growing support for the theory that old age is nothing but the cumulative effect of the intoxications and poisons of the body."
Martin Johnson: *explorer*	"The ostrich is the real desert dude."
Eleutherios Venizelos: *Premier of Greece*	"What the world wants, especially in the Balkans, is simply rest and peace, and confidence that there will be no more war."
Chicago Government Poster:	"Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote."
Mrs. Mary Akeley: *explorer, and widow of Carl Akeley*	"The gorilla is a conventional family man, industrious, highly inquisitive, and not at all ferocious. They were very pleasant neighbours."

The Mummy's Foot

By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Translated by Lafcadio Hearn

I HAD ENTERED, in an idle mood, the shop of one of those curiosity venders who are called *marchands de bric-à-brac* in that Parisian *argot* which is so perfectly unintelligible elsewhere in France.

You have doubtless glanced occasionally through the windows of some of these shops, which have become so numerous now that it is fashionable to buy antiquated furniture, and now that every petty stockbroker thinks he must have his *chambre au moyen âge.*

There is one thing there which clings alike to the shop of the dealer in old iron, the wareroom of the tapestry maker, the laboratory of the chemist, and the studio of the painter: in all those gloomy dens where a furtive daylight filters in through the window-shutters, the most manifestly ancient thing is dust. The cobwebs are more authentic than the guimpe laces, and the old pear-tree furniture on exhibition is actually younger than the mahogany which arrived but yesterday from America.

The warehouse of my bric-à-brac dealer was a veritable Capharnaum. All ages and all nations seemed to have made their rendezvous there. An Etruscan lamp of red clay stood upon a Boule cabinet, with ebony panels, brightly striped by lines of inlaid brass; a duchess of the court of Louis XV. nonchalantly extended her fawn-like feet under a massive table of the time of Louis XIII., with heavy spiral supports of oak, and carven designs of chimeras and foliage intermingled.

Upon the denticulated shelves of several sideboards glittered immense Japanese dishes with red and blue designs relieved by gilded hatching, side by side with enamelled works by Bernard Palissy, representing serpents, frogs, and lizards in relief.

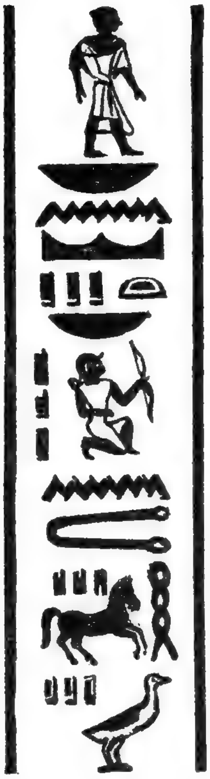
From disemboweled cabinets escaped cascades of silver-lustrous Chinese silks and waves of tinsel, which an oblique sunbeam shot through with luminous beads, while portraits of every era, in frames more or less tarnished, smiled through yellow varnish.

The striped breastplate of a damascened suit of Milanese armour glittered in one corner; lovers and nymphs of porcelain, Chinese grotesques, vases of *céladon* and crackle-ware, Saxon and old Sèvres cups encumbered the shelves and nooks of the apartment.

The dealer followed me closely through the tortuous way contrived between the piles of furniture, warding off with his hand the hazardous sweep of my coat-skirts, watching my elbows with the uneasy attention of an antiquarian and a usurer.

IT WAS A SINGULAR FACE, that of the merchant; an immense skull, polished like a knee, and surrounded by a thin aureole of white hair, which brought out the clear salmon tint of his complexion all the more strikingly, lent him a false aspect of patriarchal *bonhomie,* counteracted, however, by the scintillation of two little yellow eyes which trembled in their orbits like two louis-d'or upon quicksilver. The curve of his nose presented an aquiline silhouette, which suggested the Oriental or Jewish type. His hands—thin, slender, full of nerves which projected like strings upon the finger-board of a violin, and armed with claws like those on the terminations of bats' wings—shook with senile trembling; but those convulsively agitated hands became firmer than steel pincers or lobsters' claws when they lifted any precious article—an onyx cup, a Venetian glass, or a dish of Bohemian crystal. This strange old man had an aspect so thoroughly rabbinical and cabalistic that he would have been burnt on the mere testimony of his face three centuries ago.

"Will you not buy something from me today, sir? Here is a Malay kreese with a blade undulating like flame. Look at those grooves contrived for the blood to run along, those teeth set backward so as to tear out the entrails in withdrawing the weapon. It is a fine character of ferocious arm, and will look well in your collection. This two-handed sword is



very beautiful. It is the work of Joseph de la Hera; and this *coliche-marde,* with its fenestrated guard—what a superb specimen of handicraft!"

"No; I have quite enough weapons and instruments of carnage. I want a small figure, something which will suit me as a paper-weight, for I cannot endure those trumpery bronzes which the stationers sell, and which may be found on everybody's desk."

The old gnome foraged among his ancient wares, and finally arranged before me some antique bronzes, so-called at least; fragments of malachite, little Hindoo or Chinese idols, a kind of poussah-toys in jade-stone, representing the incarnations of Brahma or Vishnoo, and wonderfully appropriate to the very undivine office of holding papers and letters in place.

I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon, all constellated with warts, its mouth formidable with bristling tusks and ranges of teeth, and an abominable little Mexican fetich, representing the god Vitziliputzili *au naturel,* when I caught sight of a charming foot, which I at first took for a fragment of some antique Venus.

It had those beautiful ruddy and tawny tints that lend to Florentine bronze that warm, living look so much preferable to the gray-green aspect of common bronzes, which might easily be mistaken for statues in a state of putrefaction. Satiny gleams played over its rounded forms, doubtless polished by the amorous kisses of twenty centuries, for it seemed a Corinthian bronze, a work of the best era of art, perhaps moulded by Lysippus himself.

"That foot will be my choice," I said to the merchant, who regarded me with an ironical and saturnine air, and held out the object desired that I might examine it more fully.

I was surprised at its lightness. It was not a foot of metal, but in sooth a foot of flesh, an embalmed foot, a mummy's foot. On examining it still more closely the very grain of the skin, and the almost imperceptible lines impressed upon it by the texture of the bandages, became perceptible. The toes were slender and delicate, and terminated by perfectly formed nails, pure and transparent as agates. The great toe, slightly separated from the rest, afforded a happy contrast, in the antique style, to the position of the other toes, and lent it an aërial lightness—the grace of a bird's foot. The sole, scarcely streaked by a few almost imperceptible cross lines, afforded evidence that it had never touched the bare ground, and had come in contact with only the finest matting of Nile rushes and the softest carpets of panther skin.

"Ha, ha, you want the foot of the Princess Hermonthis!" exclaimed the merchant, with a strange giggle, fixing his owlish eyes upon me. "Ha, ha, ha! For a paper-weight! An original idea!—an artistic idea! Old Pharaoh would certainly have been surprised had someone told him that the foot of his adored daughter would be used for a paper-weight after he had had a mountain of granite hollowed out as a receptacle for the triple coffin, painted and gilded, covered with hieroglyphics and beautiful paintings of the Judgment of Souls," continued the queer little merchant, half audibly, as though talking to himself.

"How much will you charge me for this mummy fragment?"

"Ah, the highest price I can get, for it is a superb piece. If I had the match of it you could not have it for less than five hundred francs. The daughter of a Pharaoh! Nothing is more rare."

"Assuredly that is not a common article, but still, how much do you want? In the first place let me warn you that all my wealth consists of just five louis. I can buy anything that costs five louis, but nothing dearer. You might search my vest pockets and most secret drawers without finding even one poor five-franc piece more."

"Five louis for the foot of the Princess Hermonthis! That is very little, very little indeed. 'Tis an authentic foot," muttered the merchant, shaking his head, and imparting a peculiar rotary motion to his eyes. "Well, take it, and I will give you the bandages into the bargain," he added, wrapping the foot in an ancient damask rag. "Very fine! Real damask—Indian damask which has never been redyed. It is strong, and yet it is soft," he mumbled, stroking the frayed tissue with his fingers, through the trade-acquired habit which moved him to praise even an object of such little value that he himself deemed it only worth the giving away.

He poured the gold coins into a sort of mediæval almspurse hanging at his belt, repeating:

"The foot of the Princess Hermonthis to be used for a paper-weight!"

Then, turning his phosphorescent eyes upon me, he exclaimed in a voice strident as the crying of a cat which has swallowed a fish-bone:

"Old Pharaoh will not be well pleased. He loved his daughter, the dear man!"

"You speak as if you were a contemporary of his. You are old enough, goodness knows! but you do not date back to the Pyramids of Egypt," I answered, laughingly, from the threshold.

I went home, delighted with my acquisition.

With the idea of putting it to profitable use as soon as possible, I placed the foot of the divine Princess Hermonthis upon a heap of papers scribbled over with verses, in themselves an undecipherable mosaic work of erasures; articles freshly begun; letters forgotten, and posted in the table drawer instead of the letter-box, an error to which absent-minded people are peculiarly liable. The effect was charming, *bizarre,* and romantic.

Well satisfied with this embellishment, I went out with the gravity and pride becoming one who feels that he has the ineffable advantage over all the passers-by whom he elbows, of possessing a piece of the Princess Hermonthis, daughter of Pharaoh.

I looked upon all who did not possess, like myself, a paper-weight so authentically Egyptian, as very ridiculous people, and it seemed to me that the proper occupation of every sensible man should consist in the mere fact of having a mummy's foot upon his desk.

Happily I met some friends, whose presence distracted me from my infatuation with this new acquisition. I went to dinner with them, for I could not very well have dined with myself.

When I came back from that evening, with my brain slightly confused by a few glasses of wine, a vague whiff of Oriental perfume delicately titillated my olfactory nerves. The heat of the room had warmed the natron, bitumen, and myrrh in which the *paraschistes,* who cut open the bodies of the dead, had bathed the corpse of the princess. It was a perfume at once sweet and penetrating, a perfume that four thousand years had not been able to dissipate.

The Dream of Egypt was Eternity. Her odours have the solidity of granite and endure as long.

I soon drank deeply from the black cup of sleep. For a few hours all remained opaque to me. Oblivion and nothingness inundated me with their sombre waves.

Yet light gradually dawned upon the darkness of my mind. Dreams commenced to touch me softly in their silent flight.

The eyes of my soul were opened, and I beheld my chamber as it actually was. I might have believed myself awake but for a vague consciousness which assured me that I slept, and that something fantastic was about to take place.

The odour of the myrrh had augmented in intensity, and I felt a slight headache, which I very naturally attributed to several glasses of champagne that we had drunk to the unknown gods and our future fortunes.

I PEERED THROUGH my room with a feeling of expectation which I saw nothing to justify. Every article of furniture was in its proper place. The lamp, softly shaded by its globe of ground crystal, burned upon its bracket; the water-colour sketches shone under their Bohemian glass; the curtains hung down languidly; everything wore an aspect of tranquil slumber.

After a few moments, however, all this calm interior appeared to become disturbed. The woodwork cracked stealthily, the ash-covered log suddenly emitted a jet of blue flame, and the disks of the pateras seemed like great metallic eyes, watching, like myself, for the things which were about to happen.

My eyes accidentally fell upon the desk where I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis.

Instead of remaining quiet, as behooved a foot which had been embalmed for four thousand years, it commenced to act in a nervous manner, contracted itself, and leaped over the papers like a startled frog. One would have imagined that it had suddenly been brought into contact with a galvanic battery. I could distinctly hear the dry sound made by its little heel, hard as the hoof of a graceful gazelle.

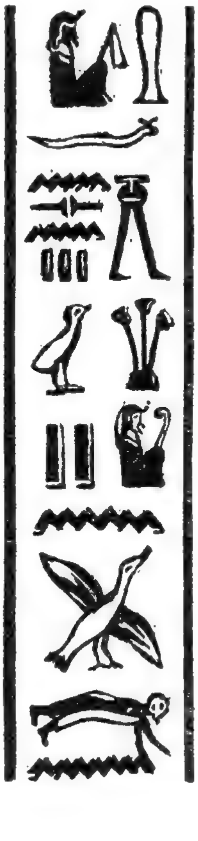
I became rather discontented with my acquisition, inasmuch as I wished my paper-weights to be of a sedentary disposition, and thought it very unnatural that feet should walk about without legs, and I commenced to experience a feeling closely akin to fear.

Suddenly I saw the folds of my bed-curtain stir, and heard a bumping sound, like that caused by some person hopping on one foot across the floor. I must confess I became alternately hot and cold, that I felt a strange wind chill my back, and that my suddenly rising hair caused my night-cap to execute a leap of several yards.

The bed-curtains opened and I beheld the strangest figure imaginable before me.

IT WAS A YOUNG GIRL of a very deep coffee-brown complexion, like the bayadere Amani, and possessing the purest Egyptian type of perfect beauty. Her eyes were almond-shaped and oblique, with eyebrows so black that they seemed blue; her nose was exquisitely chiselled, almost Greek in its delicacy of outline; and she might indeed have been taken for a Corinthian statue of bronze but for the prominence of her cheekbones and the slightly African fulness of her lips, which compelled one to recognize her as belonging beyond all doubt to the hieroglyphic race which dwelt upon the banks of the Nile.

Her arms, slender and spindle-shaped like those of very young girls, were encircled by a peculiar kind of metal bands and bracelets of glass beads; her hair was all twisted into little cords, and she wore upon her bosom a little idol-figure of green paste, bearing a whip with seven lashes, which proved it to be an image of Isis; her brow was adorned with a shining plate of gold, and a few traces of paint relieved the coppery tint of her cheeks.



As for her costume, it was very odd indeed.

Fancy a *pagne,* or skirt, all formed of little strips of material bedizened with red and black hieroglyphics, stiffened with bitumen, and apparently belonging to a freshly unbandaged mummy.

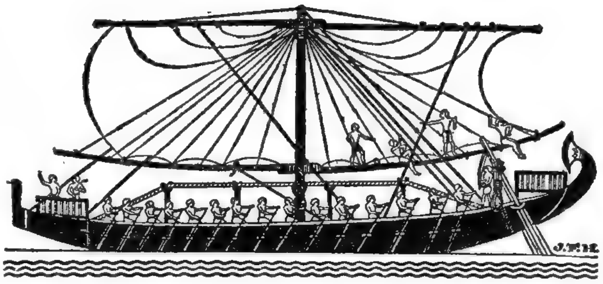
In one of those sudden flights of thought so common in dreams I heard the hoarse falsetto of the bric-à-brac dealer, repeating like a monotonous refrain the phrase he had uttered in his shop with so enigmatical an intonation:

"Old Pharaoh will not be well pleased. He loved his daughter, the dear man!"

One strange circumstance, which was not at all calculated to restore my equanimity, was that the apparition had but one foot; the other was broken off at the ankle!

She approached the table where

the foot was starting and fidgeting about more than ever, and there supported herself upon the edge of the desk. I saw her eyes fill with pearly gleaming tears.



Although she had not as yet spoken, I fully comprehended the thoughts which agitated her. She looked at her foot—for it was indeed her own—with an exquisitely graceful expression of coquettish sadness, but the foot leaped and ran hither and thither, as though impelled on steel springs.

Twice or thrice she extended her hand to seize it, but could not succeed.

Then commenced between the Princess Hermonthis and her foot—which appeared to be endowed with a special life of its own—a very fantastic dialogue in a most ancient Coptic tongue, such as might have been spoken thirty centuries ago in the syrinxes of the land of Ser. Luckily, I understood Coptic perfectly well that night.

The Princess Hermonthis cried, in a voice sweet and vibrant as the tones of a crystal bell:

"Well, my dear little foot, you always flee from me, yet I always took good care of you. I bathed you with perfumed water in a bowl of alabaster; I smoothed your heel with pumice-stone mixed with palm oil; your nails were cut with golden scissors and polished with a hippopotamus tooth; I was careful to select *tatbebs* for you, painted and embroidered and turned up at the toes, which were the envy of all the young girls in Egypt. You wore on your great toe rings bearing the device of the sacred Scarabæus, and you supported one of the lightest bodies that a lazy foot could sustain."

The foot replied in a pouting and chagrined tone:

"You know well that I do not belong to myself any longer. I have been bought and paid for. The old merchant knew what he was about. He bore you a grudge for having refused to espouse him. This is an ill turn which he has done you. The Arab who violated your royal coffin in the subterranean pits of the necropolis of Thebes was sent thither by him. He desired to prevent you from being present at the reunion of the shadowy nations in the cities below. Have you five pieces of gold for my ransom?"

"Alas, no! My jewels, my rings, my purses of gold and silver were all stolen from me," answered the Princess Hermonthis, with a sob.

"Princess," I then exclaimed, "I never retained anybody's foot unjustly. Even though you have not got the five louis which it cost me, I present it to you gladly. I should feel unutterably wretched to think that I were the cause of so amiable a person as the Princess Hermonthis being lame."

I delivered this discourse in a royally gallant troubadour tone which must have astonished the beautiful Egyptian girl.

She turned a look of deepest gratitude upon me, and her eyes shone with bluish gleams of light.

She took her foot, which surrendered itself willingly this time, like a woman about to put on her little shoe, and adjusted it to her leg with much skill.

This operation over, she took a few steps about the room, as though to assure herself that she was really no longer lame.

"Ah, how pleased my father will be! He who was so unhappy because of my mutilation, and who from the moment of my birth set a whole nation at work to hollow me out a tomb so deep that he might preserve me intact until that last day, when souls must be weighed in the balance of Amenthi! Come with me to my father. He will receive you kindly, for you have given me back my foot."

I thought this proposition natural enough. I arrayed myself in a dressing-gown of large-flowered pattern, which lent me a very Pharaonic aspect, hurriedly put on a pair of Turkish slippers, and informed the Princess Hermonthis that I was ready to follow her.

Before starting, Hermonthis took from her neck the little idol of green paste, and laid it on the scattered sheets of paper which covered the table.

"It is only fair," she observed, smilingly, "that I should replace your paper-weight."

She gave me her hand, which felt soft and cold, like the skin of a serpent, and we departed.

We passed for some time with the velocity of an arrow through a fluid and grayish expanse, in which half-formed silhouettes flitted swiftly by us, to right and left.

For an instant we saw only sky and sea.

A few moments later obelisks commenced to tower in the distance; pylons and vast flights of steps guarded by sphinxes became clearly outlined against the horizon.

We had reached our destination.

THE PRINCESS CONDUCTED me to a mountain of rose-coloured granite, in the face of which appeared an opening so narrow and low that it would have been difficult to distinguish it from the fissures in the rock, had not its location been marked by two stelæ wrought with sculptures.

Hermonthis kindled a torch and led the way before me.

We traversed corridors hewn through the living rock. Their walls, covered with hieroglyphics and paintings of allegorical processions, might well have occupied thousands of arms for thousands of years in their formation. These corridors of interminable length opened into square chambers, in the midst of which pits had been contrived, through which we descended by cramp-irons or spiral stairways. These pits again conducted us into other chambers, opening into other corridors, likewise decorated with painted sparrow-hawks, serpents coiled in circles, the symbols of the *tau* and *pedun*—prodigious works of art which no living eye can ever examine—interminable legends of granite which only the dead have time to read through all eternity.

At last we found ourselves in a hall so vast, so enormous, so immeasurable, that the eye could not reach its limits. Files of monstrous columns stretched far out of sight on every side, between which twinkled livid stars of yellowish flame; points of light which revealed further depths incalculable in the darkness beyond.

The Princess Hermonthis still held my hand, and graciously saluted the mummies of her acquaintance.

My eyes became accustomed to the dim twilight, and objects became discernible.

I BEHELD THE KINGS of the subterranean races seated upon thrones—grand old men, though dry, withered, wrinkled like parchment, and blackened with naphtha and bitumen—all wearing *pshents* of gold, and breastplates and gorgets glittering with precious stones, their eyes immovably fixed like the eyes of sphinxes, and their long beards whitened by the snow of centuries. Behind them stood their peoples, in the stiff and constrained posture enjoined by Egyptian art, all eternally preserving the attitude prescribed by the hieratic code. Behind these nations, the cats, ibises and crocodiles contemporary with them—rendered monstrous of aspect by their swathing bands—mewed, flapped their wings, or extended their jaws in a saurian giggle.

All the Pharaohs were here—Cheops, Chephrenes, Psammetichus, Sesostris, Amenotaph—all the dark rulers of the pyramids and sphinxes. On yet higher thrones sat Chronos and Xixouthros, who was contemporary with the deluge, and Tubal Cain, who reigned before it.

The beard of King Xixouthros had grown seven times around the granite table, upon which he leaned, lost in deep reverie, and buried in dreams.

Farther back, through a dusty cloud, I beheld dimly the seventy-two preadamite kings, with their seventy-two peoples, forever passed away.

After permitting me to gaze upon this bewildering spectacle a few moments, the Princess Hermonthis presented me to her father, Pharaoh, who favoured me with a most gracious nod.

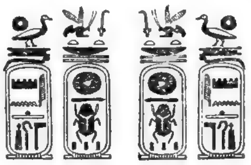
"I have found my foot again! I have found my foot!" cried the princess, clapping her little hands together with every sign of frantic joy. "It was this gentleman who restored it to me."

The races of Kemi, the races of Nahasi—all the black, bronzed, and copper-coloured nations repeated in chorus:

"The Princess Hermonthis has found her foot again!"

Even Xixouthros himself was visibly affected.

He raised his heavy eyelids, stroked his mustache with his fingers, and turned upon me a glance weighty with centuries.



"By Oms, the dog of Hell, and Tmei, daughter of the Sun and of Truth, this is a brave and worthy lad!" exclaimed Pharaoh, pointing to me with his sceptre, which was terminated with a lotus-flower.

"What recompense do you desire?"

Filled with that daring inspired by dreams in which nothing seems impossible, I asked him for the hand of the Princess Hermonthis. The hand seemed to me a very proper antithetic recompense for the foot.

Pharaoh opened wide his great eyes of glass in astonishment at my witty request.

"What country do you come from, and what is your age?"

"I am a Frenchman, and I am twenty-seven years old, venerable Pharaoh."

"Twenty-seven years old, and he wishes to espouse the Princess Hermonthis, who is thirty centuries old!" cried out at once all the Thrones and all the Circles of Nations.

Only Hermonthis herself did not seem to think my request unreasonable.

"If you were even only two thousand years old," replied the ancient king, "I would willingly give you the princess, but the disproportion is too great; and, besides, we must give our daughters husbands who will last well. You do not know how to preserve yourselves any longer. Even those who died only fifteen centuries ago are already no more than a handful of dust. Behold, my flesh is solid as basalt, my bones are bars of steel!

"I will be present on the last day of the world with the same body and the same features which I had during my lifetime. My daughter Hermonthis will last longer than a statue of bronze.

"Then the last particles of your dust will have been scattered abroad by the winds, and even Isis herself, who was able to find the atoms of Osiris, would scarce be able to recompense your being.

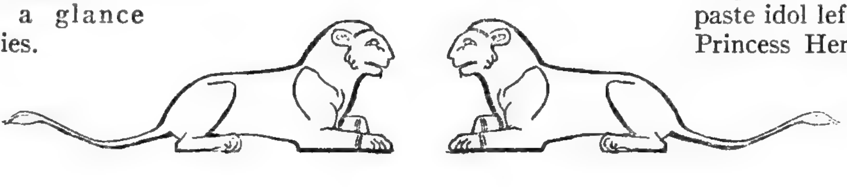
"See how vigorous I yet remain, and how mighty is my grasp," he added, shaking my hand in the English fashion with a strength that buried my rings in the flesh of my fingers.

He squeezed me so hard that I awoke—and found my friend Alfred shaking me by the arm to make me get up.

"Oh, you everlasting sleeper! Must I have you carried out into the middle of the street, and fireworks exploded in your ears? It is afternoon. Don't you recollect your promise to take me with you to see M. Aguado's Spanish pictures?"

"God! I forgot all, all about it," I answered, dressing myself hurriedly. "We will go there at once. I have the permit lying there on my desk."

I started to find it, but fancy my astonishment when I beheld, instead of the mummy's foot I had purchased the evening before, the little green paste idol left in its place by the Princess Hermonthis!



The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

WILL share attractive home in exchange for wife's services; references. Address 9-98. The Times.
Seattle (Wash.) Times.

White Wyandotte Rooster, year old, hatched from eggs direct from John Martin, $5 F. O. B.
Florida State Marketing Bureau Bulletin.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Two year old Bull Dog. Supposed to be a Hog dog. More kind among children than most women.
24-2t K. K. Shemwell.
Doniphan (Mo.) Republican.

MEN'S $1.00 Neckties 2 for $1. Lightweight ribbed, short sleeves, ankle length. Main Floor.
New Britain (Conn.) Herald.

FOR RENT—Modern house, 516 Second avenue east. Hard wood floors, new paper, new paint. Loudest house in town. Harry White, owner. 281d6pd
Oskaloosa (Iowa) Daily Herald.

HELP WANTED—Female girl for housework for board and room and some wages. 1308 N. 20th.
Boise (Idaho) Capital News.

An unusually attractive collection of wide-brimmed flower-trimmed hats are to be offered in our military section Saturday, at only $3.50 each.
Florida newspaper.

WIDOW will share modern apartment, garage, 2 business girls. Reasonable. Walnut 5658.
New Orleans (La.) Times Picayune.

RABBIT MAN (dressed) to pick up & reliver rabbits. Box V-23710, Exam.
Los Angeles (Cal.) Examiner.

YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, FINDING life boring, desires exciting occupation, preferably legal; traveled and experienced. Box 1863 Province.
335-5-153
Province, Vancouver, B. C.

WANTED—By Kentucky girl, lady companion with automobile for horse back rides Saturdays or Sundays. Address K, box 384, Times Branch.
Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

WANTED—To rent private garage for woman. Call 584W.
Winnipeg (Man.) Mirror.

FOR SALE—Combination stove and baby buggy. Phone 1883-Y.
Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

LOST—Dark green boy's bicycle. Reward. 555 Marion. Sunset 1941.
Denver (Colo.) Post.

I carry a nice line of Caskets at reasonable prices. When in need of one call and look over my line.
H. C. GARRETT,
Milligan, Florida.
Florida newspaper.

FOR SALE—Newlyweds wanting a place for a home. Bargain if taken at once. Easy payments. Box 126, Industrial City, Mo.
St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Heurung are the proud parents of a baby bosy born June 16th.
Albany (Minn.) Enterprise.

The case closed in dramatic fashion by a prosecutor demanding that Kelley die on the gallows for the alleged beating to death of the club-woman on August 5 last in her elaborate Wilshire district home, which was given the seven men and five women of the jury just before noon.
San Francisco (Calif.) Examiner.

New York, Sept. 14.—Queenie, the female chow dog of Mrs. Angelina Coni of New Rochelle, under sentence of death the last three months because she bit a neighbour's child right in the middle of a quarantine, has received a technical pardon.
Springfield (Mass.) paper.

Simla, India.—Six persons killed and nine wounded near here when a party of pilgrims attempted to prevent the laughter of a cow held sacred by them.
Brooklyn (N. Y.) Home Talk.

New York, Aug. 28.—(AP)—The passenger steamer *Chester W. Chapin* of the New England Steamship Company, rammed and sunk a tug today in Hell. A fireman on the tug was reported missing.

Illinois newspaper.

Miss Mary White of Edgewood escaped injury yesterday when an automobile she was driving west on the national road at Springdale skidded and dropped over an embankment. The automobile was aged in the accident.

Wheeling (W. Va.) Register.

Crester A. Wyke, justice of the peace of Bidgeville, was awarded $75 to replace his "last and only suit" ruined when he assisted in rescue work at the Cow Hollow bridge collapse, in which one man was killed by the county commissioners at their meeting yesterday morning.

Pittsburgh (Pa.) Post-Gazette.

SAYS DRUNKARDS FOR HOOVER

New York, Sept. 6.—(AP)—Col. John Q. Tilson, eastern director of the Republican speakers' bureau, announced Wednesday that he had received information from the Dunkards in Ohio that all of the 200,000 Dunkards in the United States had decided to vote for Hoover.

Bloomington (Ill.) daily paper.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Michael's church in this city on Thesday morning, August 28th at 8 o'clock when Miss Anna Adams and Mr. Frank Krajicek were united in the holy bonds of a matter of money.

Belle Plaine (Iowa) Union.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Case have gone to Rochester, where Mrs. Case is expected to succumb to an operation.

Mankato (Minn.) Free Press.

When a farmer's will was read it was discovered that he had given no direction as to who should inherit his farm. The two sons, therefore, quarreled over the division of the farm.

However, eventually the brothers decided that they would put the case before the local patriarch and abide by his decision. It is sad to relate that each of them dangled a tempting bride before the old man.

Verdun (Quebec) Free Press.

ADVENTIST MEET ENDS

Proebstel, Wash., Aug. 6.—The Adventists closed a two-week camp meeting at Camas Sunday under the leadership of Pastor Richie. Twenty-three converts are reported. The members will join the camp meetwhile drunk.

Oregon Daily Journal (Portland.)

The Children day will be at Liberty Saturday Aug. 11th. everybody come and enjoy the program the Epworth League has un interesting program in the afternoon dont miss it. Dinner on the ground.

Burkesville (Ky.) newspaper.

Employees of the Iowa state highway commission are prospecting for rock deposits in the southeast corner of the Engineer R. A. Frink.

Oskaloosa (Iowa) Daily Herald.

"Hell, Its Location and Absolute Certainty." Frank Gowdey, tenor soloist, will sing, "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

Texas paper.

CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN

Cor. Hill Ave., and Swissvale St.

Rev. Albert C. Busch, Minister.

Calander for June 10, 1928.

Sunday School 9:40.

Children's Day exercises 10:-5 A special program has been arranged by Sup't. Mr. Samuel Ressler and his assistants in which the Primary Department will take the leading part.

Parents having children to be baptized may resent them at this service.

Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Progress.

On this voyage the Italia carried a cross specially blessed by Pope Pius XI equipped with a spiked end which it was planned to drop as the ship passed over the Pope.

San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner.

Twin girls, named Ruth and Naomi, were born to James Allen Ramsey, near Thayer.

Hardy (Ark.) Herald.

Two men had a narrow escape from death by drowning early today when piloting an automobile slowly along the Roosevelt road through the dense fog which enveloped the city and suburbs, they missed the bridge across the Des Plaines river in Maywood and tumbled thirty feet down the embankment into the water.

The men are: Chris Tossoye, 509 Madison street, and John Wilson, Maple and 3d streets, both of Maywood. They managed to get out of the car, which turned on its side and swam ashore, having suffered only cuts and bruises.

Chicago Daily News.

A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. John Kujak. of Maple street. Hope is vain unless harnessed to hustle.

"Personal" in the Plainville (Conn.) News.

Mr. and Mrs. Agnes LaMora, of Porte's Corners, and Ernest Knowlton, of Palmer, were married Friday evening, May 18, at the Wesleyan Methodist parsonage by the Rev. H. H. Chapman.

New York State paper.

Eri Davidson Woodbury, former herd master of the Episcopal academy of Connecticut and known as the "grand old man of Cheshire," last surviving veteran of the civil war in town, died at his home here today.

Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-Standard.

Mr. Orville Sliger of Aredale and Miss Lucille Knapp of Sheffield were married Monday p. m. here at the Methodist parsonage, with Rev. J. E. Pritchard officiating, his sermon subject was "Wesleys Advice on Finance." The witnesses were Lester Wickwire and Miss Daisy Davis.

Sheffield (Iowa) Press.

"But I sincerely hope that no one would suspect me of taking an advantage," said Dr. Osbaldeston, stroking his long mustaches, which are still liberally sprinkled with black. "I wouldn't take advantage by one day, not by one hour. I intend to win fairly or not at all. I have always been under the impression that I was born on December 27, 1832. To my astonishment I find among my effects a birth certificate which shows that I was born on July 27, 1929. I don't feel at liberty to repudiate this document."

New York Herald Tribune.

Tom-Tom

By CHARLES MERZ

Charles Merz.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio family. This is Station WKD, broadcasting from Albany, New York. I am sure those of you who have just heard Dr. Doolittle's interesting talk on the Double-Entry System will be glad to know that we have with us tonight the Griswold Troubadours, presented with the compliments of Griswold and Company, manufacturers of leather belting. Our troubadours are now gliding under a Venetian moon to the palace of the duke, where the young lover will serenade the lady of his dreams. In keeping with this scene, the young lover will sing 'Mong Cur Ah Swaff Poor Voo,' after which the Hotsey Totsey Boys will play 'I Got the Gimme's, So Gimme Another One Too.'"

There is no need to waste superlatives on the radio. It belongs with lodge night and the filling station as one of our modern favourites, and its progress to popularity has been rapid. Who does not know that from a few thousand experimental sets in 1917 the number of sets has jumped to seven million in a decade? Who does not know that from a single station broadcasting programs in 1920 the number of stations had leaped so prodigiously near a thousand by 1927 that Congress was called upon to strike a large number of them dumb by legislation? Who does not know that far from having to search the air for stations nowadays, stations come crowding in of their own accord in such profusion that the practice of having one "silent night" a week has been thought up in Chicago?

Great things have happened to the radio in a remarkably short time. It is only eight years since the first grand opera star trilled a few notes condescendingly into a microphone; now there is no opera star who has not fought Dr. Cadman for a wave-length. It is only eight years since the first church services were broadcast from Calvary Church in Pittsburgh; now the air is filled with sermons every Sunday morning. It is only eight years since Congresswoman-elect Alice M. Robertson of Oklahoma was persuaded to say a few words at the first hotel banquet broadcast by KDKA; now no President—no up-to-date Vice President—would think of shaking hands with a farmer from the corn belt without making certain of his hook-ups.

Radio is a gigantic industry developed with unprecedented speed. Millions of amplifiers, B-batteries, cone-speakers and interference-eliminators have been sold to an apparently inexhaustible market in a few short years. Millions of people who like to talk have suddenly been content to listen. Millions of arias, exhortations, perorations, amens, ha-has, and goodnightalls have been launched into the untiring ether. The call to arms, the plea for peace, the cry for help, the pop of the cork, the bleat of the lamb, and the roar of the tiger in the zoo have all had their turn on the loud-speaker. It is said of the radio that there is no feat in the transmission of sound too difficult for it to manage: that it can take the heart-beats of a house-fly, magnify them till they roar like Lewis guns, and send them to New Zealand.

No doubt this is true. But it is the least of the achievements claimed for the radio by its army of enthusiasts. Here is a new instrument with which to broadcast science, literature and art, and bring the distant, complex problems of government home to the man in the street. "Radio is the great unifier and educator of the whole American people," says Mr. O. H. Caldwell of the Radio Commission. "Professors and scholars are agreed," says a recent article in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that the radio has deeply affected not only the life but the thought of the nation. The wireless even creates new systems of philosophy."

Faithfully at 6:45 each evening, as WKD goes on the air, George Wilder sits down to his modern six-tube set and spins the dial. George Wilder is a business man in Syracuse. He is neither an old-timer nor a newcomer as a listener-in. He bought his first set as long ago as 1924. But this was after the neutrodyne craze had swept the country, and long after the palmy days of the old three-circuit regenerator, when honeycomb and spiderweb windings were the rage.

George Wilder bought into the radio family when it had advanced beyond these early stages: when its mechanics were no longer experimental, and its architecture was already Florentine.

There is no static on George Wilder's set. There are no harsh discordances to be tuned out and no grating blurs like the faint tap of distant baking-powder tins to distract attention from the program. The voice that comes in is crystal-clear. It is coming in now from WKD, and out of the ether it speaks suddenly and genially as George Wilder interrupts it in full flight:

> ". . . only makes it harder. Few of us, I assure you, really like such work, but it can be made a quick and not unpleasant task if the dishes are first scraped—it is important to scrape the dishes first—and then assembled, and if there is plenty of hot water, good mild soap that will not hurt the hands, and plenty of fresh dish-towels. If, on the other hand, there is not plenty of hot water, good mild soap that will not hurt the hands and plenty of fresh dish-towels—"

WKD runs off downhill as George Wilder turns the dial. From a point two inches farther to the right a new but no less genial voice picks up the telling of another story:

> ". . . thus leaving the two lovers on the stage alone. In words which you are now about to hear—"

George Wilder does not wait to hear, but pushes on to KRA; catches Dr. Godfrey Willis in the middle of a lecture, "Are We Really Educated?"; drops him; pushes on to WKB; hears a distant strain of music; coddles it gently to weed it from a lecture on "Our Boys at Annapolis"; discovers it is a soprano; drops it; pushes on to WJA; picks up the Secretary of Agriculture addressing the annual meeting of the National Grange; learns that the common barberry bush, which carries the black stem rust of wheat, is being successfully eradicated in eleven of the upper Mississippi states, but that new difficulties have been encountered due to the discovery of considerable areas of wild barberries in unexpected places; hovers in the neighbourhood of the wild barberry bush to see if the Ukulele Boys are broadcasting from St. Louis; finds that the Ukulele Boys are silent; comes back home to see what WKD is doing now; and hears:

> ". . . buttered onions. Fluffy mashed potato arranged in a ring, with boiled tongue, sliced and arranged on boiled spinach—"

No. The same party, George Wilder mutters, is still at it. Well, there is WLO; but WLO does not come on till ten o'clock on Tuesday evenings. There is KFA; but bitter experience has taught George Wilder that if it isn't the boll weevil at KFA on Tuesday evenings it is Bach. There is WDW in Chicago. The dial moves on again, and stops.

> ". . . ty-eight. Wheat, May, one hundred and thirty-seven and one quarter, high, one hundred and thirty-sev—"

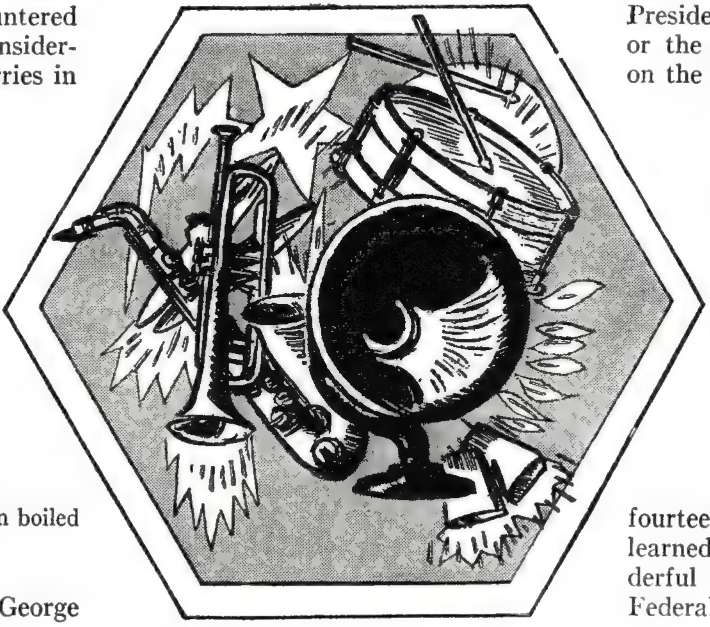
Hello! Right on the edge of that thirty-seven there is something stirring. George Wilder leans one elbow on the cabinet and tinkers with the dial. Here it comes. A sudden friendly burst of music of the sort that can be whistled. George Wilder turns the dial a little more this way; a little more that way; no, better the way it was before. Now the saxophone, instead of sounding as if it were playing right in the next room, sounds as if it were playing right in the same room and in the middle of the table.

This is a real orchestra, playing a real tune. Must be either the Jollity Boys from the Crystal Palace, or the Gaiety Boys from the Midnight Club, or the Hilarity Boys from the National Zinc and Iron. George Wilder tries the dial a hair's-breath farther to the left, a hair's-breadth farther to the right, two hairs'-breadths back again. Then, satisfied that the volume of sound is fairly constant and as loud as possible, he lights a cigar and reaches for the evening paper.

This is the rite of tuning in.

WKD has long since finished with its cooking hour. It is half past ten. The lights are low. The evening's guests have come and gone. But from the parlour of the Wilder home still comes the steady blare of a dance tune played by an orchestra as fresh as ever. When the Jollity Boys gave out, the Jubilee Club jumped in, to be succeeded by the National Cookie Company Song-Birds.

This is an average radio evening in one American home, and no doubt in others too. True, there are the great occasions; and when the President of the United States or the Queen of Rumania goes on the air we are accustomed to hearing it said that from twenty to thirty million people listen in. But there are several types of listeners-in. There are the whole-time listeners-in who religiously hear the whole thing through, without once yielding to the temptation of trying something else, and the part-time listeners-in who steal off regularly at about the fourteenth paragraph, having learned that America is a wonderful country, or that the Federal budget for 1927 was



$3,998,027,396, whereas for 1926 it was something else, and try their luck at some less pretentious station where a band is playing.

Happily, a band is always playing somewhere. For the radio has produced an avalanche of bands. This is a musical age, and we have come a long way from the days when Sousa's Band and Pryor's Band were the only bands in the country with a national reputation. There are literally hundreds of bands, jazz orchestras and syncopated entertainers whose fame the radio has broadcast into millions of homes reaching all the way from city flats to the loneliest farms in the wheat country: Roxy and His Gang, the Marimba Band, the Anglo-Persians, the South Sea Islanders, the Clicquot Club Eskimos, the Butter and Egg Boys, the Radiotrons, the Ipana Troubadours, the Silvertown Orchestra, the Humming Birds, the Banjo Buddies, the Apple Knockers, the A. & P. Gypsies, Ayers' Soda Music Makers, Roemer's Homers, Mua's Paradise Hawaiians, the Whiting's Milk Milkmen, the Happiness Boys, the Snappiness Boys, and scores of others.

It is the brass bands, the popular airs, the harmony boys and the ukuleles that have made the radio famous. And it is to the brass bands, the popular airs, the harmony boys and the ukuleles that the radio gives most of its treasured time.

Ten of the typical smaller stations—WHO, Des Moines; WFI, Philadelphia; WHN, New York; WSM, Nashville; WTIC, Hartford; WBAL, Baltimore; WSAI, Cincinnati; WMAQ, Chicago; WDAF, Kansas City; and WFAA, Dallas—were on the air for 294 hours in a recent week. They did not waste much of this time being educational. They gave 28 hours to "talks," 77 hours to serious and partway serious music, and 189 hours to syncopation.

Ten of the larger stations—WEAF, New York; WJZ, New York; WGY, Schenectady; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WGN, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; WOC, Davenport; WWJ, Detroit; WBZ, Springfield; and WCCO, Minneapolis—were on the air for 357 hours in the same week; used 56 of these hours for talks, 42 for serious music and 259 for harmony and rhythm. Even at these larger stations, where the task of enlightening a vast public upon matters of cultural value rests more heavily on the conscience of the radio, the proportion is four hours of popular airs to one of education.

Nor is this all. The predominance which jazz enjoys is even more impressive than these figures show. For at all the larger stations the usual procedure is to get the serious part of the program done with fairly early in the day, so as to have the evening free for sheer enjoyment. It is during the daytime hours, when listeners-in are relatively scarce, that most of the talks on teeth, the discussions of the Dawes plan, the courses in French, and violin solos take the air—and during the evening hours, when millions of people are listening in, that the friendly jazz-bands blare.

Search the programs of KDKA, WGY and WJZ for an average week, and how many talks will you find on the schedule after seven in the evening? Seldom more than one an evening for each station, seldom lasting more than thirty minutes. As against this total, count an average of at least two hours of jazz, played in relays by at least five sets of entertainers.

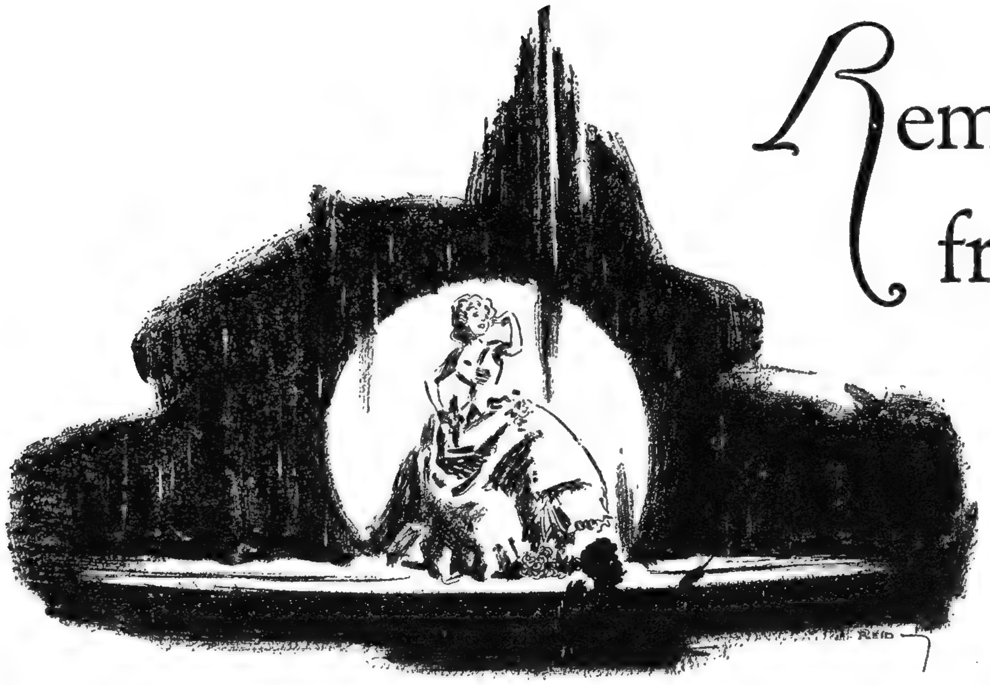
This much seems sure: however marvelous the mechanics of the radio, however unlimited its future and however splendid its chance of becoming in due course of time a great national talking-machine from which an enraptured public will extract sheer disembodied knowledge, its chief function for the moment is more limited, more easily realized and much more entertaining.

The saxophones begin at seven.

If it is on harmony and rhythm that the radio puts its emphasis, rather than on its little sallies into national budgets, its ten-minute lectures on the genesis and evolution of the Dawes plan, and its tonight-let-us-spend-five-minutes-with-the-poets, there is nothing strange about the fact, and certainly nothing reprehensible. If even the biggest stations give four times as many hours to syncopation as they give to science, drama, literature, art and history, there is nothing deplorable about the fact. For, after all, there are plenty of ways in which to study science, drama, literature, art, and history, aside from listening in on short snatches of lectures which may begin somewhere in the middle and end by being interrupted by a band. The radio ought not to be criticized if it fails to take over the functions of laboratories, books, and art museums. They are out of its line. It has a function of its own.

This function is tympanic. Into a nation that lives at top speed most of the day and comes home much too wide-awake to settle down, the radio brings a stimulus for tired nerves and something to distract us from the dull business of "staying put" at home. We tune in, and let it play while we wash the dishes, read the evening's news, or entertain a neighbour on the porch. We tune in—on a mighty rhythm to which millions of people are marking time, the pulse-beat of a nation. All over the country the trombones blare and the banjos whang and the clarinets pipe the rhythm. All over the country the same new tunes that will be generations old before the week is out are hammered home at the same vast audience from a hundred different places. Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah, I got the blue-hoo-hoos, I got the blue-hoo-hoos, I got the oom-pah-pah, the oom-pah-pah. . . . If it is true that from twenty to thirty million Americans are listening in on the radio every evening, then for a large part of that evening they are listening in on the greatest single sweep of synchronized and syncopated rhythm that human ingenuity has yet conceived.

This is our counterpart of the drum the black man beats when the night is dark and the jungle lonely. Tom-tom.



Remembered from the Play

"Revolt"

Paul Ford—Religion is unavoidable, since men insist on having a God—but the trouble is that they make it so complicated.

The Rev. John Hammond—Preaching is easy—it's the living that counts.

By Harry Wagstaff Gribble, New York, 1928.

"Animal Crackers"

Capt. Spalding (Groucho Marx)—What this country needs is a seven-cent nickel.

Chico Marx—In other words, you want a home for yourself.

Groucho Marx—Yes, just a little place I can call a home and tell the wife I won't be home tonight.

By George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, New York, 1928.

"Gods of the Lightning"

Macready—What do you want me to do? Put on a white collar and sit in an office and push a pen around all day?

Rosalie—You could do anything—anything you wanted to—only you don't want to do anything but—save humanity or something like that—I don't know what! All I know is they aren't worth it—and they don't care how much you do for them!

Macready—The workers are the only people who are worth anything. I admit they're lunkheads and you've got to tell them; but, by God, somebody's *got* to do the telling.

District Attorney Salter—Don't you think the workers get justice in this country?

Macready—No. Do you? Did you ever hear of a policeman hitting a capitalist over the head?

Court Attendant—Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Capraro—As near as I can.

Judge Vail—There are two possible answers to that question: "I do" or "I do not."

Capraro—You must excuse me. I do—as near as I can.

Judge Vail—Do you mean that you will tell the truth to the best of your knowledge and belief?

Capraro—If you like that phrase better—yes, I do. But I would not wish you to believe that I would know the truth better than other men, for it seems to me that no man would know the truth exactly.

Sowerby—You know, gentlemen, the older I become the less seriously I regard the deaths of other people—or even of myself. The fact that I have no place to sleep tonight bothers me a good deal, but if I were only going to die tonight—that is, without discomfort—I shouldn't mind it in the least. The idea of death, philosophically regarded, is welcome to the mature mind.

By Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson, New York, 1928.

"The Front Page"

Hildy Johnson—Journalist! Peeking through keyholes! Running after fire engines like a lot of coach dogs! Waking people up in the middle of the night to ask them what they think of Mussolini! Stealing pictures off old ladies of their daughters that get raped in Oak Park! A lot of lousy, daffy, buttinskis, swelling around with holes in their pants, borrowing nickels from office boys! And for what? So a million hired girls and motormen's wives'll know what's going on! I don't need anybody to tell me about newspapers. I've been a newspaperman fifteen years. A cross between a bootlegger and a streetwalker. And if you want to know something, you'll all end up on the copy-desk . . . gray-headed, humpbacked slobs, dodging garnishees when you're ninety.

Officer Woodenshoes—Thought you fellas might be interested in the psychological end of it. None of the papers have touched that aspect. Personally, my feeling is that Earl Williams is a dual personality type on account of the way his head is shaped. It's a typical case of psychology. Now you take the events leading up to the crime—his hanging a red flag out of the window on Washington's Birthday. That ain't normal, to begin with. The officer ought to have realized when he went up there that he was dealing with a lunatic.

MURPHY—Listen, Woodenshoes, this guy Williams is just a bird that had the tough luck to kill a nigger policeman in a town where the nigger vote is important.

By Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur,
New York, 1928.

"THE MAN WITH RED HAIR"

CHARLES PERCY HARKNESS—A bad conversationalist always talks about the things that interest him, and not the things that interest others.

HESTHER TOBIN—When men want to kiss me, I've noticed that they invariably follow one of two courses. Either they ask me what I'd do about it, thereby shifting the responsibility from themselves, or they decide to take a chance and just grab. The first course always seems to me the less courageous.

HERRICK CRISPIN—The accusation that they are insane is invariably leveled against persons who have character enough to hammer out their own theory of life, and sufficient courage to stand by their own convictions.

By Benn W. Levy, a dramatization of
Hugh Walpole's novel of the same title,
London, 1927; New York, 1928.

"THESE FEW ASHES"

EDITH MAJOR—In large cities, people can hide themselves when they want to; in small places, they can hide only their sentiments.

By Leonard Ide, New York, 1928.

"MR. MONEYPENNY"

MR. MONEYPENNY—Now, whereas, and this indenture witnesseth that, in consideration of kisses, thrills, and warm caresses. . . .

DAVID—Soft arms. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY—. . . You, David, give, release, convey, devise. . . .

GLORY—Assign and bequeath. . . .

DAVID—. . . All my poverty, real and personal. . . .

MR. MONEYPENNY—. . . Friends and freedom, peace, ambition; these you give in fee simple?

DAVID—I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY—You agree to work and worry, love, comfort and keep her in a style to which she never was accustomed?

DAVID—I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY—And you, Glory, do you promise to take all this man has . . .?

GLORY—I do!

MR. MONEYPENNY—Wilt thou obey and serve him?

GLORY—What?!!

MR. MONEYPENNY—Be his partner and companion?

GLORY—Say, what are you reading—*Ancient Customs?*

MR. MONEYPENNY—My error! Do you promise no cooking, no home, no babies?

GLORY—I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY—To spend your time at shops and movies, playing bridge and planning parties? Dinner from the delicatessen?

GLORY—I do.

MR. MONEYPENNY (*to* DAVID)—You say . . .

DAVID—I take thee, Glory, to have and to hold, while you're young and attractive; to cuddle and cherish till debt do us part.

GLORY—I take thee, David, for better and better, and richer and richer, and all your rents, issues, rights and titles. With this ring I thee wed.

MR. MONEYPENNY—Whom I have joined let any judge put asunder! I pronounce you man and wife, and further, I require and charge you both one thousand dollars.

JOHN JONES—What are you learning in college?

JOHN JONES, JR.—Girls, petting, the Black Bottom, football, the saxophone, and synthetic gin. Some day I'll take a post-graduate course in making money!

MR. SMUDGE—I am one of those who give the public what it wants, thus getting what *I* want!

JOHN JONES—What will money buy?

MR. MONEYPENNY—Things! Thrills! Power!

JONES—Will it buy clear eyes and a light heart?

MOLLY JONES—No, darling! It won't buy anything you haven't got without it!

ALEC SMART—I've made my reputation by tearing down others!

MICHAEL MORN—Of course, it's much easier to tear down than to build up!

ALEC SMART—My life-work is trying to shrink the giants to my own size . . . so there'll be no one to look up to . . . except, of course, myself and my friends! I'm making the world safe for mediocrity!

MICHAEL MORN—We must teach them that to have money, and nothing else, is to be very poor.

By Channing Pollock, New York, 1928.

"HOLD EVERYTHING"

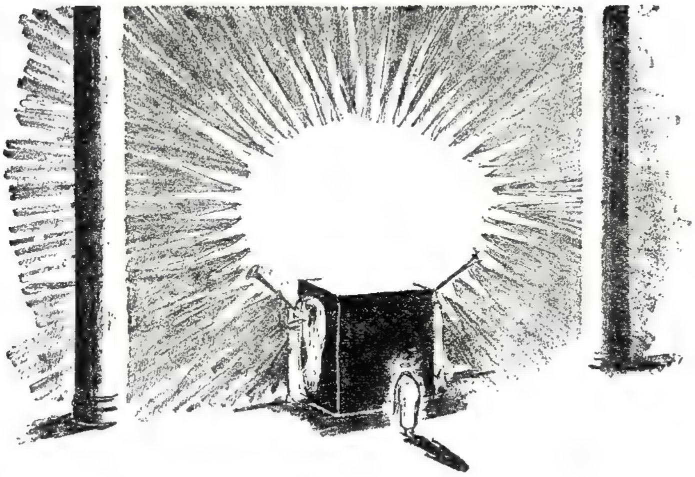
GINK SCHINER—I can't drink coffee in the morning. Keeps me awake all day.

"TOOTS" BREEN—But you won't tell it to anybody!

GINK SCHINER—It'll be as big a secret as the words to the "Star Spangled Banner."

"NOSEY" BARTLETT—I missed a fat chance of getting into the papers. They had me up in a room, they had me blindfolded and everything, and then—I failed in my cigarette test.

By B. G. De Sylva and John Macgowan,
New York, 1928.



Bontje the Silent

By ISAAC LOEB PEREZ

Translated by H. T. S.

Here, in this world, the death of Bontje the Silent made no impression at all. Nobody could tell you who Bontje was, how he lived, and what caused his death. Did his heart break, did his strength give out, or did his limbs collapse under a heavy load . . . who knows? Perhaps, after all, he starved to death!

Had a truck horse dropped dead, people would have displayed more interest, reports would have appeared in the newspapers, hundreds of curiosity seekers would have run to the spot from all sides in order to look at the carcass and to examine the location of the accident.

But even the truck horse could not have received this distinction, were there as many millions of horses in this world as there are of men!

Bontje lived in silence and he died in silence; like a shadow he passed over the face of the earth.

No wine was quaffed and no glasses were clinked on the day of his circumcision. At his confirmation he made no eloquent speech, but lived throughout his days like an insignificant gray little grain of sand on the seashore, in the midst of millions of his kind; and when the wind lifted him and carried him to the other side of the ocean, nobody noticed it.

In his lifetime the wet mud retained no trace of his footprints; after his death the wind blew down the little board over his mound; and the grave-digger's wife finding this board far from the grave, boiled a pot of potatoes over it. . . . And now, three days after Bontje's death, the grave-digger himself cannot tell you where Bontje is buried.

If Bontje had only had a tombstone, an archæologist of a later century might perhaps have found it, and the name of Bontje the Silent would have once more been heard in this world.

He was but a shadow; he left no imprint of his image in any human heart, and no trace of his memory in any human mind!

No inheritance and no heirs did he leave; alone was he in life, and in death alone!

Were it not for the noise of the world, some one might have heard, perhaps, how Bontje's limbs snapped under the weight of his load; were it not for the intensity of the world's toil, some one might have found time to notice how Bontje, who was human after all, walked about with eyes whose fire had been extinguished, and with cheeks that were frightfully sunken; and how, even when he had no load on his shoulders, his head was bowed to the ground, as though he were even during his lifetime already looking for his grave! Were there as few men as truck horses in the world, some one might have asked, perhaps: "What has become of Bontje?"

When Bontje was taken to the hospital, his corner in the basement did not remain empty—for a dozen others like him had been waiting for it, and between them they auctioned it off to the highest bidder. When he was carried from the hospital cot into the morgue, twenty poor devils were already waiting for his place. When he left the morgue, they brought in twenty men who had been killed by a collapsing wall. . . . Who knows how long he will remain peacefully in his grave? Who knows how many are already waiting for that little mound of earth? Quietly was he born into the world, quietly he lived, quietly he died, and still more quietly was he buried.

But not so in the other world! There Bontje's death produced a great sensation!

The blast of Messiah's bugle* rang throughout the seven heavens: "Bontje the Silent is dead!" The mightiest angels, with the broadest wings, were flying about and proclaiming to each other: "Bontje has been summoned to the Great Supreme Court!! Paradise is all a-quiver with the shouting of joy: 'Bontje the Silent! The glory of it—Bontje the Silent!'"

Tender little seraphims, with glittering eyes and gold-spun wings, joyfully rushed to Bontje on nimble, silver-slippered feet. The murmur of the wings, the tinkle of the slippers and the merry laughter of the fresh, rosy lips of the little angels permeated all the heavens and reached the Reverend Throne, so that God also knew of the arrival of Bontje the Silent!

Father Abraham took his place at Heaven's gate, his right hand stretched forth in cordial greeting, while his old face was illumined with a bright smile of such wonderful sweetness!

And what is this rolling sound in Heaven?

It is an armchair of the purest gold which two angels have rolled into Paradise for Bontje!

And what is this flash lighting?

It is a golden crown, studded with the costliest diamonds, which they have taken in. All for Bontje!

"What? Even before the judgment of the Supreme Judge?" asked the souls of the saints, not without envy.

"Oh," answered the angels, "that will be a mere formality! Not even the Prosecuting Attorney will find anything to say against Bontje the Silent! The trial will last only five minutes."

For it is no other than Bontje the Silent himself!

* * * * *

WHEN THE LITTLE ANGELS caught Bontje's soul in the air and played a sweet melody to him; when Father Abraham shook his hand as though he were an old comrade; when he heard that a throne was being prepared for him in Paradise, that a crown was waiting for his head, that nothing would be said against him at the Supreme Court—when he saw and heard all this, Bontje became dumb with terror, just as in the world below! His heart failed him. He was certain that this must be a dream, or some terrible mistake!

He was used to both! More than once had he dreamed in the world below that he was picking up money from the ground, heaps and heaps of it; and on awakening, he had found himself poorer than ever. More than once had some one smiled and spoken a kind word to him by mistake, turning away in disgust, however, as soon as the mistake was discovered. . . .

"Just my luck!" thought he.

And he stood there, his head bowed and his eyes shut, for fear that the dream would disappear and that he would awaken somewhere in a cave among lizards and snakes. He was afraid to utter a sound or to move an eyelash, lest he be recognized and hurled into purgatory.

He trembles, and does not hear the compliments of the angels, nor does he see their jubilation in his honour. He makes no reply to Father Abraham's hearty greeting, and when brought before the Supreme Judge he does not even remember to say "good morning."

For Bontje is beside himself with terror.

AND HIS TERRIBLE FEAR becomes still more terrible when he involuntarily beholds the floor of the Supreme Court under his feet. Pure alabaster and precious stones! "What a floor for my feet to stand upon!" He grows rigid with terror. "Who knows what rich man, what Rabbi, what saint they mean? . . . I can see my finish when he comes!"

In this terror he did not even hear how the Presiding Officer called out: "The case of Bontje the Silent!" Handing the documentary evidence to the Advocate the Presiding Officer continued: "Read this, but be brief!"

The entire room is whirling around with Bontje. There is a pounding in his ears; yet in the midst of this pounding he can hear more and more distinctly the tones that flow from the lips of the Advocate as sweetly as the song of a violin.

"His name fits him like a skilful tailor's gown on a graceful body."

"What is he saying?" Bontje asks himself. And he hears an impatient voice interrupting the Advocate:

"No similies, please!"

"Never in his life," proceeds the Advocate, "has he uttered a word of complaint against either God or man! The spark of hatred has never flamed in his eyes; he has never raised them in selfish prayer to Heaven."

Again Bontje fails to understand a word, and the harsh voice interrupts once more:

"No rhetoric, please!"

"Job did not endure to the end, though less unfortunate—"

"I want facts, hard facts!" cries the President, still more impatiently.

"On the eighth day he was circumcised"—

"No realism, if you please!"

"The surgeon was a quack and could not staunch the blood"—

"Go on!"

"Yet he was silent," continues the Advocate. "Even when his mother died and he got a stepmother in his thirteenth year . . . a stepmother, did I say? A snake, rather, a veritable witch. . . ."

"I wonder if they mean me, after all?" thinks Bontje.

"Pray omit insinuations against other people," rebukes the President.

"She begrudged him every morsel . . . giving him the stalest, mustiest bread, and bones for meat, while she herself drank coffee and cream—"

"Come to the point!" cries the President.

"But she did *not* begrudge him her finger-nails, so that his black-and-blue body peeped through every hole of his tattered and musty clothes. . . . During the winter, in the coldest frosts, he used to chop wood for her in his bare feet, even though his hands were too small and too weak, the logs too thick and the axe too dull. . . . Many a time he sprained his hands, and many a time he froze his feet, and yet he was silent; even before his father—"

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*Literally, ram's horn.

"The drunkard!" laughed the Prosecuting Attorney, and Bontje became chilled to the very marrow.

"He never complained!" the Advocate concluded the sentence.

"And he was always alone," he continues. "No companions, no friends, and no school. . . . Never a new garment, and never a moment of freedom—"

"Give us facts!" exclaims the President once more.

"He was silent even later when his father, in a drunken fit, grabbed him by the hair and threw him out of the house at night in the midst of a blizzard! Silently he raised himself from the snow and ran off wherever his legs carried him. . . . And throughout all this he was silent. . . . Even when most hungry, he begged only with his eyes.

"Finally, in a wet and dizzy spring night he arrived at a big city. He melted into it as a drop in the ocean, and yet that very night he slept in jail. . . . But he was silent, asking not the why or wherefore of all this. He left the jail and looked for the hardest work! And yet he was silent!

"Even harder than the work itself was the finding of it, and he was silent.

"Saturated with cold sweat, crushed under the heaviest load, during the most painful cramps of his empty stomach, he was silent!

"Bespattered by strangers' mud, spat upon by strangers' mouths, driven with the heaviest loads from the sidewalk into the street amidst cabs and trucks and street-cars, staring death in the face at every moment, he was silent!

"He never figured out how many pounds of his burden he must carry for each *groschen,* how many times he fell on each trip for a *dreier,* how many times he almost spat his very soul out in order to collect his fee; he never figured out either his own bad luck or other people's good luck. He was silent!

"He never even asked aloud for his own pay. Like a beggar he stopped at the door and into his eyes came a dog-like prayer. 'Come later!' And like a silent shadow he disappeared in order to ask for his pay later and more silently than before!

"He was silent when they cheated him of his just dues, or paid him with a counterfeit coin . . . he was always silent!"

"Heavens, I believe they really mean me!" thinks Bontje.

* * * * * *

"ONCE," CONTINUES the Advocate, after taking a drink of water, "a change came into his life . . . a runaway coach with rubber wheels rushed by him . . . the driver lay on the ground with his head split open . . . foam spurted from the mouths of the frightened horses, sparks whirled from under their hoofs as from a locomotive, and their eyes glittered like glowing coals in a dark night—and in the coach, half dead with fright, sat a man.

"Bontje stopped the runaway horses.

"The man thus saved was a man of charity, and he did not forget the debt he owed to Bontje.

"He gave him the position of his dead coachman. Bontje became a driver! And not only that, but he presented him with a wife; and not only that, but he provided him with a child! . . . And yet Bontje was still silent!"

"They mean me, they mean me!" Bontje murmurs to himself, becoming more and more strengthened in this belief. Yet he has not the courage even now to raise his eyes to the Supreme Judge.

He listens again to the Advocate:

"He was silent when his benefactor became bankrupt and failed to pay him his wages. . . . He was silent when his wife ran away and left him with a suckling babe. . . .

"He was silent fifteen years later, when this child grew up and became strong enough to throw Bontje out of the house. . . ."

"They mean me, they mean me!" Bontje says, joyfully.

"And he was silent even then," resumes the Advocate more softly and sadly, "when his benefactor straightened his accounts with all others, but paid not even a cent of his past wages to Bontje . . . and even then, when he ran over him, as he was again riding in a coach with rubber wheels and horses that were as wild as lions. . . .

"He was silent all that time! He did not even tell the police who it was that had crippled him so. . . .

"He was silent even in the hospital, where crying is allowed!

"He was silent even then, when the doctor refused to attend him without a fee of fifteen *groschen,* and when the attendant, for lack of another five, refused to change his linen!

"He was silent in the last moments of his agony, and he was silent when death was coming upon him. . . .

"No word against God did he utter, and no word against man! . . . I am done!"

* * * * * *

BONTJE ONCE MORE begins to tremble in every limb, for he knows that after the Advocate comes the Prosecuting Attorney. Who knows what he will say? Even Bontje himself cannot remember his entire life, having forgotten the very next moment that which happened in the previous moment. The Advocate brought it all back to him. . . . God knows what memories the Prosecuting Attorney will bring back! . . .

"Gentlemen of the Court!" cries the Prosecuting Attorney in a piercing, bombastic voice—

But he stops short.

"Gentlemen of the Court!" he begins once more, but in a softer voice this time. Again he stops short.

Finally, out of the same throat emerges a voice as soft as butter:

"Gentlemen of the Court! He has been silent. I shall be silent too!"

There is a quiet pause and then a new soft, trembling voice is heard:

"Bontje, my child Bontje!" These words melt in his heart like the melody of a harp-string. "My dearest child!" Bontje's heart is dissolved in tears . . . he would now gladly open his eyes, but they are blinded with tears. . . . Never yet has he wept so sweetly, so heartily. . . . "My child, my Bontje!" . . . Never, since his mother died, has he heard such a voice and such words.

"My child!" continues the Highest Judge, "you have always suffered, and in silence. There is not a limb and not a bone in your entire body without a wound or a spot of blood. There is not a single hidden place in your soul that does not bleed. . . . And yet you have always been silent. . . .

"In the world below they did not understand such things. Perhaps even you yourself did not know that you could utter a cry and that this cry could shake the walls of Jericho and overthrow them! You yourself did not know of your hidden power. . . .

"In the world below they did not reward you for your silence, but *that* is the World of Delusion. Here in the World of Truth you shall receive your reward!

"Your deeds shall not be judged here, and your worth shall not be weighed in the balance. Take whatsoever your wish! Whatsoever Heaven contains is yours!"

Bontje raises his eyes for the first time. He is dazed by the light on all sides. Everything is a-sparkle and a-glitter. Rays of glory flash all about him; from the walls, from the vessels, from the angels, from the judges! An infinity of suns!

He lowers his weary eyes.

"Really?" he asks skeptically and abashed.

"Most assuredly!" replies the Highest Judge. "I tell you most assuredly that it is all yours, everything in Heaven belongs to you! Choose and take whatever you wish! You take only that which is yours!"

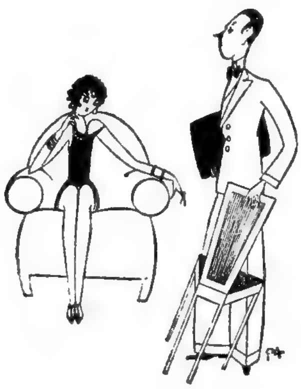
"Really?" asks Bontje once more, but in a firmer voice this time.

"Yes, indeed, yes!" they answer him reassuringly on all sides.

"If that is the case," smiles Bontje, "I should like to have, every single day, a big hot bun with fresh butter!"

Judges and angels lowered their eyes abashed, and the heavens rang with the Prosecutor's laughter.

Drawings by George de Zayas from "How to Get Rid of a Woman" (Bobbs Merrill)



The Mental and Personal Qualifications of a Wife

From the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1761

Great good nature, and a prudent generosity.

A lively look, a proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.

A good person, but not perfectly beautiful.

With regard to complexion, not quite fair, but a little brown.

Young, by all means.

Old, by no means.

A decent share of common sense, just tinctured with a little seasonable repartée, and a small modicum of wit; but no learning, I say again and again (either ancient or modern), upon any consideration whatever.

Well, but not critically, skill'd in her own tongue.

A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic; but no sort of skill in fractions.

A more than tolerable good voice, and a little ear for music; and a capability of singing a canzonet, or a song (in company), but no acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, etc.

No enthusiasm for the guitar.

Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than to fine.

Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen.

Fonder of country dances than of minuets.

An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

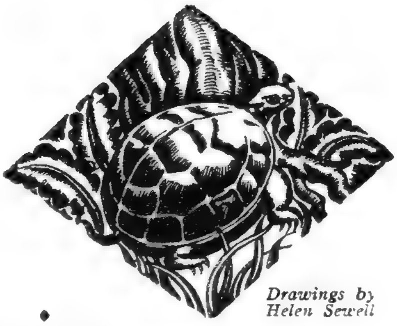
Not entirely fond of quadrille, but a little given to whist.

In conversation, a little of the lisp, but nothing of the stammer.

Decently but not affectedly silent.

"Solus and Innuptus."

The True History of the Hare and the Tortoise



Drawings by Helen Sewell

By LORD DUNSANY

FOR A LONG TIME there was doubt with acrimony among the beasts as to whether the Hare or the Tortoise could run the swifter. Some said the Hare was the swifter of the two because he had such long ears, and others said that the Tortoise was the swifter because anyone whose shell was so hard as that should be able to run hard too. And lo, the forces of estrangement and disorder perpetually postponed a decisive contest.

But when there was nearly war among the beasts, at last an arrangement was come to and it was decided that the Hare and the Tortoise should run a race of five hundred yards so that all should see who was right.

"Ridiculous nonsense!" said the Hare, and it was all his backers could do to get him to run.

"The contest is most welcome to me," said the Tortoise. "I shall not shirk it."

O, how his backers cheered.

Feeling ran high on the day of the race; the goose rushed at the fox and nearly pecked him. Both sides spoke loudly of the approaching victory up to the very moment of the race.

"I am absolutely confident of success," said the Tortoise. But the Hare said nothing; he looked bored and cross. Some of his supporters deserted him then and went to the other side, who were loudly cheering the Tortoise's inspiriting words. But many remained with the Hare. "We shall not be disappointed in him," they said. "A beast with such long ears is bound to win."

"Run hard," said the supporters of the Tortoise.

And "run hard" became a kind of catch-phrase which everybody repeated to one another. "Hard shell and hard living. That's what the country wants. Run hard," they said. And these words were never uttered but multitudes cheered from their hearts.

Then they were off, and suddenly there was a hush.

The Hare dashed off for about a hundred yards, then he looked round to see where his rival was.

"It is rather absurd," he said, "to race with a Tortoise." And he sat down and scratched himself. "Run hard! Run hard!" shouted some.

"Let him rest," shouted others. And "let him rest" became a catch-phrase too.

And after a while his rival drew near to him.

"There comes that damned Tortoise," said the Hare, and he got up and ran as hard as he could so that he should not let the Tortoise beat him.

"Those ears will win," said his friends. "Those ears will win; and establish upon an incontestable footing the truth of what we have said." And some of them turned to the backers of the Tortoise and said: "What about your beast now?"

"Run hard," they replied. "Run hard."

THE HARE RAN ON for nearly three hundred yards, nearly in fact as far as the winning-post, when it suddenly struck him what a fool he looked running races with a Tortoise who was nowhere in sight, and he sat down again and scratched.

"Run hard. Run hard," said the crowd, and "Let him rest."

"Whatever is the use of it?" said the Hare, and this time he stopped for good. Some say he slept.

There was desperate excitement for an hour or two, and then the Tortoise won.

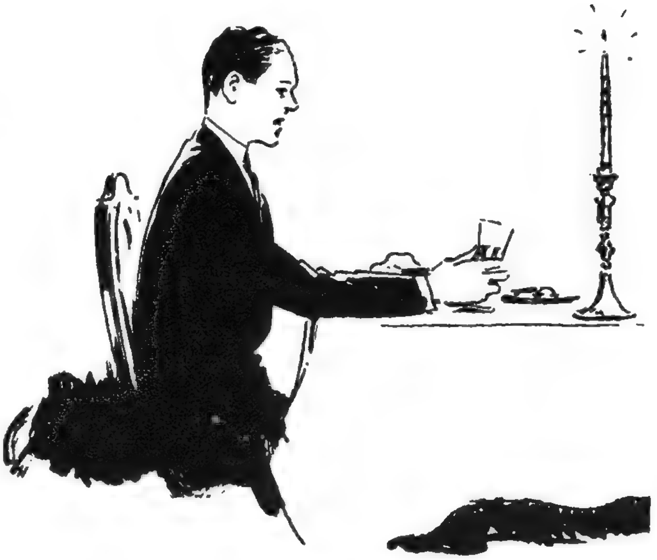
"Run hard. Run hard," shouted his backers. "Hard shell and hard living: that's what has done it." And then they asked the Tortoise what his achievement signified, and he went and asked the Turtle. And the Turtle said: "It is a glorious victory for the forces of swiftness." And then the Tortoise repeated it to his friends. And all the beasts said nothing else for years. And even to this day "a glorious victory for the forces of swiftness" is a catch-phrase in the house of the snail.

And the reason that this version of the story is not widely known is that very few of those that witnessed it survived the great forest-fire that happened shortly after. It came up over the weald by night with a great wind. The Hare and the Tortoise and a very few of the beasts saw it far off from a high bare hill that was at the edge of the trees, and they hurriedly called a meeting to decide what messenger they should send to warn the beasts in the forest.

They sent the Tortoise.

Drawings from Menagerie (Macmillan)

Each in His Generation



Every afternoon at four o'clock, except when the weather was very bad—autumn, winter, and spring—old Mr. Henry McCain drove up to the small, discreet, polished front door, in the small, discreet, fashionable street in which lived fairly old Mrs. Thomas Denby; got out, went up the white marble steps, rang the bell, and was admitted into the narrow but charming hall—dim turquoise-blue velvet paneled into the walls, an etching or two; Whistler, Brangwyn—by a trim parlour-maid. Ten generations, at least, of trim parlour-maids had opened the door for Mr. McCain. They had seen the sparkling victoria change, not too quickly, to a plum-coloured limousine; they had seen Mr. McCain become perhaps a trifle thinner, the colour in his cheeks become a trifle more confined and fixed, his white hair grow somewhat sparser, but beyond that they had seen very little indeed, although, when they had left Mr. McCain in the drawing-room with the announcement that Mrs. Denby would be down immediately, and were once again seeking the back of the house, no doubt their eyebrows, blond, brunette, or red, apexed to a questioning angle.

In the manner of youth the parlour-maids had come, worked, fallen in love and departed, but Mr. McCain, in the manner of increasing age, had if anything grown more faithful and exact to the moment. If he were late the fraction of five minutes, one suspected that he regretted it, that it came near to spoiling his entire afternoon. He was not articulate, but occasionally he expressed an idea, and the most common was that he "liked his things as he liked them"; his eggs, in other words, boiled just so long, no more—after sixty years of inner debate on the subject he had apparently arrived at the conclusion that boiled eggs were the only kind of eggs permissible—his life punctual and serene. The smallest manifestation of unexpectedness disturbed him. Obviously that was one reason why, after a youth not altogether constant, he had become so utterly constant where Mrs. Denby was concerned. She had a quality of perenniality, charming and assuring, even to each strand of her delicate brown hair. Grayness should have been creeping upon her, but it was not. It was doubtful if Mr. McCain permitted himself, even secretly, to wonder why. Effects, fastidious and constant, were all he demanded from life.

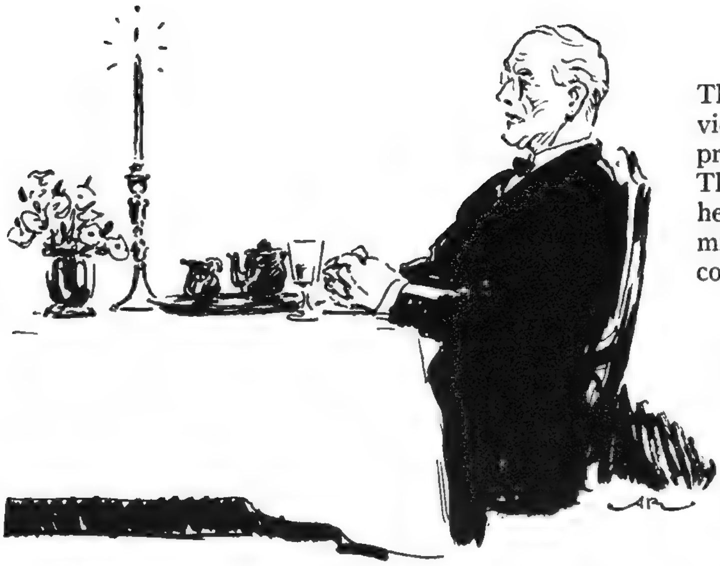
This had been going on for twenty years—this afternoon call; this slow drive afterward in the park; this return by dusk to the shining small house in the shining small street; the good-by, reticently ardent, as if it were not fully Mr. McCain's intention to return again in the evening. Mr. McCain would kiss Mrs. Denby's hand—slim, lovely, with a single gorgeous sapphire upon the third finger. "Good-by, my dear," he would say, "you have given me the most delightful afternoon of my life." For a moment Mrs. Denby's hand would linger on the bowed head; then Mr. McCain would straighten up, smile, square his shoulders in their smart, young-looking coat, and depart to his club, or the large, softly-lit house where he dwelt alone. At dinner he would drink two glasses of champagne. Before he drained the last sip of the second pouring he would hold the glass up to the fire, so that the bronze coruscations at the heart of the wine glowed like fireflies in a gold dusk. One imagined him saying to himself: "A perfect woman! A perfect woman—God bless her!" Saying "God bless" anyone, mind you, with a distinct warming of the heart, but a thoroughly late-Victorian disbelief in any god to bless. . . . At least, you thought as much.

And, of course, one had not the slightest notion whether he—old Mr. Henry McCain—was aware that this twenty years of devotion on his part to Mrs. Denby was the point upon which had come to focus the not inconsiderable contempt and hatred for him of his nephew Adrian.

It was an obvious convergence, this devotion of all the traits which composed, so Adrian imagined, the despicable soul that lay beneath his uncle's unangled exterior: undeviating self-indulgence; secrecy; utter selfishness—he was selfish even to the woman he was supposed to love; that is, if he was capable of loving

By STRUTHERS BURT

Struthers Burt



anyone but himself—a bland hypocrisy; an unthinking conformation to the dictates of an unthinking world. The list could be multiplied. But to sum it up, here was epitomized, beautifully, concretely, the main and minor vices of a generation for which Adrian found little pity in his heart; a generation brittle as ice; a generation of secret diplomacy; a generation that in its youth had covered a lack of bathing by a vast amount of perfume. That was it! That expressed it perfectly! The just summation! Camellias, and double intentions in speech, and unnecessary reticences, and refusals to meet the truth, and a deliberate hiding of uglinesses!

MOST OF THE TIME Adrian was too busy to think about his uncle at all—he was a very busy man with his writing: journalistic writing; essays, political reviews, propaganda—and because he was busy he was usually well-content, and not uncharitable, except professionally; but once a month it was his duty to dine with his uncle, and then, for the rest of the night, he was disturbed, and awoke the next morning with the dusty feeling in his head of a man who has been slightly drunk. Old wounds were recalled, old scars inflamed; a childhood in which his uncle's figure had represented to him the terrors of sarcasm and repression; a youth in which, as his guardian, his uncle had deprecated all first fine hot-bloodednesses and enthusiasms; a young manhood in which he had been told cynically that the ways of society were good ways, and that the object of life was material advancement; advice which had been followed by the stimulus of an utter refusal to assist financially except where absolutely necessary. There had been willingness, you understand, to provide a gentleman's education, but no willingness to provide beyond that any of a gentleman's perquisites. That much of his early success had been due to this heroic upbringing, Adrian was too honest not to admit, but then—by God, it had been hard! All the colour of youth! No time to dream—except sorely! Some warping, some perversion! A gasping, heart-breaking knowledge that you could not possibly keep up with the people with whom, paradoxically enough, you were supposed to spend your leisure hours. Here was the making of a radical. And yet, despite all this, Adrian dined with his uncle once a month.

The mere fact that this was so, that it could be so, enraged him. It seemed a renunciation of all he affirmed; an implicit falsehood. He would have liked very much to have got to his feet, standing firmly on his two long, well-made legs, and have once and for all delivered himself of a final philippic. The philippic would have ended something like this:

"And this, sir, is the last time I sacrifice any of my good hours to you. Not because you are old, and therefore think you are wise, when you are not; not because you are blind and besotted and damned—a trunk of a tree filled with dry rot that presently a clean wind will blow away; not because your opinions, and the opinions of all like you, have long ago been proven the lies and idiocies that they are; not even because you haven't one single real right left to live—I haven't come to tell you these things, although they are true; for you are past hope and there is no use wasting words upon you; I have come to tell you that you bore me inexpressibly. (That would be the most dreadful revenge of all. He could see his uncle's face!) That you have a genius for taking the wrong side of every question, and I can no longer endure it. I dissipate my time. Good-night!"

He wouldn't have said it in quite so stately a way, possibly; the sentences would not have been quite so rounded; but the context would have been the same.

Glorious; but it wasn't said. Instead, once a month, he got into his dinner-jacket, brushed his hair very sleekly, walked six blocks, said good-evening to his uncle's butler, and went on back to the library, where, in a room rich with costly bindings, and smelling pleasantly of leather, and warmly yellow with the light of two shaded lamps, he would find his uncle reading before a crackling wood fire. What followed was almost a formula, an exquisite presentation of stately manners, an exquisite avoidance of any topic which might cause a real discussion. The dinner was invariably gentle, persuasive, a thoughtful gastronomic achievement. Heaven might become confused about its weather, and about wars, and things like that, but Mr. McCain never became confused about his menus. He had a habit of commending wine. "Try this claret, my dear fellow, I want your opinion. . . . A drop of this Napoleonic brandy won't hurt you a bit." He even sniffed the bouquet before each sip; passed, that is, the glass under his nose and then drank. But Adrian, with a preconceived image of the personality back of this, and the memory of too many offences busy in his mind, saw nothing quaint or amusing. His gorge rose. Damn his uncle's wines, and his mushrooms, and his soft-footed servants, and his house of nuances and evasions, and his white grapes, large and outwardly perfect, and inwardly sentimental as the generation whose especial fruit they were. As for himself, he had a recollection of ten years of poverty after leaving college; a recollection of sweat and indignities; he had also a recollection of some poor people whom he had known.

Afterward, when the dinner was over, Adrian would go home and awake his wife, Cecil, who, with the brutal honesty of an honest woman, also some of the ungenerosity, had early in her married life flatly refused any share in the ceremonies described. Cecil would lie in her small white bed, the white of her boudoir-cap losing itself in the white of the pillow, a little sleepy and a little angrily perplexed at the perpetual jesuitical philosophy of the male. "If you feel that way," she would ask, "why do you go there, then? Why don't you banish your uncle utterly?" She asked this not without malice, her long, violet, Slavic eyes widely open, and her red mouth, a trifle too large, perhaps, a trifle cruel, fascinatingly interrogative over her white teeth. She loved Adrian and had at times, therefore, the right and desire to torture him. She knew perfectly well why he went. He was his uncle's heir, and until such time as money and other anachronisms of the present social system were done away with, there was no use throwing a fortune into the gutter, even if by your own efforts you were making an income just sufficiently large to keep up with the increased cost of living.

Sooner or later Adrian's mind reverted to Mrs. Denby. This was usually after he had been in bed and had been thinking for a while in the darkness. He could not understand Mrs. Denby. She affronted his modern habit of thought.

"The whole thing is so silly and adventitious!"

"What thing?"

Adrian was aware that his wife knew exactly of what he was talking, but he had come to expect the question. "Mrs. Denby and my uncle." He would grow rather gently cross. "It has always reminded me of those present-day sword-and-cloak romances fat business men used to write about ten years ago and sell so enormously—there's an atmosphere of unnecessary intrigue. What's it all about? Here's the point! Why, if she felt this way about things, didn't she divorce that gentle drunkard of a husband of hers years ago and marry my uncle outright and honestly? Or why, if she couldn't get a divorce—which she could—didn't she leave her husband and go with my uncle? Anything in the open! Make a break—have some courage of her opinions! Smash things; build them up again! Thank God, nowadays, at least, we have come to believe in the cleanness of surgery rather than the concealing palliatives of medicine. We're no longer—we modern people—afraid of the world; and the world can never hurt for any length of time anyone who will stand up to it and tell it courageously to go to hell. No! It comes back and licks hands.

"I'll tell you why. My uncle and Mrs. Denby are the typical moral cowards of their generation. There's selfishness, too. What a travesty of love! Of course there's scandal, a perpetual scandal; but it's a hidden, sniggering scandal they don't have to meet face to face; and that's all they ask of life, they, and people like them—never to have to meet anything face to face. So long as they can bury their heads like ostriches! . . . Faugh!" There would be a moment's silence; then Adrian would complete his thought. "In my uncle's case," he would grumble in the darkness, "one phase of the selfishness is obvious. He couldn't even get himself originally, I suppose, to face the inevitable matter-of-fact moments of marriage. It began when he was middle-aged, a bachelor—I suppose he wants the sort of Don Juan, eighteen-eighty, perpetual sort of romance that doesn't exist outside the brains of himself and his like. . . Camellias!"

Usually he tried to stir up argument with his wife, who in these matters agreed with him utterly, even more than agreed with him, since she was the escaped daughter of rich and stodgy people, and had insisted upon earning her own living by portrait-painting. Theoretically, therefore, she was, of course, an anarchist. But at moments like the present her silent assent and the aura of slight weariness over an ancient subject which emanated from her in the dusk, affronted Adrian as much as positive opposition.

"Why don't you try to understand me?"

"I do, dearest"—a pathetic attempt at eager agreement.

"Well, then, if you do, why is the tone of your voice like that? You know by now what I think. I'm not talking convention; I believe there are no laws higher than the love of a man for a woman. It should seek expression as a seed seeks sunlight. I'm talking about honesty; bravery; a willingness to accept the consequences of one's acts and come through; about the intention to sacrifice for love just what has to be sacrificed. What's the use of it otherwise? That's one real advance the modern mind has made, anyhow, despite all the rest of the welter and uncertainty."

"Of course, dearest."

He would go on. After a while Cecil would awake guiltily and inject a fresh, almost gay interest into her sleepy voice. She was not so unfettered as not to dread the wounded esteem of the unlistened-to male. She would lean over and kiss Adrian.

"Do go to sleep, darling! What's the sense? Pretty soon your uncle will be dead—wretched old man! Then you'll never have to think of him again." Being a childless woman, her red, a-trifle-cruel mouth would twist itself in the darkness into a small, secretive, maternal smile.

But old Mr. Henry McCain didn't die: instead he seemed to be caught up in the condition of static good health which frequently companions entire selfishness and a careful interest in oneself. His butler died, which was very annoying. Mr. McCain seemed to consider it the breaking of a promise made fifteen or so years before. It was endlessly a trouble instructing a new man, and then, of course, there was Adlington's family to be looked after, and taxes had gone up, and Mrs. Adlington was a stout woman who, despite the fact that Adlington, while alive, had frequently interrupted Mr. McCain's breakfast newspaper reading by asserting that she was a person of no character, now insisted upon weeping noisily every time Mr. McCain granted her an interview. Also, and this was equally unexpected, since one rather thought he would go on living forever, like one of the damper sort of fungi, Mr. Denby came home from the club one rainy spring night with a slight cold and died, three days later, with extraordinary gentleness.

"My uncle," said Adrian, "is one by one losing his accessories. After a while it will be his teeth."

Cecil was perplexed. "I don't know exactly what to do," she complained. "I don't know whether to treat Mrs. Denby as a bereaved aunt, a non-existent family skeleton, or a released menace. I dare say now, pretty soon, she and your uncle will be married. Meanwhile, I suppose it is rather silly of me not to call and see if I can help her in any way. After all, we do know her intimately, whether we want to or not, don't we? We meet her about all the time, even if she wasn't motoring over to your uncle's place in the summer when we stop there."

So she went, being fundamentally kindly and fundamentally curious. She spoke of the expedition as "a descent upon Fair Rosamond's tower."

The small, yellow-paneled drawing-room where she awaited Mrs. Denby's coming was lit by a single silver vase-lamp under an orange shade and by a fire of thin logs, for the April evening was damp with a hesitant rain. On the table, near the lamp, was a silver vase with three yellow tulips in it, and Cecil, wandering about, came upon a double photograph frame, back of the vase, that made her gasp. She picked it up and stared at it. Between the alligator edgings, facing each other obliquely, but with the greatest amity, were Mr. Thomas Denby in the fashion of ten years before, very handsome, very well groomed, with the startled expression which any definite withdrawal from his potential pursuit was likely to produce upon his countenance, and her uncle-in-law, Mr. Henry McCain, also in the fashion of ten years back. She was holding the photographs up to the light, her lips still apart, when she heard a sound behind her, and, putting the frame back guiltily, turned about. Mrs. Denby was advancing toward her. She seemed entirely unaware of Cecil's malfeasance; she was smiling faintly; her hand was cordial, grateful.

"You are very good," she murmured. "Sit here by the fire. We will have some tea directly."

Cecil could not but admit that she was very lovely; particularly lovely in the black of her mourning, with her slim neck, rising up from its string of pearls, to a head small and like a delicate white-and-gold flower. An extraordinarily well-bred woman, a sort of misty du Maurier woman, of a type that had become almost non-existent, if ever it had existed in its perfection at all. And, curiously enough, a woman whose beauty seemed to have been sharpened by many fine-drawn renunciations. Now she looked at her hands as if expecting Cecil to say something.

"I think such calls as this are always very useless, but then——"

"Exactly—but then! They mean more than anything else in the world, don't they? When one reaches fifty-five one is not always used to kindness. . . . You are very kind. . . ." She raised her eyes.

Cecil experienced a sudden impulsive warmth. After all, what did she or any one else know about other people's lives? Poor souls! What a base thing life often was!

"I want you to understand that we are always so glad, both Adrian and myself. . . . Any time we can help in any way, you know——"

"Yes, I think you would. You—I have watched you both. You don't mind, do you? I think you're both rather great people—at least, my idea of greatness."

Cecil's eyes shone just a little; then she sat back and drew together her eager, rather childish mouth. This wouldn't do! She had not come here to encourage sentimentalization. With a determined effort she lifted her mind outside the circle of commiseration which threatened to surround it. She deliberately reset the conversation to impersonal limits. She was sure that Mrs. Denby was aware of her intention, adroitly concealed as it was. This made her uncomfortable, ashamed. And yet she was irritated with herself. Why should she particularly care what this woman thought in ways as subtle as this? Obvious kindness was her intention, not mental charity pursued into tortuous by-paths. And, besides, her frank, boyish cynicism, its wariness, revolted, even while she felt herself flattered at the prospect of the confidences that seemed to tremble on Mrs. Denby's lips. It wouldn't do to "let herself in for anything"; to "give herself away." No! She adopted a manner of cool, entirely reflective kindliness. But all along she was not sure that she was thoroughly successful. There was a lingering impression that Mrs. Denby was penetrating the surface to the unwilling interest beneath. Cecil suspected that this woman was trained in discriminations and half-lights to which she and her generation had joyfully made themselves blind. She felt uncomfortably young; a little bit smiled-at in the most kindly of hidden ways. Just as she was leaving, the subversive softness came close to her again, like a wave of too much perfume as you open a church-door; as if some one were trying to embrace her against her will.

"You will understand," said Mrs. Denby, "that you have done the very nicest thing in the world. I am horridly lonely. I have few women friends. Perhaps it is too much to ask—but if you could call again sometime. Yes . . . I would appreciate it so greatly."

She let go of Cecil's hand and walked to the door, and stood with one long arm raised against the curtain, her face turned toward the hall.

"There is no use," she said, "in attempting to hide my husband's life, for everyone knows what it was, but then—yes, I think you will understand. I am a childless woman, you see; he was infinitely pathetic."

Cecil felt that she must run away, instantly. "I do——" she said brusquely. "I understand more than other women. Perfectly! Good-bye!"

SHE FOUND HERSELF brushing past the latest trim parlour-maid, and out once more into the keen, sweet, young dampness. She strode briskly down the deserted street. Her fine bronze eyebrows were drawn down to where they met. "Good Lord! Damn!"—Cecil swore very prettily and modernly—"What rotten taste! Not frankness, whatever it might seem outwardly; not frankness, but devious excuses. Some more of Adrian's hated past-generation stuff! And yet—no! The woman was sincere—perfectly! She had meant it—that about her husband. And she *was* lovely—and she was fine, too! It was impossible to deny it. But—a childless woman! About that drunken tailor's model of a husband! And then—Uncle Henry! . . ." Cecil threw back her head; her eyes gleamed in the wet radiance of a corner lamp; she laughed without making a sound, and entirely without amusement.

But it is not true that good health is static, no matter how carefully looked after. And, despite the present revolt against the Greek spirit, Time persists in being bigotedly Greek. The tragedy—provided one lives long enough—is always played out to its logical conclusion. For every hour you have spent, no matter how quietly or beautifully or wisely, Nemesis takes toll in the end. You peter out; the engine dulls; the shining coin wears thin. If it's only that, it is all right; you are fortunate if you don't become greasy, too, or blurred, or scarred. And Mr. McCain had not spent all his hours wisely or beautifully, or even quietly, underneath the surface. He suddenly developed what he called "acute indigestion." "Odd!" he complained, "and exceedingly tiresome! I've been able to eat like an ostrich all my life." Adrian smiled covertly at the simile, but his uncle was unaware that it was because in Adrian's mind the simile applied to his uncle's conscience, not his stomach.

It *was* an odd disease, that "acute indigestion." It manifested itself by an abrupt tragic stare in Mr. McCain's eyes, a whiteness of cheek, a clutching at the left side of the breast; it resulted in his beginning to walk very slowly indeed. One day Adrian met Carron, his uncle's physician, as he was leaving a club after luncheon. Carron stopped him. "Look here, Adrian," he said, "is that new man of your uncle's—that valet, or whatever he is—a good man?"

Adrian smiled. "I didn't hire him," he answered, "and I couldn't discharge him if I wanted—in fact, any suggestion of that kind on my part, would lead to his employment for life. Why?"

"Because," said Carron, "he impresses me as being rather young and flighty, and some day your uncle is going to die suddenly. He may last five years; he may snuff out tomorrow. It's his heart." His lips twisted pityingly. "He prefers to call it by some other name," he added, "and he would never send for me again if he knew I had told you; but you ought to know. He's a game old cock, isn't he?"

"Oh, very!" agreed Adrian. "Yes, game! Very, indeed!"

He walked slowly down the sunlit courtway on which the back door of the club opened, swinging his stick and meditating. Spring was approaching its zenith. In the warm May afternoon pigeons tumbled about near-by church spires which cut brown inlays into the soft blue sky. There was a feeling of open windows; a sense of unseen tulips and hyacinths; of people playing pianos. . . . Too bad, an old man dying that way, his hand furtively seeking his heart, when all this spring was about! Terror in possession of him, too! People like that hated to die; they couldn't see anything ahead. Well, Adrian reflected, the real tragedy of it hadn't been his fault. He had always been ready at the slightest signal to forget almost everything—yes, almost everything. Even that time when, as a sweating newspaper reporter, he had, one dusk, watched in the park his uncle and Mrs. Denby drive past in the cool seclusion of a shining victoria. Curious! In itself the incident was small, but it had stuck in his memory more than others far more serious, as concrete instances are likely to do. . . . No, he wasn't sorry; not a bit! He was glad, despite the hesitation he experienced in saying to himself the final word. He had done his best, and this would mean his own release and Cecil's. It would mean at last the blessed feeling that he could actually afford a holiday, and a little unthinking laughter, and, at thirty-nine, the dreams for which, at twenty-five, he had never had full time. He walked on down the courtway more briskly.

THAT SATURDAY NIGHT was the night he dined with his uncle. It had turned very warm; unusually warm for the time of year. When he had dressed and had sought out Cecil to say good-bye to her he found her by the big studio window on the top floor of the apartment where they lived. She was sitting in the window-seat, her chin cupped in her hand, looking out over the city, in the dark pool of which lights were beginning to open like yellow water-lilies. Her white arm gleamed in the gathering dusk, and she was dressed in some diaphanous blue stuff that enhanced the bronze of her hair. Adrian took his place silently beside her and leaned out. The air was very soft and hot and embracing, and up here it was very quiet, as if one floated above the lower clouds of perpetual sound.

Cecil spoke at last. "It's lovely, isn't it?" she said. "I should have come to find you, but I couldn't. These first warm nights! You really understand why people live, after all, don't you? It's like a pulse coming back to a hand you love." She was silent a moment. "Kiss me," she said, finally. "I—I'm so glad I love you, and we're young."

He stooped down and put his arms about her. He could feel her tremble. How fragrant she was, and queer, and mysterious, even if he had lived with her now for almost fifteen years! He was infinitely glad at the moment for his entire life. He kissed her again, kissed her eyes, and she went down the stairs with him to the hall-door. She was to stop for him at his uncle's, after a dinner to which she was going.

ADRIAN LIT A CIGARETTE and walked instead of taking the elevator. It was appropriate to his mood that on the second floor some one with a golden Italian voice should be singing "Louise." He paused for a moment. He was reminded of a night long ago in Verona, when there had been an open window and moonlight in the street. Then he looked at his watch. He was late; he would have to hurry. It amused him that at his age he should still fear the silent rebuke with which his uncle punished unpunctuality.

He arrived at his destination as a near-by church clock struck the half-hour. The new butler admitted him and led him back to where his uncle was sitting by an open window; the curtains stirred in the languid breeze, the suave room was a little penetrated by the night, as if some sly, disorderly spirit was investigating uninvited. It was far too hot for the wood fire—that part of the formula had been omitted, but otherwise each detail was the same. "The two hundredth time!" Adrian thought to himself. "The two hundredth time, at least! It will go on forever!" And then the formula was altered again, for his uncle got to his feet, laying aside the evening paper with his usual precise care. "My dear fellow," he began, "so good of you! On the minute, too! I——" and then he stumbled and put out his hand. "My glasses!" he said.

Adrian caught him and held him upright. He swayed a little. "I—— Lately I have had to use them sometimes, even when not reading," he murmured. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Adrian went back to the chair where his uncle had been sitting. He found the glasses—gold pince-nez—but they were broken neatly in the middle, lying on the floor, as they had dropped from some one's hand. He looked at them for a moment, puzzled, before he gave them back to his uncle.

"Here they are, sir," he said. "But—it's very curious. They're broken in such an odd way."

His uncle peered down at them. He hesitated and cleared his throat. "Yes," he began; then he stood up straight, with an unexpected twist of his shoulders. "I was turning them between my fingers," he said, "just before you came in. I had no idea—no, no idea! Shall we go in? I think dinner has been announced."

There was the sherry in the little, deeply cut glasses, and the clear soup, with a dash of lemon in it, and the fish, and afterward the roast chicken, with vegetables discreetly limited and designed not to detract from the main dish; and there was a pint of champagne for Adrian and a mild white wine for his uncle. The latter twisted his mouth in a dry smile. "One finds it difficult to get old," he said. "I have always been very fond of champagne. More æsthetically, I think, than the actual taste. It seems to sum up so well the evening mood—dinner and laughter and forgetting the day. But now——" he flicked contemptuously the stem of his glass—"I am allowed only this uninspired stuff." He stopped suddenly and his face twisted into the slight grimace which Adrian in the last few weeks had been permitted occasionally to see. His hand began to wander vaguely over the white expanse of his shirt.

Adrian pushed back his chair. "Let me——!" he began, but his uncle waved a deprecating hand. "Sit down!" he managed to say. "Please!" Adrian sank back again. The colour returned to his uncle's cheeks and the staring question left his eyes. He took a sip of wine.

"I cannot tell you," he observed with elaborate indifference, "how humiliating this thing is becoming to me. I have always had a theory that invalids and people when they begin to get old and infirm, should be put away some place where they can undergo the unpleasant struggle alone. It's purely selfish—there's something about the sanctity of the individual. Dogs have it right—you know the way they creep off? But I suppose I won't. Pride fails when the body weakens, doesn't it, no matter what the will may be?" He lifted his wine-glass. "I am afraid I am giving you a very dull evening, my dear fellow," he apologized. "Forgive me! We will talk of more pleasant things. I drink wine with you! How is Cecil? Doing well with her painting?"

ADRIAN ATTEMPTED to relax his own inner grimness. He responded to his uncle's toast. But he wished this old man, so very near the mysterious crisis of his affairs, would begin to forego to some extent the habit of a lifetime, become a little more human. This ridiculous "façade"! The dinner progressed.

Through an open window the night, full of soft, distant sound, made itself felt once more. The candles, under their red shades, flickered at intervals. The noiseless butler came and went. How old his uncle was getting to look! Adrian reflected. There was a grayness about his cheeks; fine, wire-like lines about his mouth. And he was falling into that sure sign of age, a vacant absent-mindedness. Half the time he was not listening to what he, Adrian, was saying; instead, his eyes sought constantly the shadows over the carved sideboard across the table from him. What did he see there? What question was he asking? Adrian wondered. Only once was his uncle very much interested, and that was when Adrian had spoken of the war and the psychology left in its train. Adrian himself had not long before been released from a weary round of training-camps, where, in Texas dust, or the unpleasant resinous summer of the South, he had gone through a repetition that in the end had threatened to render him an imbecile. He was not illusioned. As separate personalities, men had lost much of their glamour for him; there had been too much sweat, too much crowding, too much invasion of dignity, of everything for which the world claimed it had been struggling and praying. But alongside of this revolt on his part had grown up an immense pity and belief in humanity as a mass—struggling, worm-like, aspiring, idiotic, heroic. The thought of it made him uncomfortable and at the same time elate.

His uncle shook a dissenting head. On this subject he permitted himself mild discussion, but his voice was still that of an old, wearied man, annoyed and bewildered. "Oh, no!" he said. "That's the very feature of it that seems to me most dreadful; the vermicular aspect; the massed uprising; the massed death. About professional armies there was something decent—about professional killing. It was cold-blooded and keen, anyway. But this modern war, and this modern craze for self-revelation! Naked! Why, these books—the young men kept their fingers on the pulses of their reactions. It isn't clean; it makes the individual cheap. War is a dreadful thing; it should be as hidden as murder." He sat back, smiled. "We seem to have a persistent tendency to become serious tonight," he remarked.

Serious! Adrian saw a vision of the drill-grounds, and smiled sardonically; then he raised his head in surprise, for the new butler had broken all the rules of the household and was summoning his uncle to the telephone in the midst of dessert. He awaited the expected rebuke, but it did not come. Instead, his uncle paused in the middle of a sentence, stared, and looked up. "Ah, yes!" he said, and arose from his chair. "Forgive me, Adrian, I will be back shortly." He walked with a new, just noticeable, infirmness toward the door. Once there he seemed to think an apology necessary, for he turned and spoke with absent-minded courtesy.

"You may not have heard," he said, "but Mrs. Denby is seriously ill. Her nurse gives me constant bulletins over the telephone."

Adrian started to his feet, then sat down again. "But——" he stuttered—"but—is it as bad as all that?"

"I am afraid," said his uncle gently, "it could not be worse." The curtain fell behind him.

Adrian picked up his fork and began to stir gently the melting ice on the plate before him, but his eyes were fixed on the wall opposite, where, across the shining table, from a mellow gold frame, a portrait of his grandfather smiled, with a benignity utterly belying his traditional character, into the shadows above the candles. But Adrian was not thinking of his grandfather just then, he was thinking of his uncle—and Mrs. Denby. What in the world——! Dangerously ill, and yet here had been his uncle able to go through with—not entirely calmly, to be sure; Adrian remembered the lack of attention, the broken eye-glasses; and yet, still able to go through with, not obviously shaken, this monthly farce; this dinner that in reality mocked all the real meaning of blood-relationship. Good Lord! To Adrian's modern mind, impatient and courageous, the situation was preposterous, grotesque. He himself would have broken through to the woman he loved, were she seriously ill, if all the city was cordoned to keep him back. What could it mean? Entire selfishness on his uncle's part? Surely not that! That was too inhuman! Adrian was willing to grant his uncle exceptional expertness in the art of self-protection, but there was a limit even to self-protection. There must be some other reason. Discretion? More likely, and yet how absurd! Had Mr. Denby been alive, a meticulous, a fantastic delicacy might have intervened, but Mr. Denby was dead. Who were there to wound, or who left for the telling of tales? A doctor and the servants. This was not altogether reasonable, despite what he knew of his uncle. Here was some oddity of psychology he could not follow. He heard the curtains stir as his uncle re-entered. He looked up, attentive and curious, but his uncle's face was the mask to which he was accustomed.

"How is Mrs. Denby?" he asked.

Mr. McCain hesitated for the fraction of a second. "I am afraid, very ill," he said. "Very ill, indeed! It is pneumonia. I—the doctor thinks it is only a question of a little time, but—well, I shall continue to hope for the best." There was a metallic harshness to his concluding words. "Shall we go into the library?" he continued. "I think the coffee will be pleasanter there."

They talked again of the war; of revolution; of the dark forces at large in the world.

Through that hour or two Adrian had a nakedness of perception unusual even to his sensitive mind. It seemed to him three spirits were abroad in the quiet, softly-lit, book-lined room; three intentions that crept up to him like the waves of the sea, receded, crept back again; or were they currents of air? or hesitant, unheard feet that advanced and withdrew? In at the open windows poured at times the warm, enveloping scent of the spring; pervading, easily overlooked, lawless, persistent, inevitable. Adrian found himself thinking it was like the presence of a woman. And then, overlapping this, would come the careful, dry, sardonic tones of his uncle's voice, as if insisting that the world was an ordinary world, and that nothing, not even love or death, could lay disrespectful fingers upon or hurry for a moment the trained haughtiness of the will. Yet even this compelling arrogance was at times overtaken, submerged, by a third presence, stronger even than the other two; a presence that entered upon the heels of the night; the ceaseless murmur of the streets; the purring of rubber tires upon asphalt; a girl's laugh, high, careless, reckless. Life went on. Never for a moment did it stop.

"I am not sorry that I am getting old," said Mr. McCain. "I think nowadays is an excellent time to die. Perhaps for the very young, the strong—but for me, things are too busy, too hurried. I have always liked my life like potpourri. I liked to keep it in a china jar and occasionally take off the lid. Otherwise one's sense of perfume becomes satiated. Take your young girls; they remain faithful to a love that is not worth being faithful to—all noise, and flushed laughter, and open doors." Quite unexpectedly he began to talk in a way he had never talked before. He held his cigar in his hand until the ash turned cold; his fingers trembled just a little.

"You have been very good to me," he said. Adrian raised startled eyes. "Very good. I am quite aware that you dislike me"—he hesitated and the ghost of a smile hovered about his lips—"and I have always disliked you. Please!" He raised a silencing hand. "You don't mind my saying so? Very well, then, there is something I want to tell you. Afterward I will never mention it again. I dare say our mutual dislike is due to the inevitable misunderstanding that exists between the generations. But it is not important. The point is that we have always been well-bred toward each other. Yes, that is the point. You have always been a gentleman, very considerate, very courteous; I cannot but admire you. And I think you will find I have done the best I could. I am not a rich man, as such things go nowadays, but I will hand you on the money that will be yours quite unimpaired, possibly added to. I feel very strongly on that subject. I am old-fashioned enough to consider the family the most important thing in life. After all, we are the only two McCains left." He hesitated again, and twisted for a moment his bloodless hands in his lap, then he raised his eyes and spoke with a curious hurried embarrassment. "I have sacrificed a great deal for that," he said. "Yes, a great deal."

The soft-footed butler stood at his elbow, like an actor in comedy suddenly cast for the rôle of a portentous messenger.

"Miss Niles is calling you again, sir," he said.

"Oh, yes!—ah—Adrian, I am very sorry, my dear fellow. I will finish the conversation when I come back."

This time the telephone was within earshot; in the hall outside. Adrian heard his uncle's slow steps end in the creaking of a chair as he sat down; then the picking up of the receiver. The message was a long one, for his uncle did not speak for fully a minute; finally his voice drifted in through the curtained doorway.

"You think . . . only a few minutes?"

". . . Ah, yes! Conscious? Yes. Well, will you tell her, Miss Niles?—Yes, please listen very carefully—tell her this. That I am not there because I dared not come. Yes; on her account. She will understand. My heart—it's my heart. She will understand. I did not dare. For her sake, not mine. Tell her that. She will understand. Please be very careful in repeating the message, Miss Niles. Tell her I dared not come because of my heart. . . . Yes; thank you. That's it. . . . What? Yes, I will wait, Miss Niles."

Adrian, sitting in the library, suddenly got to his feet and crossed to the empty fireplace and stood with his back to it, enlightenment and a puzzled frown struggling for possession of his face! His uncle's heart! Ah, he understood, then! It was discretion, after all, but not the kind he thought—a much more forgivable discretion. And, yet, what possible difference could it make should his uncle die suddenly in Mrs. Denby's house? Fall dead across her bed, or die kneeling beside it? Poor, twisted old fool, afraid even at the end that death might catch him out: afraid of a final undignified gesture.

A motor blew its horn for the street crossing. Another girl laughed; a young, thin, excited girl, to judge by her laughter. The curtains stirred and again there was that underlying scent of tulips and hyacinths; and then, from the hall outside, came the muffled thud of a receiver falling to the floor. Adrian waited. The receiver was not picked up. He strode to the door. Crumpled up over the telephone was old Mr. McCain.

Cecil came later. She was very quick and helpful, and jealously solicitous on Adrian's account, but in the taxicab going home she said the one thing Adrian had hoped she wouldn't say, and yet was sure she would. She belonged to a sex which, if it is honest at all, is never reticently so. She believed that between the man she loved and herself there were no possible mental withdrawals. "It is very tragic," she said, "but much better—you know it is better. He belonged to the cumberers of the earth. Yes, so much better; and this way, too!"

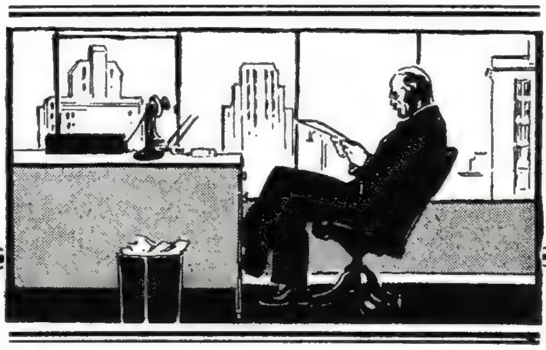
In the darkness her hand sought his. Adrian took it, but in his heart was the same choked feeling, the same knowledge that something was gone that could not be found again, that, as a little boy, he had had when they sold, at his father's death, the country place where he had spent his summers. Often he had lain awake at night, restless with the memory of heliotrope, and phlox, and mignonette, and afternoons quiet except for the sound of bees.

Fire and Ice

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favour fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Robert Frost.

Ethics in a Business Suit



AFTER BUSINESS HOURS

An American mining engineer had been in the employ of an English company in the diamond fields of South Africa, and now, after several years in the wilds, was enjoying a few days in Paris before leaving for the United States. Seated at a table on the boulevard with a friend, his attention was attracted by the word "diamond" spoken at another table nearby. A large stone was being offered at a very low price, with the explanation that the value was great but the price small, because it had been acquired without expense. The American engineer recognized the man offering the diamond as another engineer employed by his firm in the diamond mines, and reported the incident. A brother of the American, also a mining engineer, when told of the incident, said he would not have reported the occurrence, for the "informer" had been hired as engineer by the company and not as detective.

Which man was right? E. D.

HOW MUCH SHOULD ONE HAVE TO PAY FOR CARELESSNESS?

A young married man purchased a three-year fire insurance policy on his household goods. The policy had been in force about a year when he and his wife moved, but forgot to notify their insurance agent of the change in address. Of course, the policy was not endorsed to cover at the correct location, and was, to all intents, void.

Shortly after the young people moved, their household goods were totally destroyed by fire—a serious loss indeed to a young man just starting out in business.

He at once got in touch with his insurance agent, and explained the situation.

Now, what should the insurance company have done? Morally obligated, without doubt, for they would in this particular case have consented to the change in location. Legally liable, no—for the policy covered household goods only in a neighbourhood where the young man no longer had a household.

The company did, however, pay the loss in full. Should they have done so, or should the young man have paid for his carelessness? W. B.

DO TWO WRONGS EVER MAKE A RIGHT?

I had just entered the real-estate brokerage business when I met a realtor whose office was but a few blocks from mine, making it convenient for me to call on him each day.

This realtor, a Mr. Gray, was illiterate, and after I had called on him several times he began to make use of my services in reading and answering his mail. For about a year I continued doing his work, never receiving any pay for it, but consoling myself with the reflection that some day I would manage to interest him in one of the parcels which I daily offered him. And it finally did come to pass that he became interested in some lots which he said he would purchase, if he could secure them at a certain figure.

I worked with the owner, a Mr. Brown, and succeeded in having him accept $500 less than Mr. Gray's offer.

The following morning I called at Gray's home and told him that his offer had been accepted: I held back the news of the lower figure for an after-surprise. But before I had an opportunity to tell him of this, he said:

"I'll close the deal then, but before you go ahead I want you to know that you'll have to give half of the commission to my brother-in-law."

This intelligence dumfounded me. Not for a moment did I believe that his relative would receive the money; that tale was simply a means to an end. It aroused my ire to think that I had been doing his work, not receiving even a cigar for my labours, and, now that there was an opportunity to be compensated—and at not too great a figure—he demanded half of the sum I should receive.

The laws of the State of New York affecting real estate brokerage were that if a broker offers a parcel to a prospective buyer and the latter sends another broker to consummate the deal, the original broker has no recourse excepting an action for conspiracy to defraud, which action is rather difficult to prove in view of the fact that brokers as a rule make their offerings in private, with no witnesses present.

Therefore when Gray made the proposition of a 50-50 split I did not raise any objections. I did not believe that any ethical scruples would deter him from sending another broker to negotiate the deal if I refused to give him half my commission.

After I had left him I tried to think of some manner whereby I could get "even" with him, even if it meant the loss of the sale. But no plan came to mind until I happened to recall the fact that I had not mentioned to Gray the lower price I had been able to obtain. This was food for thought, and, although Mr. Brown had impressed me as a clean-cut business man, and I doubted whether he would be willing to countenance such an act as charging my client the higher price and giving me the difference, I determined to make a try of it.

I called on Brown and told him that Gray was ready to close the deal. Then I told him of my relationship to the latter: of the services I had rendered without pay; of the demand for a split-up of the commission which had so surprised me that I had forgotten to mention the lower price. I concluded by asking him whether he would be willing to give me the difference in price.

Mr. Brown had listened attentively to my story, and when I ceased, he said:

"I dislike doing the sort of thing you propose, but in view of Gray's conduct, which I consider small and mean, I shall do it—providing I find that you have told the truth."

At the closing of the deal Gray insisted upon my check for the commission being split in two and my endorsing one to his brother-in-law's order. Mr. Brown told me to call at his office later, and when I did so he gave me his check for $500. He said that he was sorry that I had not been able to make Gray pay even a higher price and so make more myself.

This matter happened a great many years ago, and since then I have come in contact with a great many divines on my travels to whom I have related this experience and asked their opinion of my action. Some have said that two wrongs do not make one right; others said that I was right in getting the sum justly due to me.

What is the reader's opinion?

"Emo."

BUSINESS, OR———

Mr. A owns a large farm and has plenty of money. He goes to church two or three times on Sundays.

Mrs. B is a widow in very moderate circumstances, and lives on her small farm. Not long ago she had five good cows which she wanted to sell.

Mr. A knew this, and also knew a man—Mr. C—who was buying cows to round out his herd.

So Mr. A went to Mrs. B and asked her how much she wanted for her cows.

"Five hundred dollars," said Mrs. B, a reasonable price for good milk cows at that time and in that vicinity.

"That's too much," said Mr. A. "I'll give you $450 cash for them."

After some hesitation Mrs. B agreed to let Mr. A have the cows for $450.

Then Mr. B went straight to Mr. C and sold him the five cows for $500.

"Pretty soft," Mr. B boasted afterward, "I made $50 in an hour's time."

S. J.

LEGAL, PERHAPS, BUT NOT VERY NEIGHBOURLY

One of the ironies of fate which followed in the wake of the November floods in Vermont placed a heavy legal hand upon the owner of a large block of lumber that had been carried from its piling skids in a mill yard and deposited upon other land some distance away. When an attempt was made by the original owner to repossess it, the law of trespass proved to be a stumbling block, and the new possessor of the lumber was inclined to set up his land title as a valid claim upon the lumber. Latest reports from the scene of action indicated that the claims of the original owner were still being stubbornly resisted.

G. T.

HAVE TIMES CHANGED?

Some years ago a bank in which I was employed had as one of its clients a wealthy widow who was burdened with a spendthrift son. He was utterly irresponsible, and did no business with us except to cash the checks which his mother gave him. He had tried at various times to borrow from the bank on his own notes, but had been refused.

One day I was in the president's office on some routine business when this son stepped in and tossed a paper on the desk. "There! perhaps you'll discount that!" he said. As the president held it up to read it, I saw that it was a note for $1,000, signed with the mother's name, but the signature was not her handwriting, with which I was familiar. The president, however, at once took the note to the discount clerk and told him to cash it. I had followed him out of the office. "Mr. President," I said, "that is not Mrs. ———'s signature." "That's all right, my boy," the president replied. "It's the safest piece of paper in the bank."

I got the point, but have since wondered whether banking practice of today would knowingly permit the discounting of a paper whose only value lay in the certainty of the mother paying it to avoid having her son charged with forgery.

S. D.

The Last Room of All

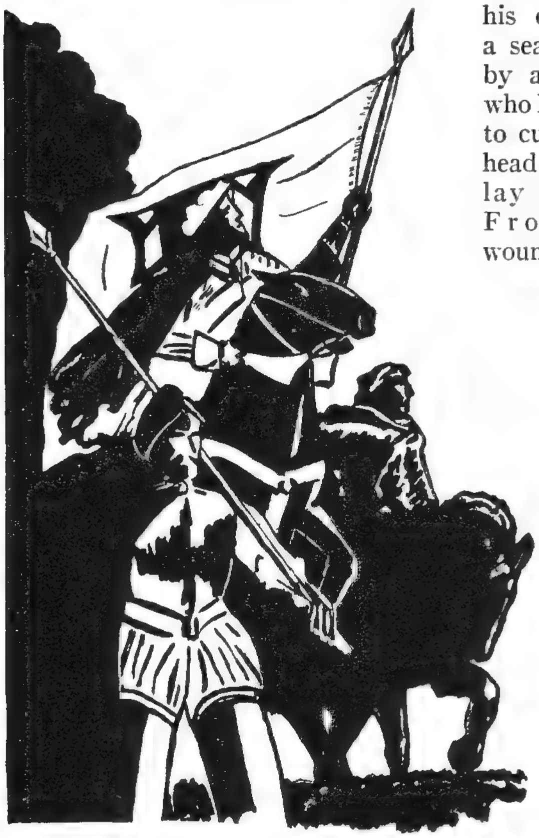
By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Stephen French Whitman.

In those days all Italy was in turmoil and Lombardy lay covered with blood and fire. The emperor, the second Frederick of Swabia, was out to conquer once for all. His man Salinguerra held the town of Ferrara. The Marquis Azzo, being driven forth, could slake his rage only on such outlying castles as favoured the imperial cause.

Of these castles the Marquis Azzo himself sacked and burned many. But against the castle of Grangioia, remote in the hills, he sent his captain, Lapo Cercamorte.

This Lapo Cercamorte was nearly forty years old, a warrior from boyhood, uncouth, barbaric, ferocious. One could think of no current danger that he had not encountered, no horror that he had not witnessed. His gaunt face was dull red, as if baked by the heat of blazing towns. His coarse black hair had been thinned by the friction of his helmet. His nose was broken, his arms and legs were covered with scars, and under his chin ran a seam made by a woman who had tried to cut off his head while he lay asleep. From this wound Lapo Cercamorte's voice was husky and uncertain.



With a hundred men at his back he rode by night to Grangioia Castle. As day was breaking, by a clever bit of stratagem he rushed the gate.

Then in that towering, thick-walled fortress, which had suddenly become a trap, sounded the screaming of women, the boom of yielding doors, the clang of steel on black staircases, the battlecries, wild songs, and laughter of Lapo Cercamorte's soldiers.

He found the family at bay in their hall, the father and his three sons naked except for the shirts of mail that they had hastily slipped on. Behind these four huddled the Grangioia women and children, for the most part pallid from fury rather than from fear, silently awaiting the end.

However, Cercamorte's purpose was not to destroy this clan, but to force it into submission to his marquis. So, when he had persuaded them to throw down their swords, he put off his flat-topped helmet and seated himself with the Grangioia men.

A bargain ensued; he gave them their lives in exchange for their allegiance. And it would have ended there had not the sun, reaching in through a casement toward the group of silent women, touched the face of old Grangioia's youngest daughter, Madonna Gemma.

From the crown of her head, whence her hair fell in bright ripples like a gush of gold from the ladle of a goldsmith, to her white feet, bare on the pavement, Madonna Gemma was one fragile piece of beauty. In this hall, heavy with torch smoke and the sweat of many soldiers, in this ring of blood-stained weapons and smouldering eyes, she appeared like a delicate dreamer enveloped by a nightmare. Yet even the long stare of Lapo Cercamorte she answered with a look of defiance.

The conqueror rose, went jingling to her, thumbed a strand of her bright hair, and touched her soft cheek with his fingers, which smelled of leather and horses. Grasping her by the elbow, he led her forward.

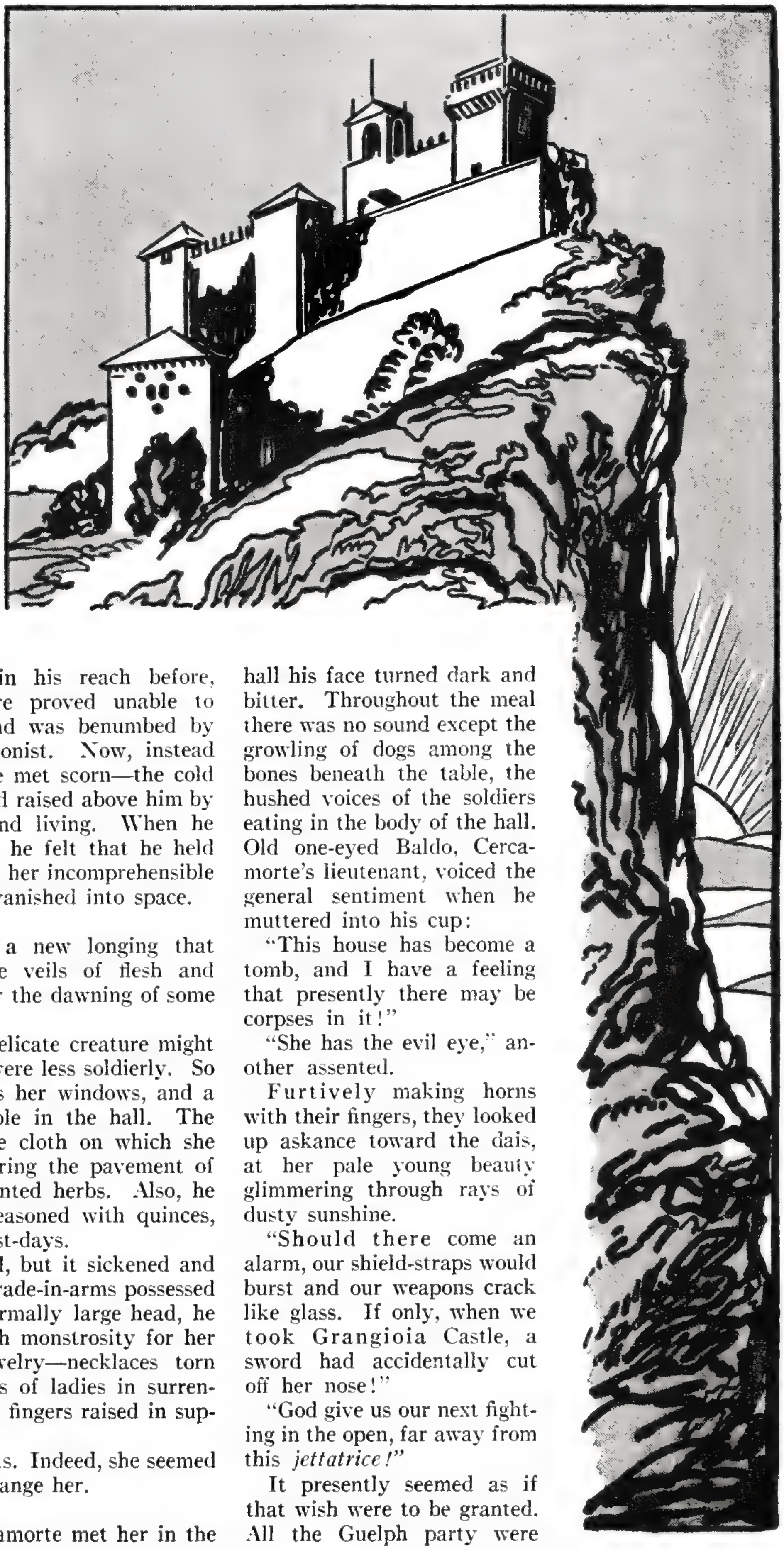
"Is this your daughter, Grangioia? Good. I will take her as a pledge of your loyalty."

With a gesture old Grangioia commanded his sons to sit still. After glowering round him at the wall of mail, he let his head sink down, and faltered:

"Do you marry her, Cercamorte?"

"Why not?" croaked Lapo. "Having just made a peace shall I give offence so soon? No, in this case I will do everything according to honour."

That morning Lapo Cercamorte espoused Madonna Gemma Grangioia. Then, setting her behind his saddle on a cushion, he took her away to his own castle. This possession, too, he had won for himself with his sword. It was called the Vespaione, the Big Hornets' Nest. Rude and strong, it crowned a rocky hilltop in a lonely region. At the base of the hill clustered a few huts; beyond lay some little fields; then the woods spread their tangles afar.



Madonna Gemma, finding herself in this prison, did not weep or utter a sound for many days.

Here Lapo Cercamorte, pouncing upon such a treasure as had never come within his reach before, met his first defeat. His fire proved unable to melt that ice. His coarse mind was benumbed by the exquisiteness of his antagonist. Now, instead of terror and self-abasement, he met scorn—the cold contempt of a being rarefied, and raised above him by centuries of gentler thought and living. When he laid his paws on her shoulders he felt that he held there a pale, soft shell, empty of her incomprehensible spirit, which at his touch had vanished into space.

So he stood baffled, with a new longing that groped blindly through the veils of flesh and blood, like a brute tormented by the dawning of some insatiable aspiration.

It occurred to him that the delicate creature might be pleased if her surroundings were less soldierly. So oiled linen was stretched across her windows, and a carpet laid for her feet at table in the hall. The board was spread with a white cloth on which she might wipe her lips, and in spring the pavement of her bower was strewn with scented herbs. Also, he saw to it that her meat was seasoned with quinces, that her wine was spiced on feast-days.

He got her a little greyhound, but it sickened and died. Remembering that a comrade-in-arms possessed a Turkish dwarf with an abnormally large head, he cast about to procure some such monstrosity for her amusement. He sent her jewelry—necklaces torn by his soldiers from the breasts of ladies in surrendered towns, rings wrested from fingers raised in supplication.

She wore none of these trinkets. Indeed, she seemed oblivious of all his efforts to change her.

He left her alone.

Finally, whenever Lapo Cercamorte met her in the hall his face turned dark and bitter. Throughout the meal there was no sound except the growling of dogs among the bones beneath the table, the hushed voices of the soldiers eating in the body of the hall. Old one-eyed Baldo, Cercamorte's lieutenant, voiced the general sentiment when he muttered into his cup:

"This house has become a tomb, and I have a feeling that presently there may be corpses in it!"

"She has the evil eye," another assented.

Furtively making horns with their fingers, they looked up askance toward the dais, at her pale young beauty glimmering through rays of dusty sunshine.

"Should there come an alarm, our shield-straps would burst and our weapons crack like glass. If only, when we took Grangioia Castle, a sword had accidentally cut off her nose!"

"God give us our next fighting in the open, far away from this *jettatrice!*"

It presently seemed as if that wish were to be granted. All the Guelph party were then preparing to take the field together. In Cercamorte's castle, dice-throwing and drinking gave place to drinking and plotting. Strange messengers appeared. In an upper chamber a shabby priest from the nearest town—the stronghold of Count Nicolotto Muti—neatly wrote down, at Lapo's dictation, the tally of available men, horses, and arms. Then one morning Cercamorte said to Baldo, his lieutenant:

"I am off for a talk with Nicolotto Muti. The house is in your care."

And glumly Lapo rode down from his castle, without a glance toward the casements of Madonna Gemma's bower.

She watched him depart alone, his helmet dangling from his saddle-bow. Then she saw, below her on the hillside, also watching him, the horse-boy, Foresto, his graceful figure hinting at an origin superior to his station, his dark, peaked face seeming to mask some avid and sinister dream. Was she wrong in suspecting that Foresto hated Lapo Cercamorte? Might he not become an ally against her husband?

Her gaze traveled on to the houses at the foot of the hill, to the hut where, under Lapo's protection, dwelt a renegade Arabian, reputed to be a sorcerer. No doubt the Arabian knew of subtle poisons, charms that withered men's bodies, enchantments that wrecked the will and reduced the mind to chaos.

But soon these thoughts were scattered by the touch of the spring breeze. She sank into a vague wonder at life, which had so cruelly requited the fervours of her girlhood.

On the third day of Cercamorte's absence, while Madonna Gemma was leaning on the parapet of the keep, there appeared at the edge of the woods a young man in light-blue tunic and hood, a small gilded harp under his arm.

BECAUSE HE WAS the young brother of Nicolotto Muti they admitted him into the castle.

His countenance was effeminate, fervent, and artful. The elegance of his manner was nearly Oriental. The rough soldiers grinned in amusement, or frowned in disgust. Madonna Gemma, confronted by his strangeness and complexity, neither frowned nor smiled, but looked more wan than ever.

Perfumed with sandalwood, in a white, gold-stitched robe, its bodice tight, its skirts voluminous, she welcomed him in the hall. The reception over, old Baldo spoke with the crone who served Madonna Gemma as maid:

"I do not know what this pretty little fellow has in mind. While I watch him for spying, do you watch him for love-making. If we discover him at either, perhaps he has caught that new green-sickness from the north, and thinks himself a singing-bird."

A singing-bird was what Raffaele Muti proved to be.

In the Mediterranean lands a new idea was beginning to alter the conduct of society. Woman, so long regarded as a soulless animal, born only to drag men down, was being transfigured into an immaculate goddess, an angel in human shape, whose business was man's reformation, whose right was man's worship.

That cult of Woman had been invented by the lute-playing nobles of Provence. But quickly it had begun to spread from court to court, from one land to another. So now, in Italy, as in southern France, sometimes in wild hill castles as well as in the city palaces, a hymn of adoration rose to the new divinity.

This was the song that Raffaele Muti, plucking at his twelve harp strings, raised in the hall of the Big Hornets' Nest at twilight.

He sat by the fireplace on the guests' settee, beside Madonna Gemma. The torches, dripping fire in the wall-rings, cast their light over the faces of the wondering servants. The harp twanged its plaintive interlude; then the song continued, quavering, soaring, athrob with this new pathos and reverence, that had crept like the counterfeit of a celestial dawn upon a world long obscured by a brutish dusk.

RAFFAELE MUTI SANG of a woman exalted far above him by her womanhood, which rivalled Godhood in containing all the virtues requisite for his redemption. Man could no longer sin when once she had thought pityingly of him. Every deed must be noble if rooted in love to her. All that one asked was to worship her ineffable superiority. How grievously should one affront her virtue if ever one dreamed of kisses! But should one dream of them, pray God she might never stoop that far in mercy! No, passion must never mar this shrine at which Raffaele knelt.

In the ensuing silence, which quivered from that cry, there stole into the heart of Madonna Gemma an emotion more precious, just then, than the peace that follows absolution—a new-born sense of feminine dignity, a glorious blossoming of pride, commingled with the tenderness of an immeasurable gratitude.

About to part for the night, they exchanged a look of tremulous solemnity.

Her beauty was no longer bleak, but rich—all at once too warm, perhaps, for a divinity whose only office was the guidance of a troubadour toward asceticism. His frail comeliness was radiant from his poetical ecstasy—of a sudden too flushed, one would think, for a youth whose aspirations were all toward the intangible. Then each emerged with a start from that delicious spell, to remember the staring servants.

They said good-night. Madonna Gemma ascended to her chamber.

It was the horse-boy Foresto who, with a curious solicitude and satisfaction, lighted Raffaele Muti up to bed.

But old Baldo, strolling thoughtfully in the courtyard, caught a young cricket chirping in the grass between two paving-stones. On the cricket's back, with a straw and white paint, he traced the Muti device—a tree transfixed by an arrow. Then he put the cricket into a little iron box together with a rose, and gave the box to a man-at-arms, saying:

"Ride to Lapo Cercamorte and deliver this into his hands."

Next day, on the sunny tower, high above the hillside covered with spring flowers, Raffaele resumed his song. He sat at the feet of Madonna Gemma, who wore a grass-green gown embroidered with unicorns, emblems of purity. The crone was there also, pretending to doze in the shadows; and so was Foresto the horse-boy, whose dark, still face seemed now and again to mirror Raffaele's look of exultation—a look that came only when Madonna Gemma gazed away from him.

But for the most part she gazed down at Raffaele's singing lips, on which she discerned no guile.

Tireless, he sang to her of a world fairer even than that of her maidenhood. It was a region where, for women, all feeling of abasement ceased, because there the troubadour, by his homage, raised one's soul high above the tyranny of uncomprehending husbands.

She learned—for so it had been decided in Provence—that high sentiment was impossible in wedlock at its best; that between husband and wife there was no room for love. Thus, according to the Regula Amoris, it was not only proper, but also imperative, to seek outside the married life some lofty love-alliance.

The day wore on thus. The sun had distilled from many blossoms the whole intoxicating fragrance of the springtime. A golden haze was changing Madonna Gemma's prison into a paradise.

Her vision was dimmed by a glittering film of tears. Her fingers helplessly unfolded on her lap. She believed that at last she had learned love's meaning. And Raffaele, for all his youth no novice at this game, believed that this dove, too, was fluttering into his cage.

By sunset their cheeks were flaming. At twilight their hands turned cold.

Then they heard the bang of the gate and the croaking voice of Lapo Cercamorte.

He entered the hall as he had so often entered the houses of terror-stricken enemies, clashing at each ponderous, swift step, his mail dusty, his hair wet and dishevelled, his dull-red face resembling a mask of heated iron. That atmosphere, just now swimming in languor, was instantly permeated by a wave of force, issuing from this herculean body and barbaric brain. When he halted before those two they seemed to feel the heat that seethed in his steel-bound breast.

HIS DISFIGURED FACE still insolvable, Lapo Cercamorte plunged his stare into Madonna Gemma's eyes, then looked into the eyes of Raffaele. His hoarse voice broke the hush; he said to the young man:

"So you are the sister of my friend Count Nicolotto?"

Raffaele, having licked his lips, managed to answer: "You mean his brother, sir."

Lapo Cercamorte laughed loud; but his laugh was the bark of a hyena, and his eyes were balls of fire.

"No! with these legs and ringlets? Come here, Baldo. Here is a girl who says she is a man. What do you say, to speak only of this pretty skin of hers?"

And with his big hand suddenly he ripped open Raffaele's tunic half way to the waist, exposing the fair white flesh. The troubadour, though quivering with shame and rage, remained motionless, staring at the great sword that hung in its scarlet sheath from Lapo's harness.

Old one-eyed Baldo, plucking his master by the elbow, whispered: "Take care, Cercamorte. His brother Nicolotto is your ally. Since after all, nothing much has happened, do not carry the offence too far."

"Are you in your dotage?" Lapo retorted, still glaring with a dreadful interest at Raffaele's flesh. "Do you speak of giving offence, when all I desire is to be as courteous as my uneducated nature will allow? She must pardon me that slip of the hand; I meant only to stroke her cheek in compliment, but instead I tore her dress. Yet I will be a proper courtier to her still. Since she is now set on going home, I myself, alone, will escort her clear to the forest, in order to set her upon the safe road."

And presently Madonna Gemma, peering from her chamber window, saw her husband, with a ghastly pretense of care, lead young Raffaele Muti down the hill into the darkness from which there came never a sound.

It was midnight when Lapo Cercamorte reëntered the castle, and called for food and drink.

NOW THE SHADOW over the Big Hornet's Nest obscured even the glare of the summer sun. No winsome illusion of nature's could brighten this little world that had at last turned quite sinister. In the air that Madonna Gemma breathed was always a chill of horror. At night the thick walls seemed to sweat with it, and the silence was like a great hand pressed across a mouth struggling to give vent to a scream.

At dinner in the hall she ate nothing, but drank her wine as though burning with a fever. Sometimes, when the stillness had become portentous, Lapo rolled up his sleeves, inspected his scarred, swarthy arms, and mumbled, with the grin of a man stretched on the rack:

"Ah, Father and Son! if only one had a skin as soft, white, and delicate as a girl's!"

At this Madonna Gemma left the table.

Once more her brow became bleaker than a winter mountain; her eyes were haggard from nightmares; she trembled at every sound. Pacing her bower, interminably she asked herself one question. And at last, when Lapo would have passed her on the stairs, she hurled into his face:

"What did you do to Raffaele Muti?"

He started, so little did he expect to hear her voice. His battered countenance turned redder, as he noted that for the sake of the other she was like an overstretched bow, almost breaking. Then a pang stabbed him treacherously. Fearing that she might discern his misery, he turned back, leaving her limp against the wall.

He took to walking the runway of the ramparts, gnawing his fingers and muttering to himself, shaking his tousled hair. With a sigh, as if some thoughts were too heavy a burden for that iron frame, he sat down on an archer's ledge, to stare toward the hut of the renegade Arabian. Often at night he sat thus, hour after hour, a coarse creature made romantic by a flood of moonlight. And as he bowed his head the sentinel heard him fetch a groan such as one utters whose life escapes through a sword-wound.

One-eyed Baldo also groaned at these goings-on, and swallowed many angry speeches. But Foresto the horse-boy began to hum at his work.

This Foresto had attached himself to Lapo's force in the Ferrarese campaign. His habits were solitary. Often when his work was done he wandered into the woods, to return with a capful of berries or a squirrel that he had snared. Because he was silent, deft, and daintier than a horse-boy ought to be, Lapo finally bade him serve Madonna Gemma.

Watching his dark, blank face as he strewed fresh herbs on her pavement, she wondered:

"Does he know the truth?"

Their glances met; he seemed to send her a veiled look of comprehension and promise. But whenever he appeared the crone was there.

One morning, however, Foresto had time to whisper:

"The Arabian."

What did that mean? Was the Arab magician, recluse in his wretched hut below the castle, prepared to serve her? Was it through him and Foresto that she might hope to escape or at least manage some revenge? Thereafter she often watched the renegade's window, from which, no matter how late the hour, shone a glimmering of lamplight. Was he busy at his magic? Could those spells be enlisted on her side?

Then, under an ashen sky of autumn, as night was creeping in, she saw the Arabian ascending the hill to the castle. His tall figure, as fleshless as a mummy's, was swathed in a white robe like a winding sheet; his beaked face and hollow eye-sockets were like a vision of Death. Without taking her eyes from him, Madonna Gemma crossed herself.

Baldo came to the gate. The ghostly Arabian uttered:

"Peace be with you. I have here, under my robe, a packet for your master."

"Good! Pass it over to me, unless it will turn my nose into a carrot, or add a tail to my spine."

The foreigner, shaking his skull-like head, responded:

"I must give this packet into no hands but his."

So Baldo led the sorcerer to Cercamorte, and for a long while those two talked together in private.

NEXT DAY Madonna Gemma noted that Lapo had on a new, short, sleeveless surcoat, or vest, of whitish leather, trimmed on its edges with vair, and laced down the sides with tinsel. In this festive garment, so different from his usual attire, the grim tyrant was ill at ease, secretly anxious, almost timid. Avoiding her eye, he assumed an elaborate carelessness, like that of a boy who had been up to some deviltry. Madonna Gemma soon found herself connecting this change in him with the fancy white-leather vest.

In the hall, while passing a platter of figs, Foresto praised the new garment obsequiously. He murmured:

"And what a fine skin it is made of! So soft, so delicate, so lustrous in its finish! Is it pigskin, master? Ah, no; it is finer than that. Kidskin? But a kid could not furnish a skin as large as this one. No doubt it is made from some queer foreign animal, perhaps from a beast of Greece or Arabia?"

While speaking these words, Foresto flashed one look, mournful and eloquent, at Madonna Gemma, then softly withdrew from the hall.

She sat motionless, wave after wave of cold flowing in through her limbs to her heart. She stared, as though at a basilisk, at Lapo's new vest, in which she seemed to find the answer so long denied her. The hall grew dusky; she heard a far-off cry, and when she meant to flee, she fainted in her chair.

For a week Madonna Gemma did not rise from her bed. When finally she did rise she refused to leave her room.

BUT SUDDENLY Lapo Cercamorte was gayer than he had been since the fall of Grangioia Castle. Every morning, when he had inquired after Madonna Gemma's health, and had sent her all kinds of tidbits, he went down to sit among his men, to play morra, to test swordblades, to crack salty jokes, to let loose his husky guffaw. At times, cocking his eye toward certain upper casements, he patted his fine vest furtively, with a gleeful and mischievous grin. To Baldo, after some mysterious nods and winks, he confided:

"Everything will be different when she is well again."

"No doubt," snarled old Baldo, scrubbing at his mail shirt viciously. "Though I am not in your confidence, I agree that a nice day is coming, a beautiful day—like a pig. Look you, Cercamorte, shake off this strange spell of folly. Prepare for early trouble. Just as a Venetian sailor can feel a storm of water brewing, so can I feel, gathering far off, a storm of arrows. Do you notice that the crows hereabouts have never been so thick? Perhaps, too, I have seen a face peeping out of the woods, about the time that Foresto goes down to pick berries."

"You chatter like an old woman at a fountain," said Lapo, still caressing his vest with his palms. "I shall be quite happy soon—yes, even before the Lombard league takes the field."

Baldo raised his shoulders, pressed his withered eyelids together, and answered, in disgust:

"God pity you, Cercamorte! You are certainly changed these days. Evidently your Arabian has given you a charm that turns men's brains into goose-eggs."

Lapo stamped away angrily, yet he was soon smiling again.

And now his coarse locks were not unkempt, but cut square across brow and neck. Every week he trimmed his finger-nails; every day or so, with a flush and a hangdog look, he drenched himself with perfume. Even while wearing that garment—at thought of which Madonna Gemma, isolate in her chamber, still shivered and moaned—Cercamorte resembled one who prepares himself for a wedding, or gallant rendezvous, that may take place any moment.

Sometimes, reeking with civet-oil, he crept to her door, eavesdropped, pondered the quality of her sighs, stood hesitant, then stealthily withdrew, grinding his teeth and wheezing: "Not yet. Sweet saints in heaven, what a time it takes!"

He loathed his bed, because of the long hours of sleeplessness. He no longer slept naked. At night, too, his body was encased in the vest of whitish soft skin.

One morning a horseman in green and yellow scallops appeared before the castle. It was Count Nicolotto Muti, elder brother of the troubadour Raffaele.

Lapo, having arranged his features, came down to meet the count. They kissed, and entered the keep with their arms round each other's shoulders. Foresto brought in the guest-cup.

Nicolotto Muti was a thin, calm politician, elegant in his manners and speech, his lips always wearing a sympathetic smile. By the fireplace, after chatting of this and that, he remarked, with his hand affectionately on Cercamorte's knee:

"I am trying to find trace of my little Raffaele, who has vanished like a mist. It is said that he was last seen in this neighbourhood. Can you tell me anything?"

Lapo, his face expressionless, took thought, then carefully answered:

"Muti, because we are friends as well as allies I will answer you honestly. Returning from my visit with you, I found him in this hall, plucking a harp and singing love-songs to my wife. I say frankly that if he had not been your brother I should have cut off his hands and his tongue. Instead, I escorted him to the forest, and set him on the home road. I admit that before I parted from him I preached him a sermon on the duties of boys toward the friends of their families. Nay, fearing that he might not relate his adventure to you, in that discourse I somewhat pounded the pulpit. Well, yes, I confess that I gave him a little spanking."

Count Nicolotto, without showing any surprise, or losing his fixed smile, declared:

"Dear comrade, it was a young man, not a child, whom you chastised in that way. In another instance, as of course you know, such an action would have been a grievous insult to all his relatives. Besides, I am sure that he meant no more than homage to your lady —a compliment common enough in these modern times, and honourably reflected upon the husband. However, I can understand the feelings of one who has been too much in the field to learn those innocent new gallantries. Indeed, I presume that I should thank you for what you believed to be a generous forbearance. But all this does not find me my brother."

And with a sad, gentle smile Count Nicolotto closed his frosty eyes.

CERCAMORTE, DESPITE ALL this cooing, received an impression of enmity. As always when danger threatened, he became still and wary, much more resourceful than ordinarily, as if perils were needed to render him complete. Smoothing his vest with his fingers that were flattened from so much sword-work, Lapo said:

"I feel now that I may have been wrong to put such shame upon him. On account of it, no doubt, he has sought retirement. Or maybe he has journeyed abroad, say to Provence, a land free from such out-of-date bunglers as I."

Nicolotto Muti made a deprecatory gesture, then rose with a rustle of his green and yellow scallops, from which was shaken a fragrance of attar.

"My good friend, let us hope so."

It was Foresto who, in the courtyard, held Muti's stirrup, and secretly pressed into the visitor's hand a pellet of parchment. For Foresto could write excellent Latin.

No sooner had Count Nicolotto regained his strong town than a shocking rumour spread round—Lapo Cercamorte had made Raffaele Muti's skin into a vest, with which to drive his wife mad.

In those petty Guelph courts, wherever the tender lore of Provence had sanctified the love of troubadour for great lady, the noblemen cried out in fury; the noblewomen, transformed into tigresses, demanded Lapo's death. Old Grangioia and his three sons arrived at the Muti fortress raving for sudden vengeance. There they were joined by others, rich troubadours, backed by many lances, whose rage could not have been hotter had Lapo, that "wild beast in human form," defaced the Holy Sepulchre. At last the Marquis Azzo was forced to reflect:

"Cercamorte has served me well, but if I keep them from him our league may be torn asunder. Let them have him. But he will die hard."

Round the Big Hornets' Nest the crows were thicker than ever.

ONE COLD, foggy evening Lapo Cercamorte at last pushed open his wife's chamber door. Madonna Gemma was alone, wrapped in a fur-lined mantle, warming her hands over an earthen pot full of embers. Standing awkwardly before her, Lapo perceived that her beauty was fading away in this unhappy solitude. On her countenance was no trace of that which he had hoped to see. He swore softly, cast down from feverish expectancy into bewilderment.

"No," he said, at length, his voice huskier than usual, "this cannot continue. You are a flower transplanted into a dungeon, and dying on the stalk. One cannot refashion the past. The future remains. Perhaps you would flourish again if I sent you back to your father?"

He went to the casement with a heavy step, and stared through a rent in the oiled linen at the mist, which clung round the castle like a pall.

"Madonna," he continued, more harshly than ever, in order that she might not rejoice at his pain, "I ask pardon for the poorness of my house. Even had my sword made me wealthy I should not have known how to provide appointments pleasing to a delicate woman. My manners also, as I have learned since our meeting, are unsuitable. The camps were my school, and few ladies came into them. It was not strange that when Raffaele Muti presented himself you should have found him more to your taste. But if on my sudden return I did what I did, and thus prevented him from boasting up and down Lombardy of another conquest, it was because I had regard not only for my honour, but for yours. So I am not asking your pardon on that score."

Lowering her face toward the red embers, she whispered:

"A beast believes all men to be beasts."

"Kiss of Judas! Are women really trapped, then, by that gibberish? Madonna, these miaowing troubadours have concocted a world that they themselves will not live in. Have I not sat swigging in tents with great nobles, and heard all the truth about it? Those fellows always have, besides the lady that they pretend to worship as inviolate, a dozen others with whom the harp-twanging stage is stale."

"All false, every word," Madonna Gemma answered.

"Because ladies choose to think so the game goes on. Well, Madonna, remember this. From the moment when I first saw you I, at least, did you no dishonour, but married you promptly, and sought your satisfaction by the means that I possessed. I was not unaware that few wives come to their husbands with affection. Certainly I did not expect affection from you at the first, but hoped that it might ensue. So even Lapo Cercamorte became a flabby fool, when he met one in comparison with whom all other women seemed mawkish. Since it was such a fit of driveling, let us put an end to it. At sunrise the horses will be ready. Good night."

LEAVING HER BESIDE the dying embers, he went out upon the ramparts. The fog was impenetrable; one could not see even the light in the sorcerer's window.

"Damned Arabian!" growled Lapo, brandishing his fist. He sat down beside the gate-tower, and rested his chin on his hands.

"How cold it is," he thought, "how lonely and dismal! Warfare is what I need. Dear Lord, let me soon be killing men briskly, and warming myself in the burning streets of Ferrara. That is what I was begotten for. I have been lost in a maze."

Dawn approached, and Lapo was still dozing beside the gate-tower.

With the first hint of light the sentinel challenged; voices answered outside the gate. It was old Grangioia and his sons, calling up that they had come to visit their daughter.

"Well arrived," Lapo grunted, his brain and body sluggish from the chill. He ordered the gate swung open.

Too late, as they rode into the courtyard, he saw that there were nearly a score of them, all with their helmets on. Then in the fog he heard a noise like an avalanche of ice—the clatter of countless steel-clad men scrambling up the hillside.

While running along the wall, Lapo Cercamorte noted that the horsemen were hanging back, content to hold the gate till reinforced. On each side of the courtyard his soldiers were tumbling out of their barracks and fleeing toward the keep, that inner stronghold which was now their only haven. Dropping at last from the ramparts, he joined this retreat. But on gaining the keep he found with him only some thirty of his men; the rest had been caught in their beds.

Old Baldo gave him a coat of mail. Young Foresto brought him his sword and shield. Climbing the keep-wall, Cercamorte squinted down into the murky courtyard. That whole place now swarmed with his foes.

Arrows began to fly. A round object sailed through the air and landed in the keep; it was the head of the Arabian.

"Who are these people?" asked Baldo, while rapidly shooting at them with a bow. "There seem to be many knights; half the shields carry devices. Ai! they have fired the barracks. Now we shall make them out."

The flames leaped up in great sheets, producing the effect of an infernal noon. The masses in the courtyard, inhuman-looking in their ponderous, barrel-shaped helmets, surged forward at the keep with a thunderous outcry:

"Grangioia! Grangioia! Havoc on Cercamorte!"

"Muti! Muti! Havoc on Cercamorte!"

"God and the Monfalcone!"

"Strike for Zaladino! Havoc on Cercamorte!"

Lapo bared his teeth at them. "By the Five Wounds! half of Lombardy seems to be here. Well, my Baldo, before they make an end of us shall we show them some little tricks?"

"You have said it, Cercamorte. One more good scuffle, with a parade of all our talent."

The assailants tried beams against the keep gate; the defenders shot them down or hurled rocks upon their heads. But on the wall of the keep Cercamorte's half-clad men fell sprawling, abristle with feathered shafts. A beam reached the gate and shook it on its hinges. Lapo, one ear shot away, drew his surviving soldiers back into the hall.

He ordered torches stuck into the wall-rings, and ranged his men on the dais. Behind them, in the doorway leading to the upper chambers and the high tower, he saw his wife, wild-looking, and whiter than her robe.

"Go back, Madonna. It is only your family calling with some of their friends. I entered Grangioia Castle abruptly; now it is tit for tat."

The crone brought two helmets, which Lapo and Baldo put on. Then, drawing their long swords, they awaited the onset.

THE KEEP GATE YIELDED, and into the hall came rushing a wave of peaked and painted shields. But before the dais the wave paused, since in it were those who could not forego the joy of taunting Lapo Cercamorte before killing him. So suddenly, all his antagonists contemplated him in silence, as he crouched above them with his sword and shield half raised, his very armour seeming to emanate force, cunning, and peril.

"Foul monster!" a muffled voice shouted. "Now you come to your death!"

"Now we will give your carcass to the wild beasts, your brothers!"

"Let my daughter pass through," bawled old Grangioia; then, receiving no response, struck clumsily at

Lapo. With a twist of his sword Lapo disarmed the old man, calling out:

"Keep off, kinsman! I will not shed Grangioia blood unless you force me to it. Let Muti come forward. Or yonder gentleman dressed up in the white eagles of Este, which should hide their heads with their wings, so long and faithfully have I served them."

But none was ignorant of Cercamorte's prowess; so, after a moment of seething, they all came at him together.

The swordblades rose and fell so swiftly that they seemed to be arcs of light; the deafening clangour was pierced by the howls of the dying. The dais turned red —men slipped on it; Cercamorte's sword caught them; they did not rise. He seemed indeed to wield more swords than one, so terrible was his fighting. At his back stood Baldo, his helmet caved in, his mail shirt in ribbons, his abdomen slashed open. Both at once they saw that all their men were down. Hewing to right and left they broke through, gained the tower staircase, and locked the door behind them.

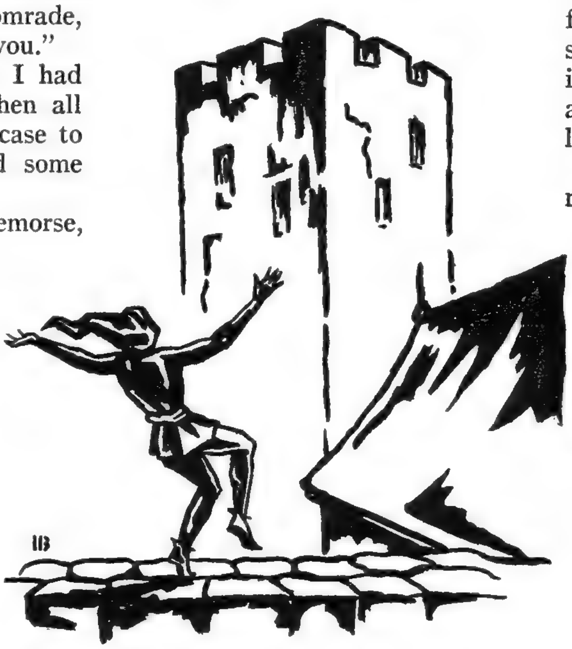
On the dark stairway they leaned against the wall, their helmets off, gasping for breath, while the enemy hammered the door.

"How is it with you?" puffed Lapo, putting his arm round Baldo's neck.

"They have wrecked my belly for me. I am finished."

Lapo Cercamorte hung his head and sobbed, "My old Baldo, my comrade, it is my folly that has killed you."

"No, no. It was only that I had survived too many tussles; then all at once our Lord recalled my case to his mind. But we have had some high times together, eh?"



Lapo, weeping aloud from remorse, patted Baldo's shoulder and kissed his withered cheek. Lamplight flooded the staircase; it was Foresto softly descending. The rays illuminated Madonna Gemma, who all the while had been standing close beside them.

"Lady," said Baldo, feebly, "can you spare me a bit of your veil? Before the door falls I must climb these steps, and that would be easier if I could first bind in my entrails."

They led him upstairs, Lapo on one side, Madonna Gemma on the other, and Foresto lighting the way. They came to the topmost chamber in the high tower —the last room of all.

Here Cercamorte kept his treasures—his scraps of looted finery, the weapons taken from fallen knights, the garrison's surplus of arms. When he had locked the door and with Foresto's help braced some pike-shafts against it, he tried to make Baldo lie down.

The old man vowed profanely that he would die on his feet. Shambling to the casement niche, he gaped forth at the dawn. Below him a frosty world was emerging from the mist. He saw the ring of the ramparts, and in the courtyard the barrack ruins smouldering. Beyond, the hillside also smoked, with shredding vapours; and at the foot of the hill he observed a strange sight—the small figure of a man in tunic and hood, feylike amid the mist, that danced and made gestures of joy. Baldo, clinging to the casement-sill on bending legs, summoned Cercamorte to look at the dancing figure.

"What is it, Lapo? A devil?"

"One of our guests, no doubt," said Cercamorte, dashing the tears from his eyes. "Hark! the door at the foot of the staircase has fallen. Now we come to our parting, old friend."

"Give me a bow and an arrow," cried Baldo, with a rattle in his throat. "Whoever that zany is, he shall not dance at our funeral. Just one more shot, my Lapo. You shall see that I still have it in me."

CERCAMORTE COULD NOT DENY him this last whim. He found and strung a bow, and chose a Ghibelline war-arrow. Behind them, young Foresto drew in his breath with a hiss, laid his hand on his dagger, and turned the colour of clay. Old Baldo raised the bow, put all his remaining strength into the draw, and uttered a cracking shout of bliss. The mannikin no longer danced; but toward him, from the hillside, some men in steel were running. Baldo, sinking back into Cercamorte's arms, at last allowed himself to be laid down.

Through the door filtered the rising tumult of the enemy.

Lapo Cercamorte's blood-smeared visage turned business-like. Before grasping his sword, he bent to rub his palms on the grit of the pavement. While he was stooping, young Foresto unsheathed his dagger, made a catlike step, and stabbed at his master's neck. But quicker than Foresto was Madonna Gemma, who, with a deer's leap, imprisoned his arms from behind. Cercamorte discovered them thus, struggling fiercely in silence.

"Stand aside," he said to her, and, when he had struck Foresto down, "Thank you for that, Madonna. With such spirit to help me, I might have had worthy sons. Well, here they come, and this door is a flimsy thing. Get yourself into the casement niche, away from the swing of my blade."

A red trickle was running down his legs; he was standing in a red pool.

It began again, the splitting of panels, the cracking of hinges. The door was giving; now only the pike-shafts held it. Then came a pause. From far down the staircase a murmur of amazement swept upward; a babble of talk ensued. Silence fell. Cercamorte let out a harsh laugh.

"What new device is this? Does it need so much chicanery to finish one man?"

Time passed, and there was no sound except a long clattering from the courtyard. Of a sudden a new voice called through the broken door:

"Open, Cercamorte. I am one man alone."

"Come in without ceremony. Here am I, waiting to embrace you."

"I am Ercole Azzanera, the Marquis Azzo's cousin, and your true friend. I swear on my honour that I stand here alone with sheathed sword."

LAPO KICKED the pike-shafts away, and, as the door fell inward, jumped back on guard. At the threshold, unhelmeted, stood the knight whose long surcoat was covered with the white eagles of Este. He spoke as follows:

"Cercamorte, this array came up against you because it was published that you had killed and flayed Raffaele Muti, and, out of jealous malignancy, were wearing his skin as a vest. But just now a marvelous thing has happened, for at the foot of the hill Raffaele Muti has been found, freshly slain by a wandered arrow. Save for that wound his skin is without flaw. Moreover, he lived and breathed but a moment ago. So the whole tale was false, and this war against you outrageous. All the gentlemen who came here have gone away in great amazement and shame, leaving me to ask pardon for what they have done. Forgive them, Cercamorte, in the name of Christ, for they believed themselves to be performing a proper deed."

And when Lapo found no reply in his head, Ercole Azzanera, with a humble bow, descended from the high tower and followed the others away.

Lapo Cercamorte sat down on a stool. "All my good men," he murmured, "and my dear gossip, Baldo! My castle rushed by so shabby a ruse; my name a laughing-stock! And the Marquis Azzo gave them my house as one gives a child a leaden gimcrack to stamp on. All because of this damned vest, this silly talisman which was to gain me her love. 'In the name of Christ,' says my friend, Ercole Azzanera. By the Same! If I live I will go away to the heathen, for there is no more pleasure in Christendom."

So he sat for a while, maundering dismally, then stood up and made for the door. He reeled. He sank down with a clash. Madonna Gemma, stealing out from the casement niche, knelt beside him, peered into his face, and ran like the wind down the staircase. In the hall, with lifted robe she sped over the corpses of Cercamorte's soldiers, seeking wine and water. These obtained, she flew back to Lapo. There the crone found her. Between them those two dragged him down to Madonna Gemma's chamber, stripped him, tended his wounds, and hoisted him into the bed.

Flat on his back, Cercamorte fought over all his battles. He quarreled with Baldo. Again he pondered anxiously outside of Madonna Gemma's door. He instructed the Arabian to fashion him a charm that would overspread his ugly face with comeliness, change his uncouthness into gentility. He insisted on wearing the vest, the under side of which was scribbled with magical signs.

Madonna Gemma sat by the bed all day, and lay beside him at night. On rising, she attired herself in a vermilion gown, over which she drew a white jacket of Eastern silk embroidered with nightingales. Into her golden tresses she braided the necklaces that he had offered her. Her tapering milky fingers sparkled with rings. Her former beauty had not returned—another, greater beauty had taken its place.

A day came when he recognized her face. Leaning down like a flower of paradise, she kissed his lips.

◆

Excerpts from "Kai Lung's Golden Hours"

By Ernest Bramah

Do not adjust your sandals while passing through a melon field, nor yet arrange your hat beneath an orange tree.

Though you set a monkey on horseback, yet will his hands and feet remain hairy.

He who can grasp opportunity as she slips by does not need a lucky dream.

That which passes out of one mouth passes into a hundred ears.

Do not burn your house in order to inconvenience your chief wife's mother.

Where the road bends abruptly take short steps.

The quiet duck puts his foot on the unobservant worm.

The one-legged never stumble.

A tale half told is the father of many lies.

He who thinks that he is raising a mound may only in reality be digging a pit.

Truly the hands of the Unseen are slow to close, but their arms are very long.

A thorn in one's own little finger is more difficult to endure than a sword piercing the sublime Emperor's arm.

There is a time to silence an adversary with the honey of logical persuasion, and there is a time to silence him with the argument of a heavily directed club.

The Philosopher of Butterbiggins

By HAROLD CHAPIN

Harold Chapin

CHARACTERS

David Pirnie.
Lizzie, *his daughter.*
John Bell, *his son-in-law.*
Alexander, *John's little son.*

SCENE—John Bell's *tenement at Butterbiggins. It consists of the very usual "two rooms, kitchen, and bath," a concealed bed in the parlour and another in the kitchen enabling him to house his family—consisting of himself, his wife, his little son, and his aged father-in-law—therein. The kitchen-and-living-room is a good-sized square room. The right wall (our right as we look at it) is occupied by a huge built-in dresser, sink, and coal bunker, the left wall by a high-manteled, ovened, and boilered fireplace, the recess on either side of which contains a low painted cupboard. Over the far cupboard hangs a picture of a ship, but over the near one is a small square window. The far wall has two large doors in it, that on the right leading to the lobby, and that on the left appertaining to the old father-in-law's concealed bed.*

The walls are distempered a brickish red. The ceiling once was white. The floor is covered with bright linoleum and a couple of rag rugs—one before the fire—a large one—and a smaller one before the door of the concealed bed.

A deal table is just to right of centre. A long flexible gas-bracket depends from the ceiling above it. Another many-jointed gas-bracket projects from the middle of the high mantelpiece, its flame turned down towards the stove. There are wooden chairs at the table, above, below, and to left of it. A high-backed easy chair is above the fire, a kitchen elbow-chair below it.

The kitchen is very tidy. A newspaper newly fallen to the rug before the fire, and another—an evening one—spread flat on the table, are (besides a child's mug and plate, also on the table) the only things not stowed in their prescribed places. It is evening—the light beyond the little square window being the gray dimness of a long Northern twilight which slowly deepens during the play. When the curtain rises it is still light enough in the room for a man to read if the print be not too faint and his eyes be good. The warm light of the fire leaps and flickers through the gray, showing up with exceptional clearness the deep-lined face of old David Pirnie, *who is discovered, half-risen from his armchair above the fire, standing on the hearth-rug, his body bent and his hand on the chair arm. He is a little, feeble old man with a well-shaped head and weather-beaten face, set off by a grizzled beard and whiskers, wiry and vigorous, in curious contrast to the wreath of snowy hair that encircles his head. His upper lip is shaven. He wears an old suit—the unbuttoned waistcoat of which shows an old flannel shirt. His slippers are low at the heel, and his socks loose at the ankles.*

The old man's eyes are fixed appealingly on those of his daughter, who stands in the half-open door, her grasp on the handle, meeting his look squarely—a straight-browed, black-haired, determined young woman of six- or seven-and-twenty. Her husband, John, *seated at the table in his shirt-sleeves, with his head in his hands, reads hard at the paper and tries to look unconcerned.*

David—Aw—but, Lizzie——

Lizzie (*with splendid firmness*)—It's nae use, feyther. I'm no' gaein' to gie in to the wean. Ye've been tellin' yer stories to him nicht after nicht for dear knows how long, and he's gettin' to expect them.

David—Why should he no' expect them?

Lizzie—It disna do for weans to count on things so. He's layin' up a sad disappointment for himself yin o' these days.

David—He's gettin' a sad disappointment the noo. Och, come on, Lizzie. I'm no' gaein' to dee just yet, an' ye can break him off gradually when I begin to look like to.

Lizzie—Who's talkin' o' yer deein', feyther?

David—Ye were speakin' o' the disappointment he was layin' up for himself if he got to count on me——

Lizzie—I wasna thinkin' o' yer deein', feyther—only—it's no guid for a bairn——

David—Where's the harm in my gien' him a bit story before he gangs tae his bed?

LIZZIE—I'm no sayin' there's ony harm in it this yinst, feyther; but it's no richt to gae on nicht after nicht, wi' never a break——

DAVID—Whit wey is it no richt if there's nae harm in it?

LIZZIE—It's giein' in to the wean.

DAVID—Whit wey should ye no gie in to him if there's nae harm in it?

LIZZIE (*keeping her patience with difficulty*)—Because it gets him into the habit.

DAVID—But why should he no' get into the habit if there's nae harm in it? (JOHN *at the table chuckles.* LIZZIE *gives him a look, but he meets it not.*)

LIZZIE—Really, feyther, ye micht be a wean yerself, ye're that persistent.

DAVID—No, Lizzie, I'm no' persistent, I'm reasoning wi' ye. Ye said there was nae harm in my tellin' him a bit story, an' now ye say I'm not to because it'll get him into the habit; an' what I'm askin' ye is, where's the harm o' his gettin' into the habit if there's nae harm in it?

LIZZIE—Oh, aye; ye can be gey clever, twistin' the words in my mouth, feyther; but richt is richt, an' wrang's wrang, for all yer cleverness.

DAVID (*earnestly*)—I'm no bein' clever ava, Lizzie, —no' the noo'—I'm just tryin' to make ye see that, if ye admit there's nae harm in a thing, ye canna say there's ony harm in it, an' (*pathetically*) I'm wantin' to tell wee Alexander a bit story before he gangs to his bed.

JOHN (*aside to her*)—Och, wumman——

LIZZIE—T'ts, John; ye'd gie in tae onybody if they were just persistent enough.

JOHN—He's an auld man.

LIZZIE (*really exasperated*)—I ken fine he's an auld man, John, and ye're a young yin, an' Alexander's gaein' to be anither, an' I'm a lone wumman among the lot o' ye, but I'm no' gaein' to gie in to——

JOHN (*bringing a fresh mind to bear upon the argument*)—Efter a', Lizzie, there's nae harm——

LIZZIE (*almost with a scream of anger*)—Och, now you've stairted, have you? Harm! Harm! Harm! You're talkin' about *harm,* and I'm talking about richt an' wrang. You'd see your son grow up a drunken keelie, an' mebbe a thief an' a murderer, so long as you could say there was nae harm in it.

DAVID (*expostulating with some cause*)—But I cudna say there was nae harm in that, Lizzie, an' I wudna. Only, when there's nae harm——

LIZZIE—Och. (*Exits, calling off to the cause of the trouble*) Are ye in yer bed yet, Alexander? (*Shuts door with a click.*)

DAVID (*standing on hearth-rug and shaking his head more in sorrow than in anger*)—She's no reasonable, ye ken, John; she disna argue fair. I'm no complaining o' her mither, but it's a wee thing hard that the only twa women I've known to be really chatty an' argumentative with should ha' been just like that. An' me that fond o' women's society. (*He lowers himself into his chair.*)

JOHN—They're all like it.

DAVID (*judiciously*)—I wudna go sae far as to say that, John. Ye see, I've only kent they twa to study carefully—an' it's no fair to judge the whole sex by just the twa examples, an' it were—(*Running on*) But it's gey hard, an' I was wantin' to tell wee Alexander a special fine story the nicht. (*Removes glasses and blinks his eyes.*) Aweel.

JOHN (*comforting*)—Mebbe the morn——

DAVID—If it's no richt the nicht, it'll no be richt the morn's nicht.

JOHN—Ye canna say that, feyther. It wasna wrang last nicht.

DAVID (*bitterly*)—Mebbe it was, an' Lizzie had no' foun' it out.

JOHN—Aw, noo, feyther, dinna get saurcastic.

DAVID (*between anger and tears, weakly*)—I canna help it. I'm black affrontit. I was wantin' to tell wee Alexander a special fine story the nicht, an' now here's Lizzie wi' her richt's richt an' wrang's wrang—Och, there's nae reason in the women.

JOHN—We has to gie in to them, though.

DAVID—Aye. That's why. (*There is a pause. The old man picks up his paper again and settles his glasses on his nose.* JOHN *rises, and with a spill from the mantelpiece lights the gas there, which he then bends to throw the light to the old man's advantage.*)

DAVID—Thank ye, John. Do ye hear him?

JOHN (*erect on hearth-rug*)—Who?

DAVID—Wee Alexander.

JOHN—No.

DAVID—Greetin' his heart out.

JOHN—Och, he's no greetin'. Lizzie wi' him.

DAVID—I ken fine Lizzie's wi' him, but he's greetin' for a' her. He was wantin' to hear yon story o' the kelpies up to Cross Hill wi' the tram—(*Breaking his mood impatiently*) Och!

JOHN (*crossing to table and lighting up there*)—It's gettin' dark gey early. We'll shin be haein' tea by the gas.

DAVID (*rustling his paper*)—*Aye*—(*Suddenly*) There never was a female philosopher, ye ken, John.

JOHN—Was there no'?

DAVID (*angrily, in a gust*)—An' there never will be! (*Then, more calmly*) An' yet there's an awful lot o' philosophy about women, John.

JOHN—Aye?

DAVID—Och, aye. They're that unreasonable, an' yet ye canna reason them down; an' they're that weak, an' yet ye canna make them gie in tae ye. Of course, ye'll say ye canna reason doon a stane, or make a clod o' earth gie in tae ye.

JOHN—Will I?

DAVID—Aye. An' ye'll be richt. But then I'll tell ye a stane will no answer ye back, an' a clod of earth will na try to withstand ye, so how can ye argue them down?

JOHN (*convinced*)—Ye canna.

DAVID—Richt! Ye canna! But a wumman *will* answer ye back, an' she *will* stand against ye, an' *yet* ye canna argue her down though ye have strength an' reason on your side an' she's talkin' naething but blether about richt's richt an' wrang's wrang, an' sendin' a poor bairn off t' his bed i' the yin room an' leavin' her auld feyther all alone by the fire in anither, an'—ye ken—Philosophy—— (*He ceases to speak* *and wipes his glasses again.* JOHN, *intensely troubled, tiptoes up to the door and opens it a foot. The wails of* ALEXANDER *can be heard muffled by a farther door.* JOHN *calls off.)*

JOHN—Lizzie! (LIZZIE *immediately comes into sight outside the door with a "Shsh."*)

JOHN—Yer feyther's greetin'.

LIZZIE (*with a touch of exasperation*)—Och, I'm no heedin'! There's another wean in there greetin' too, an' I'm no heedin' him neither, an' he's greetin' twicet as loud as the auld yin.

JOHN (*shocked*)—Ye're heartless, wumman.

LIZZIE (*with patience*)—No, I'm no' heartless, John; but there's too much heart in this family, an' someone's got to use their heid. (DAVID *cranes round the side of his chair to catch what they are saying. She stops and comes to him kindly but with womanly firmness.*)

LIZZIE—I'm vexed ye should be disappointed, feyther, but ye see, don't ye—— (*A singularly piercing wail from* ALEXANDER *goes up.* LIZZIE *rushes to silence him.*)

LIZZIE—Mercy! The neighbours will think we're murderin' him. (*The door closes behind her.*)

DAVID (*nodding for a space as he revolves the woman's attitude*)—Ye hear that, John?

JOHN (*with quiet irony*)—She's vexed I should be disappointed. The wumman thinks she's richt! Women always think they're richt—mebbe it's that that makes them that obstinate. (*With the ghost of a twinkle*) She's feart o' the neighbours, though.

JOHN (*stolidly*)—A' women are feart o' the neighbours.

DAVID (*reverting*)—Puir wee man. I telt ye he was greetin', John. He's disappointed fine. (*Pondering*) D'ye ken whit I'm thinkin', John?

JOHN—Whit?

DAVID—I'm thinkin' he's too young to get his ain way, an' I'm too auld, an' it's a fine thocht!

JOHN—Aye?

DAVID—Aye. I never thocht of it before, but that's what it is. He's no' come to it yet, an' I'm past it. (*Suddenly*) What's the most important thing in life, John? (JOHN *opens his mouth—and shuts it again unused.*)

DAVID—Ye ken perfectly well. What is it ye're wantin' a' the time?

JOHN—Different things.

DAVID (*satisfied*)—Aye—different things! But ye want them a', do ye no'?

JOHN—Aye.

DAVID—If ye had yer ain way ye'd hae them a', eh?

JOHN—I wud that.

DAVID (*triumphant*)—Then is that no' what ye want: yer ain way?

JOHN (*enlightened*)—Losh!

DAVID (*warming to it*)—That's what life is, John—gettin' yer ain way. First ye're born, an' ye canna dae anything but cry; but God's given yer mither ears an' ye get yer way by just cryin' for it. (*Hastily, anticipating criticism*) I ken that's no' exactly in keeping with what I've been saying aboot Alexander—but a new-born bairnie's an awfu' delicate thing, an' the Lord gets it past its infancy by a dispensation of Providence very unsettling to oor poor human understandings. Ye'll notice the weans cease gettin' their wey by juist greetin' for it as shin as they're old enough to seek it otherwise.

JOHN—The habit hangs on to them whiles.

DAVID—It does that. (*With a twinkle*) An' mebbe, if God's gi'en yer neighbours ears an' ye live close, ye'll get yer wey by a dispensation o' Providence a while longer. But there's things ye'll hae to do for yerself gin ye want to—an' ye will. Ye'll want to hold oot yer hand, an' ye will hold oot yer hand; an' ye'll want to stand up and walk, and ye *will* stand up and walk; an' ye'll want to dae as ye please, and ye *will* dae as ye please; and then ye are practised an' lernt in the art of gettin' yer ain way—and ye're a man!

JOHN—Man, feyther—ye're wonderful!

DAVID (*complacently*)—I'm a philosopher, John. But it goes on, mebbe.

JOHN—Aye?

DAVID—Aye: mebbe ye think ye'd like to make ither folk mind ye an' yer way, an' ye try, an' if it comes off ye're a big man an' mebbe the master o' a vessel wi' three men an' a boy under ye, as I was, John. (*Dropping into the minor*) An' then ye come doon the hill.

JOHN (*apprehensively*)—Doon the hill?

DAVID—Aye—doon to mebbe wantin' to tell a wean a bit story before he gangs tae his bed, an' ye canna dae even that. An' then a while more an' ye want to get to yer feet an' walk, and ye canna; an' a while more an' ye want to lift up yer hand, an' ye canna—an' in a while more ye're just forgotten an' done wi'.

JOHN—Aw, feyther!

DAVID—Dinna look sae troubled, John. I'm no' afraid to dee when my time comes. It's these hints that I'm done wi' before I'm dead that I dinna like.

JOHN—What hints?

DAVID—Well—Lizzie an' her richt's richt and wrang's wrang when I think o' tellin' wee Alexander a bit story before he gangs tae his bed.

JOHN (*gently*)—Ye are a wee thing persistent, feyther.

DAVID—No, I'm no' persistent, John. I've gied in. I'm a philosopher, John, an' a philosopher kens when he's done wi'.

JOHN—Aw, feyther!

DAVID (*getting lower and lower*)—It's gey interesting, philosophy, John, an' the only philosophy worth thinkin' about is the philosophy of growing old—because that's what we're a' doing, a' living things. There's nae philosophy in a stane, John; he's juist a stane, an' in a hundred years he'll be juist a stane still—unless he's broken up, an' then he'll be juist not a stane, but he'll no' ken what's happened to him, because he didna break up gradual and first lose his boat an' then his hoose, an' then hae his wee grandson taken away when he was for tellin' him a bit story before he gangs tae his bed.—It's yon losing yer grip bit by bit and kennin' that yer losin' it that makes a philosopher, John.

JOHN—If I kennt what ye meant by philosophy, feyther, I'd be better able to follow ye. (LIZZIE *enters quietly and closes the door after her.*)

John—Is he asleep?

Lizzie—No, he's no' asleep, but I've shut both doors, and the neighbours canna hear him.

John—Aw, Lizzie——

Lizzie (*sharply*)—John——

David—Whit was I tellin' ye, John, about weans gettin' their ain way if the neighbours had ears an' they lived close? Was I no' richt?

Lizzie (*answering for* John *with some acerbity*)—Aye, ye were richt, feyther, nae doot; but we dinna live that close here, an' the neighbours canna hear him at the back o' the hoose.

David—Mebbe that's why ye changed Alexander into the parlour an' gied me the bed in here when it began to get cold——

Lizzie (*hurt*)—Aw, no, feyther; I brought ye in here to be warmer——

David (*placably*)—I believe ye, wumman—(*with a faint twinkle*)—but it's turned oot luckily, has it no'?

(David *waits for a reply, but he gets none.* Lizzie *fetches needlework from the dresser drawer and sits above table.* David's *face and voice take on a more thoughtful tone.*)

David (*musing*)—Puir wee man! If he was in here you'd no' be letting him greet his heart oot where onybody could hear him. Wud ye?

Lizzie (*calmly*)—Mebbe I'd no'.

John—Ye ken fine ye'd no', wumman.

Lizzie—John, thread my needle an' dinna take feyther's part against me.

John (*surprised*)—I'm no'.

Lizzie—No, I ken ye're no meanin' to, but you men are that thrang—— (*She is interrupted by a loud squall from* David, *which he maintains, eyes shut, chair-arms gripped, and mouth open, for nearly half a minute, before he cuts it off abruptly and looks at the startled couple at the table.*)

Lizzie—Mercy, feyther, whit's wrang wi' ye?

David (*collectedly*)—There's naethin' wrang wi' me, Lizzie, except that I'm wantin' to tell wee Alexander a bit story——

Lizzie (*firmly but very kindly*)—But ye're no' goin' to—— (*She breaks off in alarm as her father opens his mouth preparatory to another yell, which however he postpones to speak to* John.)

David—Ye mind whit I was saying aboot the dispensation o' Providence to help weans till they could try for theirselves, John?

John—Aye.

David—Did it no' occur to ye then that there ought to be some sort of dispensation to look after the auld yins who were past it?

John—No.

David—Aweel—it didna occur to me at the time—(*and he lets off another prolonged wail.*)

Lizzie (*going to him*)—Shsh! Feyther! The neighbours will hear ye!!!

David (*desisting as before*)—I ken fine; *I'm* no' at the back of the hoose. (*Shorter wail.*)

Lizzie (*almost in tears*)—They'll be coming to ask.

David—Let them. They'll no' ask *me.* (*Squall.*)

Lizzie—Feyther—ye're no' behaving well; John——

John—Aye?

Lizzie (*helplessly*)—Naething—feyther, stop it! They'll think ye're clean daft.

David (*ceasing to howl and speaking with gravity*)—I ken it fine, Lizzie; an' it's no' easy for a man who has been respeckit an' lookit up to a' his life to be thought daft at eighty-three; but the most important thing in life is to get yer ain way. (*Resumes wailing.*)

Lizzie (*puzzled, to* John)—Whit's that?

John—It's his philosophy that he was talking aboot.

David (*firmly*)—An' I'm gaein' to tell wee Alexander yon bit story, tho' they think me daft for it.

Lizzie—But it's no' for his ain guid, feyther. I've telt ye so, but ye wudna listen.

David—I wudna listen, wumman! It was you wudna listen to me when I axed ye whit harm—(*Chuckles. Checking himself.*) No! I'm no gaein' to hae that ower again. I've gied up arguing wi' women. I'm juist gaein' tae greet loud an' sair till wee Alexander's brought in here to hae his bit story; an' if the neighbours—(*Loud squall.*)

Lizzie (*aside to* John)—He's fair daft!

John (*aghast*)—Ye'd no send him to——

Lizzie (*reproachfully*)—John! (*A louder squall from the old man.*)

Lizzie (*beating her hands together distractedly*)—He'll be— We'll— He'll— Och!!! (*Resigned and beaten*) John, go and bring wee Alexander in here.

(John *is off like a shot. The opening of the door of the other room can be told by the burst of* Alexander's *voice. The old man's wails have stopped the second his daughter capitulated.* John *returns with* Alexander *and bears him to his grandfather's waiting knee. The boy's tears and howls have ceased and he is smiling triumphantly. He is of course in his night-shirt and a blanket, which Grandpa wraps round him, turning toward the fire.*)

Lizzie (*looking on with many nods of the head and smacks of the lips*)—There you are! That's the kind o' boy he is. Greet his heart oot for a thing an' stop the moment he gets it.

David—Dae ye expect him to gae on after he's got it? Ah, but, Alexander, ye didna get it yer lane this time; it took the twa o' us. An' hard work it was for the Auld Yin! Man! (*Playing hoarse*) I doot I've enough voice left for a—(*Bursting out very loud and making the boy laugh.*) Aweel! Whit's it gaein' to be—eh?

[Curtain]

By Rockwell Kent, from "Voyaging"

The Origin of Life

By ALFRED NOYES

Alfred Noyes.

I

In the beginning?—Slowly grope we back
Along the narrowing track,
Back to the deserts of the world's pale prime,
The mire, the clay, the slime;
And then . . . what then? Surely to something less;
Back, back, to Nothingness!

II

You dare not halt upon that dwindling way!
There is no gulf to stay
Your footsteps to the last. Go back you must!
Far, far below the dust,
Descend, descend! Grade by dissolving grade,
We follow, unafraid!
Dissolve, dissolve this moving world of men
Into thin air—and then?

III

O pioneers, O warriors of the Light,
In that abysmal night,
Will you have courage, then, to rise and tell
Earth of this miracle?
Will you have courage, then, to bow the head,
And say, when all is said—
"Out of this Nothingness arose our thought!
This blank abysmal Nought
Woke, and brought forth that lighted City street,
Those towers, that armoured fleet?" . . .

IV

When you have seen those vacant primal skies
Beyond the centuries.
Watched the pale mists across their darkness flow,
As in a lantern-show,
Weaving, by merest "chance," out of thin air,
Pageants of praise and prayer;
Watched the great hills like clouds arise and set,
And one—named Olivet;
When you have seen, as a shadow passing away,
One child clasp hands and pray;
When you have seen emerge from that dark mire
One martyr, ringed with fire;
Or, from that Nothingness, by special grace,
One woman's love-lit face, . . .

V

Will you have courage, then, to front that law
(From which your sophists draw
Their only right to flout one human creed)
That nothing can proceed—
Not even thought, not even love—from less
Than its own nothingness?
The law is yours! But dare you waive your pride,
And kneel where you denied?
The law is yours! Dare you rekindle, then,
One faith for faithless men,
And say you found, on that dark road you trod,
In the beginning—GOD?

Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

A FORMULA FOR COMPLETE HAPPINESS

Gilbert White discovered the formula for complete happiness, but he died before making the announcement, leaving it for me to do so. It is to be very busy with the unimportant. The author of *The Natural History of Selborne* became so interested in the birds and bats, the frogs and fishes, even the vermin of his parish, for he was a clergyman by trade, that he entirely forgot everything that was going on in the world—he even forgot to get married. I love an absent-minded man: like Charles Lamb's friend, George Dyer, who once walked right into a river; or like the old German college professor that my friend and eminent scholar, Morris Jastrow, used to tell about, who became so absorbed in his Chinese studies that during the Franco-Prussian War he inquired of a correspondent in China whether he had heard any of the details of the siege of Paris! Gilbert White was the specialist par excellence, and it is important for a man to know what he wants to become, and then go to it. In the collecting game a man must decide whether he will become a specialist or whether he will, like myself, buy in any or all directions just as his fancy takes him. All that I ask of a book is that I can read it, and my aim, so far as I have one, is to secure as many of the great books as I can pay for. I want the "landmarks," the "milestones," the books which mark the development of, to me, the most glorious thing in the world—English literature. I have no more wish to complete my collection of any one author than I have to complete my life.

This Book-Collecting Game.
A. EDWARD NEWTON.

THE INTROVERT

"Tine, what's the matter with me?" Isabelle's voice was high and unsteady. She began to tear at the hem of the linen sheet. "You aren't like this. You aren't tortured the way I am. I don't feel as if I could stand it." Her voice broke. "What's the matter with me?" she sobbed.

Through her tears, her eyes clung to Tine's thin face, as though it possessed something which could save her. She could not believe that in the past she had felt superior to Tine. She had valued her motherhood, her opulence, her position far above Tine's humble, limited life. But now their rôles were reversed. She would have given all her possessions for the promise of Tine's peace.

Her cousin said slowly, "You've been living for yourself, Belle. That's the trouble."

The Feathered Nest.
MARGARET LEECH.

GENERAL PERSHING'S FAVOURITE JOKE

A famous American coloured regiment occupied a sector of the West Front in France during the World War. It had been a quiet sector for several months, but the Intelligence Service of the American Army discovered that the Germans were contemplating an attack in force at this point in an endeavour to break through the Allied line. The general in charge of this part of the line came, with his staff, to inspect personally the situation in the threatened area, and in talking with the colonel of the negro regiment, asked him what his men could do in case the Germans would make a heavy attack there.

The colonel mentioned several things he thought could be done, and the general and his staff, seemingly satisfied, moved away. As soon as they were out of hearing, a Negro sergeant, who had been standing close enough to overhear the conversation, stepped up to the colonel and, in a rather excited way, said:

"Cuhnul, dey is suah one t'ing yo' diddun mention to the Gennural when you-all wuz tellin' what we-all could do ef de Boches 'tack us in fo'ce!"

"Yes," said the Colonel, good-naturedly, "and what was that?"

"Well, Cuhnul, yo' diddun tell him dat we could jes' spread de news of dat 'tack all ovah France!"

Favourite Jokes of Famous People.
FRANK ERNEST NICHOLSON.

COSMIC ASSURANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The nursing-ground of intolerance is a complete dogmatic certainty about the ordering of the world. To the modern mind, accustomed to think of man as a clot of vivified dust, set on an inconsiderable planet which revolves with an infinity of others in the immensity of space; conscious, too, that human life has relations through countless æons with lower existences, and is kin alike to the brutes and to the stars, it is hard to understand the habit of thought which about everything can pronounce unhesitatingly that here is final truth. Such cosmic assurance requires a simple cosmogony, and this—save in the case of a few advanced thinkers—the seventeenth century possessed. To it the earth and all therein were made expressly by God for man, and man's journey heavenward or hellward was the essential purpose of creation.

Montrose. JOHN BUCHAN.

IS AMERICA "A BEAUTY PARLOUR"?

"It's understandable, young Harvey. Prejudice always backs the fellow who is *useful*. It wouldn't matter if it was tennis he played, or polo. La-de-da games. But we can't have one of our greatest figures in a national sport held up as the cad you and I know him to be. We don't want to believe he is a cad. Whereas his wife——"

"Doesn't apparently matter. Nice for her."

"No good letting it make you bitter, young Harvey. And don't let it spoil your judgment. As you know, I sympathize with Lily Christine—completely—but I'm bound to tell you I find the public attitude quite understandable."

"Yes, I suppose it is. But what I can't understand is this, sir—won't this shabby business hurt his popularity among the people who know how unfaithful he has always been to her?"

"Among the women, it might."

"But surely in his clubs!"

"Oh come, young Harvey! You don't want to Americanize us!"

"Well, I never knew before that America had a corner in decency as well as in gold!"

"I'm not talking about decency, but about that namby pamby idealization of women they go in for—and all it has done for them has been to breed a race of confoundedly unpunctual women. No, the fellow's clubs won't turn against him. Why should they? America may be a beauty parlour for women financed by overworked millionaires whose only recreation is telling endless anecdotes—but England still remains a man's country—in spite of votes for women and flappers and the Lord-knows-what. Summerest will be all right."

Lily Christine. MICHAEL ARLEN.

AN INOPPORTUNE DISPUTE

The grandfather's clock at the head of the stairs pointed to one-fifty-four, and the organ was pealing a magnificent heavy tune. Every person in the room knew the words, and beheld the same magnificent picture——

Ten thousand times ten thousand
  In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
  Stream up the steeps of light. . . .

At which sublime moment, with all heaven thundering in her ears, Alice Thornwell Winters, black of dress and white of face, was confronting Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge, demanding, "Once more and for the last time, do you admit that the Mayflower cradle is my property?"

Said Clara: "I think this a most unsuitable moment——"

Said Alice: "There could be no moment more suitable. It marks the break-up of our family, if you so decree. That Mayflower cradle has been the cradle of our destiny, and the symbol of our position. I was rocked in its arms, and the generations before me. I bore the first man-child——"

Said Clara: "Well, I have borne five boys and two girls, even though a little bit late."

Said Alice: "I have Father's pledge and I stand on that. Give me your answer!"

Said Clara: "It is a matter about which James must be consulted——"

Said Alice: "You have had opportunity to consult James, and you have done so. If you do not answer my question, I understand that your answer is no."

The clock had moved one minute, and Cornelia came, saying, "It is time to descend. I hope my children are not going to advertise our family shame to the world."

Boston. UPTON SINCLAIR.

CONFLICTING VIEWS

There are two ways in which our natural beliefs are corrected: one, the contact with fact, as when we mistake a poisonous fungus for a mushroom and suffer pain in consequence; the other, when our beliefs conflict, not directly with objective fact, but with the opposite beliefs of other men. One man thinks it lawful to eat pork, but not beef; another, beef but not pork. The usual result of this difference of opinion has been bloodshed; but gradually there is beginning to be a rationalist opinion that perhaps neither is really sinful.

Sceptical Essays. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS

a toi Alex Dumas

The Story So Far:

King Louis XVI. presents his Queen, Marie Antoinette, with a diamond necklace costing one and one-half million francs. He is, however, very well pleased when she refuses the gift, which is sent back to the royal jewelers, Boehmer and Bossange. The King is thus enabled to purchase a new ship of the line, which is named the *Suffren* in honour of Admiral de Suffren, who has just won a great naval victory.

The Admiral's nephew, Comte Olivier de Charny, comes to the court at Versailles, and immediately becomes a favourite of the Queen's. His chief rival is the Chevalier Philippe de Taverny Maison Rouge, whom he replaces in the Queen's affections. As a result, the two young men fight a duel, and de Charny is slightly wounded. This serves to add the Queen's sympathy to her favour for him.

There is a third person ambitious to be rival to both, Prince Louis, Cardinal de Rohan, who has been in disfavour with Marie Antoinette ever since he was Ambassador at the Court of Austria. Now he is anxious to win her support for his purpose of becoming Prime Minister, and he is also seriously in love with her. An adventuress whom he befriends, the Comtesse de La Motte Valois, gains the confidence of the Queen, and learns that she would still very much like to have the famous diamond necklace. At the suggestion of the Comtesse, the Cardinal buys the necklace for the Queen, who refuses to accept it as a gift, but consents to borrow money from him for the first payment. At the same time, she relents from her former rigorous treatment of him, and he is led to expect greater favours than she has any intention of granting.

Unfortunately, when the first payment becomes due, the King refuses to approve an appropriation of five hundred thousand francs for the Queen, since she has not told him what it is for. She therefore turns to the Cardinal again. Unfortunately, Prince Louis has just been asked by the Comte Cagliostro for immediate payment of an old debt which he cannot in honour refuse. He is therefore forced to deny the Queen's request, and she decides to return the necklace once again to the jewelers. For this purpose, she entrusts it to Jeanne, Comtesse de La Motte.

The impoverished Jeanne, however, succumbs to temptation, and determines to keep the necklace herself. She therefore has recourse to a certain Reteau de Villette, a forger, who makes for her a receipt which she gives to the Queen, and a request from the Queen to the jewelers for further credit. She thus gains a month, in which she hopes to compromise both the Cardinal and the Queen enough to buy their silence, and force one of them to pay for the lost necklace.

It is again the Comte Cagliostro who supplies her with the means, though she is unaware of his agency in the matter. He places her in contact with Mademoiselle Oliva, a woman of the town who bears an extraordinarily close resemblance to the Queen. With Oliva's assistance, Jeanne dupes the Cardinal into the amazing supposition that he is actually having an affair with Marie Antoinette. Again she goes to Reteau de Villette, who writes letters to the Cardinal purporting to come from the Queen, and thus she obtains very damaging replies from him. This is quite simple, since she is supposedly acting as the confidante and intermediary for both parties. At the same time, Jeanne arranges that the Cardinal will be seen with Oliva under such circumstances that gossip will accuse the Queen. The Comte Cagliostro intervenes again at the psychological moment, and makes arrangements for Mademoiselle Oliva to run away with her rascally lover, Beausire. Jeanne is thus able only partially to complete her plot, when the Cardinal presents himself before the real Marie Antoinette, and accuses her of becoming suddenly cold to him. He reminds her of the exchange of correspondence which, as he honestly believes, has taken place between them; he discloses his visits to the gardens at Versailles at night, and his unshaken belief that it is Marie Antoinette with whom he has had intimate relations. The astounded Queen demands that he retract his statements, but the Cardinal refuses, whereupon the Queen summons the King for the purpose of denouncing the Cardinal to him.

CHAPTER LXXVII

THE ARREST

The king had scarcely appeared at the door of the queen's cabinet when the queen addressed him vehemently. "Sire," she said, "here is Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan, who says incredible things; please ask him to repeat them to you."

At these unexpected words the cardinal turned pale. In fact, the position was so strange that he could not comprehend it. Could he repeat to his king—he, the respectful subject; could he declare to the husband—he, the pretended lover—all the rights he thought he had acquired over the queen and the wife?

But the king turned toward the cardinal, thus absorbed in his reflections, and said, "It is with regard to a certain necklace, Monsieur, that you have incredible things to say to me, and I incredible things to hear? Speak, then: I am listening."

Monsieur de Rohan immediately decided upon his course. Of the two difficulties he would choose the lesser; of the two attacks, he would undergo that which was least dishonourable to the king and queen; and if they should imprudently expose him to the second danger, well, he would meet it like a brave man.

"With regard to the necklace, yes, Sire," murmured his Eminence.

"Why, Monsieur," said the king, "you did then buy the necklace?"

"Sire——"

"Yes, or no?"

The cardinal looked at the queen and did not answer.

"Yes or no?" she repeated. "The truth, Monsieur, the truth; nothing else is asked of you."

Monsieur de Rohan turned away his head, and did not reply.

"Since Monsieur de Rohan will not answer, answer yourself, Madame," said the king; "you must know something of all this. Did you, yes or no, purchase that necklace?"

"No!" said the queen, emphatically.

Monsieur de Rohan shuddered.

"This is the word of a queen!" cried the king, solemnly; "take heed to it, Monsieur le Cardinal."

A smile of scorn rose to Monsieur de Rohan's lips.

"You say nothing?" said the king.

"Of what am I accused, Sire?"

"The jewelers say that they sold a necklace to either you or the queen. They show a receipt from her Majesty."

"The receipt is a forgery," said the queen.

"The jewelers," continued the king, "say that in case the queen fails to pay they are guaranteed by pledges made by you, Monsieur le Cardinal."

"I do not refuse to pay, Sire," said Monsieur de Rohan. "This must of course be the truth, since the queen allows it to be said," and he smiled more scornfully than before.

"Monsieur le Cardinal," replied the king, "there is nevertheless in this affair a forgery which has compromised the signature of the queen of France."

"There is another forgery," cried the queen, "of which it is not easy to accuse a nobleman—that by which it is pretended that the jewelers took back the necklace."

"The queen is at liberty," said Monsieur de Rohan in the same tone, "to attribute to me both forgeries; what matters it whether I committed one or two?"

"Be careful," said the king to the cardinal, "you render your position more serious, Monsieur. I tell you to justify yourself, and you have the appearance of accusing others."

The cardinal reflected a moment; then, as if succumbing under the weight of this mysterious calumny which would affect his honour, "Justify myself?" he said; "impossible!"

"Monsieur, the jewelers say that a necklace has been stolen from them; by offering to pay for it, you confess that you are guilty."

"Who will believe it?" said the cardinal, with superb disdain.

"Then, Monsieur, if you do not suppose that it will be believed, it shall be believed," and an angry look came over the usually placid face of the king.

"Sire, I know nothing of what is said," replied the cardinal. "I know nothing of what has been done; I can only affirm that I have not had the necklace; I can only say that the diamonds are in the possession of some one who ought to declare himself, but will not, and who obliges me to repeat to him that passage of Scripture, 'Let the punishment fall on the head of the guilty.' "

At these words the queen made a movement to take the arm of the king, who said to her, "The question is between you and him, Madame. For the last time I ask, have you this necklace?"

"No, by the honour of my mother, by the life of my son."

The king, full of joy at this declaration, turned toward the cardinal. "Then the affair is between you and justice, Monsieur," he said; "unless you should prefer to trust to my clemency."

"The clemency of kings is for the guilty, Sire," replied the cardinal; "I prefer the justice of men."

"You will acknowledge nothing, then?"

"I have nothing to say."

"But, Monsieur," cried the queen, "your silence compromises my honour!"

The cardinal was silent.

"Well, then, I will not be silent," continued the queen. "This reserve is terrible to me, and it pretends a generosity which I disclaim. You must know, Sire, that the crime of the cardinal does not wholly consist in the sale or robbery of the necklace."

Monsieur de Rohan raised his head, and turned pale.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the king, becoming uneasy.

"Madame!" murmured the cardinal, in alarm.

"Oh, no consideration, no fear, no weakness, shall prevent me from speaking; I have here in my heart motives which urge me to proclaim my innocence in the public place."

"Your innocence!" said the king. "Why, Madame, who would be bold enough, or cowardly enough, to force your Majesty to speak that word?"

"I entreat you, Madame," said the cardinal.

"Ah, you begin to tremble. I had guessed aright; your plots need the darkness! Give me the full light of day! Sire, ask Monsieur le Cardinal to tell you what he had just told me here, in this place."

"Madame! Madame!" said Monsieur de Rohan, "take care; you are passing all bounds!"

"What do you say?" said the king, haughtily. "Who speaks thus to the queen? It is not I, I suppose?"

"That is exactly the case, Sire," said Marie Antoinette. "Monsieur le Cardinal speaks thus to the queen because he pretends to have the right to do so."

"You, Monsieur!" said the king, becoming livid.

"He!" cried the queen, scornfully—"he!"

"Monsieur le Cardinal has proofs?" said the king. taking a step toward the prince.

"Monsieur has letters, so he says," said the queen.

"Let us see them, Monsieur!" insisted the king.

"Those letters!" cried the queen, angrily, "those letters! Oh, that is not all," pursued the queen, who was growing more and more animated under the influence of the cardinal's generous silence, "Monsieur le Cardinal has obtained rendezvous."

"Madame, for pity's sake!" said the king.

"For modesty's sake!" said the cardinal.

"In short, Monsieur!" said the queen, "if you are not the basest of mankind, if you hold anything sacred in this world—if you have proofs, produce them."

Monsieur de Rohan slowly raised his head and replied, "No, Madame, I have none."

"You will not add this crime to the others," continued the queen; "you will not cover me with disgrace. You have an accomplice, a witness in all this, name him, or name her."

"Who is it, then?" cried the king.

"Madame de La Motte, Sire," said the queen.

"Ah," said the king, triumphant at seeing his suspicions justified; "well, let me see this woman—let me question her."

"Ah, yes; but she has disappeared," said the queen. "Ask Monsieur what he has done with her."

"Others must have caused her disappearance," replied the cardinal, "who are more interested to keep her away than I can be. That is the reason why she can no longer be found."

"But, Monsieur, since you are innocent," said the queen, with rage, "help us to find the guilty ones."

But the Cardinal de Rohan, after having darted a last glance, turned his back and folded his arms.

"Monsieur," said the king, deeply offended, "you shall be taken to the Bastille."

The cardinal bowed, then, in a firm tone, said: "Thus attired in my pontifical robes; before the whole court? Consider, Sire, the scandal will be terrible, and will be most heavy for the head on which it shall fall."

"I wish it thus," said the king, very much agitated.

"It is an injustice to which you are prematurely subjecting a prelate, Sire; and torture before accusation is not legal."

"It must be so," replied the king, opening the door of the room to look for some one to whom to give his order.

Monsieur de Breteuil was there; his piercing eyes had divined in the excited appearance of the queen, in the agitation of the king, in the attitude of the cardinal, the ruin of an enemy. The king had hardly finished speaking to him in a low voice, when he cried out aloud, "Arrest Monsieur le Cardinal!"

Monsieur de Rohan trembled. The murmurs he heard throughout the gallery, the agitation of the courtiers, the sudden arrival of the body-guard, gave to this scene a character of ill-omen.

The cardinal passed before the queen without bowing, an insult which made the blood of the proud princess boil. He bowed very humbly in passing before the king, and assumed when approaching Monsieur de Breteuil an expression of pity so skilfully shaded that the baron must have thought himself insufficiently avenged.

A lieutenant of the guards approached timidly, and seemed to ask of the cardinal himself confirmation of the order he had just heard.

"Yes, Monsieur," said Monsieur de Rohan to him; "yes, it is I whom you are to arrest."

"You will conduct Monsieur to his apartment, while I decide during Mass what is to be done," said the king, in the midst of a death-like silence.

The king remained alone with the queen, the doors still open, while the cardinal slowly withdrew along the gallery, preceded by the lieutenant of the guards, hat in hand.

"Madame," said the king, "you know that this must lead to a public trial, that is to say, a scandal beneath which will fall the honour of the guilty ones."

"I thank you!" cried the queen, pressing tenderly the hands of the king, "you have taken the only method of justifying me."

"You thank me?"

"With all my soul. You have acted as a king! I, as a queen! Be assured of it."

"It is well," replied the king, full of joy, "we shall at last get at the root of all this villainy; and when the serpent shall have been once crushed beneath our feet, I hope we shall live in peace and happiness." He kissed the queen's brow and returned to his own apartments.

At the extremity of the gallery, Monsieur de Rohan had found Boehmer and Bossange half-fainting in each other's arms. Then, some paces farther on, the cardinal perceived his courier, who, frightened at this disaster, was watching for a look from his master.

"Monsieur," said the cardinal to the officer who conducted him, "can I send word home that I am arrested?"

"Oh, Monseigneur, if no one sees you."

The cardinal thanked him; then addressing his courier in German, he wrote a few words upon a page of his prayer-book which he tore off and let fall at the feet of his courier.

"I follow you," he said to the officer, and they disappeared together.

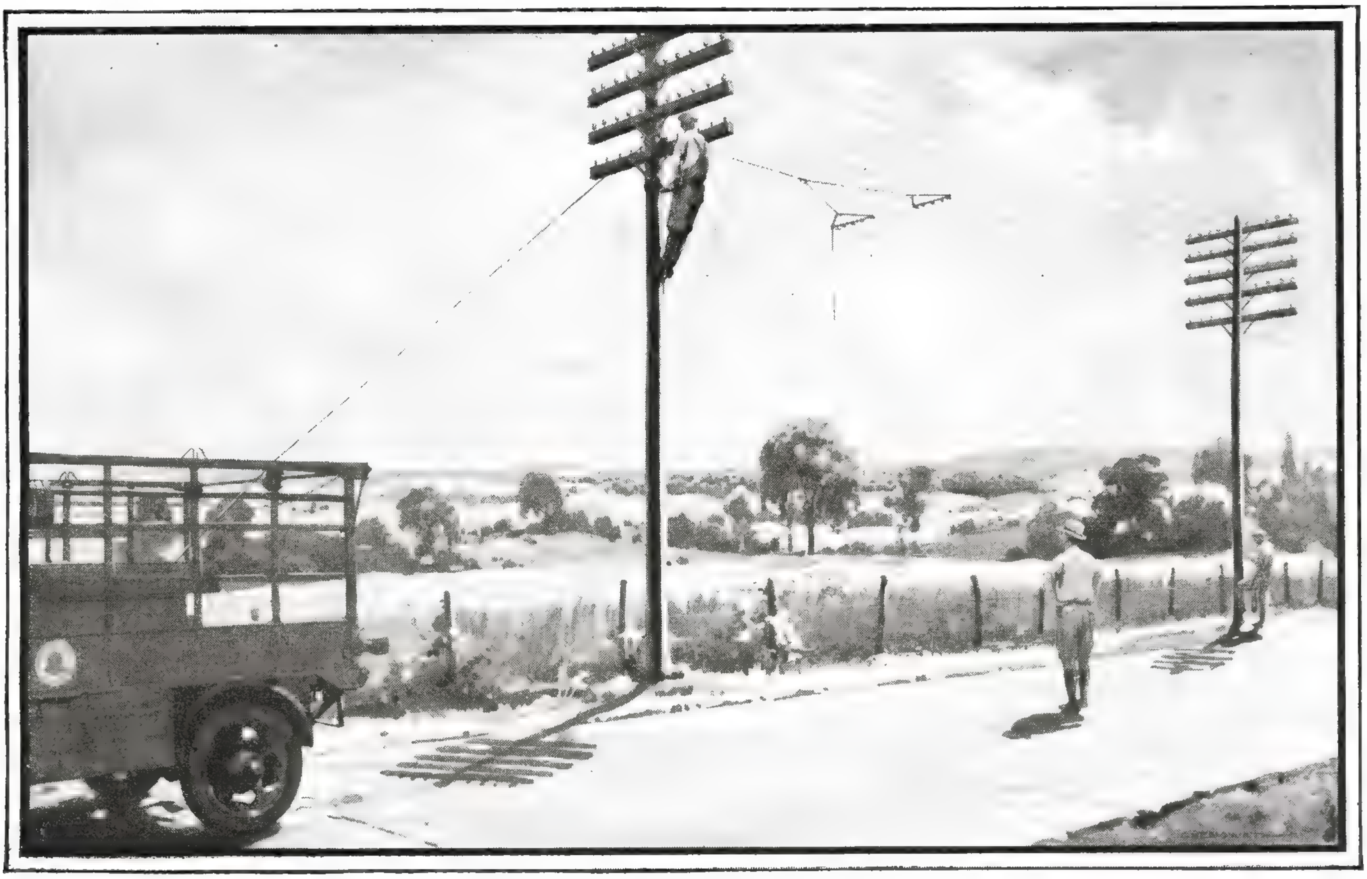
The courier pounced upon this paper like a vulture on his prey, rushed out of the palace, mounted his horse, and fled to Paris. The cardinal could see him galloping along the road, through one of the windows of the staircase as he was descending with his guide.

"She ruins me," he murmured; "I save her! It is for you, my king, that I do this; it is for you, my God, who commands the forgiveness of injuries, it is for you that I forgive others. Forgive me!"

CHAPTER LXXVIII

DOCUMENTS IN EVIDENCE

The king had scarcely got back to his room, and signed the order for the committal of Monsieur de Rohan to the Bastille, when Monsieur le Comte de Provence entered the cabinet, making signs to Monsieur de Breteuil which the latter could not comprehend. These signs, however, were not addressed to the keeper of seals, but were intended to attract the attention of the king, who every little while glanced into a looking-glass opposite which he was sitting while inditing his order. The count at last succeeded; the king perceived the signs, and dismissing Monsieur



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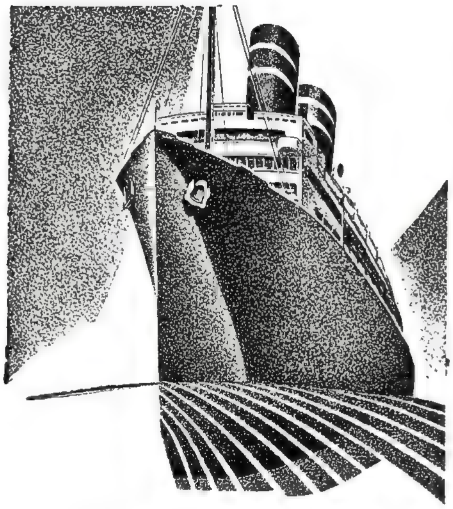

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de Breteuil, "Why did you make those signs to Breteuil?" he said to his brother.

"Oh, Sire!"

"That vivacity of gesture, that preoccupied air means something."

"Doubtless, but——"

"You are at liberty to keep silent, brother," said the king, with an air of vexation.

"Sire, I have just learned of the arrest of Monsieur le Cardinal de Rohan."

"Well, why should this news cause you such agitation? Is it because Monsieur de Rohan did not appear to you to be guilty? Have I done wrong to strike at even the powerful?"

"Wrong? by no means, brother. You have not been wrong; I did not mean to say that."

"It would have surprised me very much, Monsieur le Comte de Provence, if you had taken the part, against the queen, of a man who sought to dishonour her. I have just seen the queen, brother; a word from her sufficed——"

"Oh, Sire, God forbid that I should accuse the queen! Her Majesty—my sister—has no more devoted friend than I. How many times has it happened that I have defended her; on the contrary, and it may be said without reproach, even against yourself?"

"Indeed, brother, has she been accused so often?"

"I am unfortunate, Sire; you attack me at every word. I would say that the queen herself would not believe me, if I appeared to doubt her innocence."

"Then you rejoice with me in the humiliation of the cardinal, in the prospect of the trial which will ensue, in the scandal which will terminate the calumnies which no one would utter against a simple woman of the court?"

"Yes, Sire, I approve entirely the conduct of your Majesty; and I say that all is as it should be with regard to the affair of the necklace."

"Pardieu! brother," said the king, "nothing could be more transparent. Has not Monsieur de Rohan been boasting of the familiar friendship of the queen, concluding in his own name a bargain for the diamonds she had refused, and allowing it to be said that these diamonds had been taken by the queen, or by some one for the queen? It is monstrous! It is as she said: 'What would people have believed if I had Monsieur de Rohan for an associate in this mysterious traffic?' "

"Sire!"

"And then, you do not know, brother, that calumny never stops half-way; that the inconsiderateness of Monsieur de Rohan compromises the queen, but that the rehearsal of this inconsiderateness dishonours her."

"Oh, yes, brother; yes, I repeat it, you have been entirely right—so far as the affair of the necklace is concerned."

"Well, what do you mean?" said the king, in surprise. "Is there anything else?"

"But, Sire—the queen must have told you——"

"Told me—what?"

"Sire, you wish to embarrass me. It is impossible that the queen should not have told you——"

"Told me what, Monsieur? What is it?"

"Sire——"

"Ah, the pranks of Monsieur de Rohan, his concealments, his pretended correspondence?"

"No, Sire, no."

"What then can you mean?—the interviews the queen granted to Monsieur de Rohan on this business of the necklace——"

"No, Sire; it is not that."

"All that I know is this—that I have absolute confidence in the queen, which she merits by the nobility of her character. It would have been very easy for her Majesty not to have said a word of all this. By at once cutting short all this mystery, which was becoming a scandal, she has shown that she appealed to me before appealing to the public. She has selected me as her confessor, her judge; the queen has therefore told me all."

"Well, then," replied the Comte de Provence, "once more you are questioning my friendship and my respect for the queen, my sister. If you proceed against me with this susceptibility I shall be afraid to say anything lest I who am her advocate pass for an accuser or an enemy. And yet, see how illogical you are. The queen's confessions have already led to the discovery of a truth which justified my sister. Why should you not wish to see more, so that the queen's innocence may be more clearly revealed?"

"To the point, advocate, to the point! What do you know more than the queen has told me?"

"Nothing, Sire, and everything. Let me know first just what the queen has told you."

"The queen has told me that she has not the necklace."

"Good!"

"She says that she did not sign the receipt given to the jewelers."

"Very good!"

"She says that the report of an arrangement with Monsieur de Rohan is false—an invention of her enemies."

"Very good, Sire."

"She says that she has never given Monsieur de Rohan the right to think that he was more to her than one of her subjects—a person indifferent to her, unknown."

"Ah!—she has said that?"

"And in a (*Continued on page* 103)

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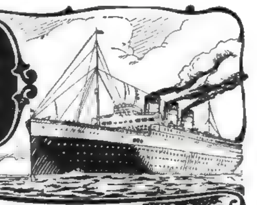

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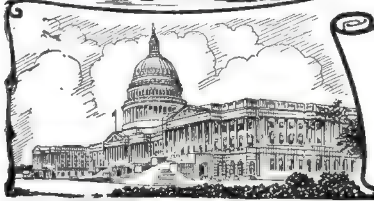

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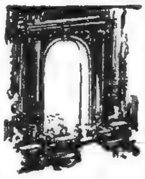

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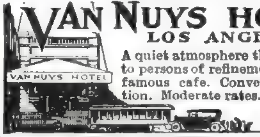

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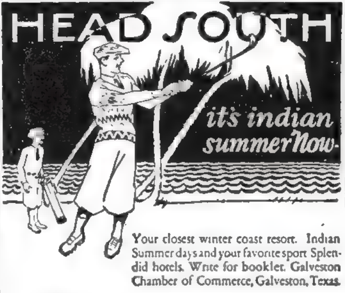

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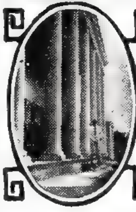

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The Queen's Necklace

(*Continued from page* 98)

tone that admitted no answer; the cardinal did not venture to reply."

"Then, Sire, if the cardinal did not reply, he confessed himself a liar; and by this disavowal he aids the currency of other rumours of preferences accorded to certain persons by the queen."

"Eh, great God! is there more to come?" cried the king, in a tone of deep discouragement.

"Nothing but what is very absurd, as you will see. Since it is established that Monsieur de Rohan did not walk with the queen——"

"What!" cried the king, "is it pretended that Monsieur de Rohan has taken walks with the queen?"

"Which has been denied by the queen herself, Sire, and by the disavowal of Monsieur de Rohan. But, in short, when that is settled inquiry arises—malignity is so persistent—how it came about that the queen should walk in the night in the park of Versailles."

"In the night!—in the park!—the queen!"

"And with whom she walked," continued the count, quietly.

"With whom?" murmured the king.

"Certainly. All eyes are fixed upon the queen, especially observant of what she does at night."

"But, brother, what you say is infamous! Be careful!"

"Sire, I repeat it—and with so much indignation that I am sure your Majesty will feel impelled to discover the truth."

"What, Monsieur! It is said that the queen walks with company, in the night, in the park of Versailles?"

"Not with company, Sire—in private. Oh, if rumour had said 'with company,' it would have been of no consequence."

The king broke forth angrily, "You will prove to me, Monsieur, what you have said."

"Oh, easily, very easily. There are four certificates. The first is by my captain of the hunt, who saw the queen, two nights in succession, leaving the park by the gate near the huntsman's lodge. Here it is; read it."

The king took the paper with trembling hands, read it, and returned it to his brother.

"Here is one, Sire, that is more interesting. It is that of the night-guard at Trianon. He declares that in the parks all was quiet, except on the night when her Majesty, the queen, was taking a walk, leaning on a gentleman's arm. See, the report is explicit."

The king read, shuddered, and dropped his arms by his sides.

"The third," continued the count,

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quietly, "is that of the guard at the eastern gate. This man saw and recognized the queen as she was leaving the park. Look, Sire: he says that from the distance he was unable to recognize *the gentleman from whom her Majesty was parting,* but from his general appearance thought him to be an officer. He adds, curiously enough, that the presence of her Majesty could not be doubted, because she was accompanied by the queen's friend, Madame de La Motte."

"The queen's friend!" cried the king, furiously. "Yes, it is so written—'the queen's friend.' "

"The last," continued the count, "seems to be more definite than all the others. It is that of the master of the locks, charged with seeing that all the gates are locked at night. He certifies that he saw the queen going into Apollo's Baths with a gentleman."

The king snatched the paper from the hands of the count, and read it.

Meanwhile the Comte de Provence continued, "It is true that Madame de La Motte remained outside, at a distance of twenty paces, and that the queen remained only about an hour in that pavilion."

"But the name of the gentleman?" cried the king.

"Sire, he is not named in this report; but if your Majesty will glance at one other certificate— It is that of a gamekeeper who was watching for game near Apollo's Baths."

"Dated on the following day," said the king.

"Yes, Sire. He saw the queen go out of the park by the little gate, and look around her. She was leaning on the arm of Monsieur de Charny."

"Monsieur de Charny!" cried the king, beside himself with rage and shame. "Well, well— Wait for me here, Count; I am going at last to get at the truth of this matter," and he rushed out of his cabinet.

CHAPTER LXXIX

A LAST ACCUSATION

When the king left the queen's room she ran to the boudoir, where Monsieur de Charny had heard everything. She pushed open the door, and then having closed that into the corridor, she fell exhausted into an armchair, and silently awaited the judgment of Monsieur de Charny. The count came out from the boudoir, pale and melancholy.

"Well?" said the queen.

"Madame," he replied, "you see that everything is opposed to our friendship. If my own conviction should not wound you, still there is public opinion. After the scandal that has now burst forth, there can be no peace for you, no rest for me."

"Then," said the queen, with much emotion, "all that I have just done—this commotion, this perilous attack on one of the highest noblemen in the kingdom, my open hostility to the Church, my good name exposed to parliamentary discussion—all this does not satisfy you? I say nothing of the confidence of the king, destroyed forever. What is the king?—only a husband"; and she smiled, with such bitter sadness that tears gushed from her eyes.

"Oh," cried Charny, "you are the most noble, the most generous of women! If I do not reply at once as my heart urges me, it is because I feel my inferiority, and dare not profane that sublime heart by asking for a place in it."

"Monsieur de Charny, you think me guilty?"

"Madame!"

"Monsieur de Charny, you have believed the words of the cardinal?"

"Madame!"

"Monsieur de Charny, I demand that you tell me what impression the attitude of Monsieur de Rohan has left on your mind."

"I must say, Madame, that Monsieur de Rohan has not acted like the madman you said he was, nor like a weak man, as some might have thought

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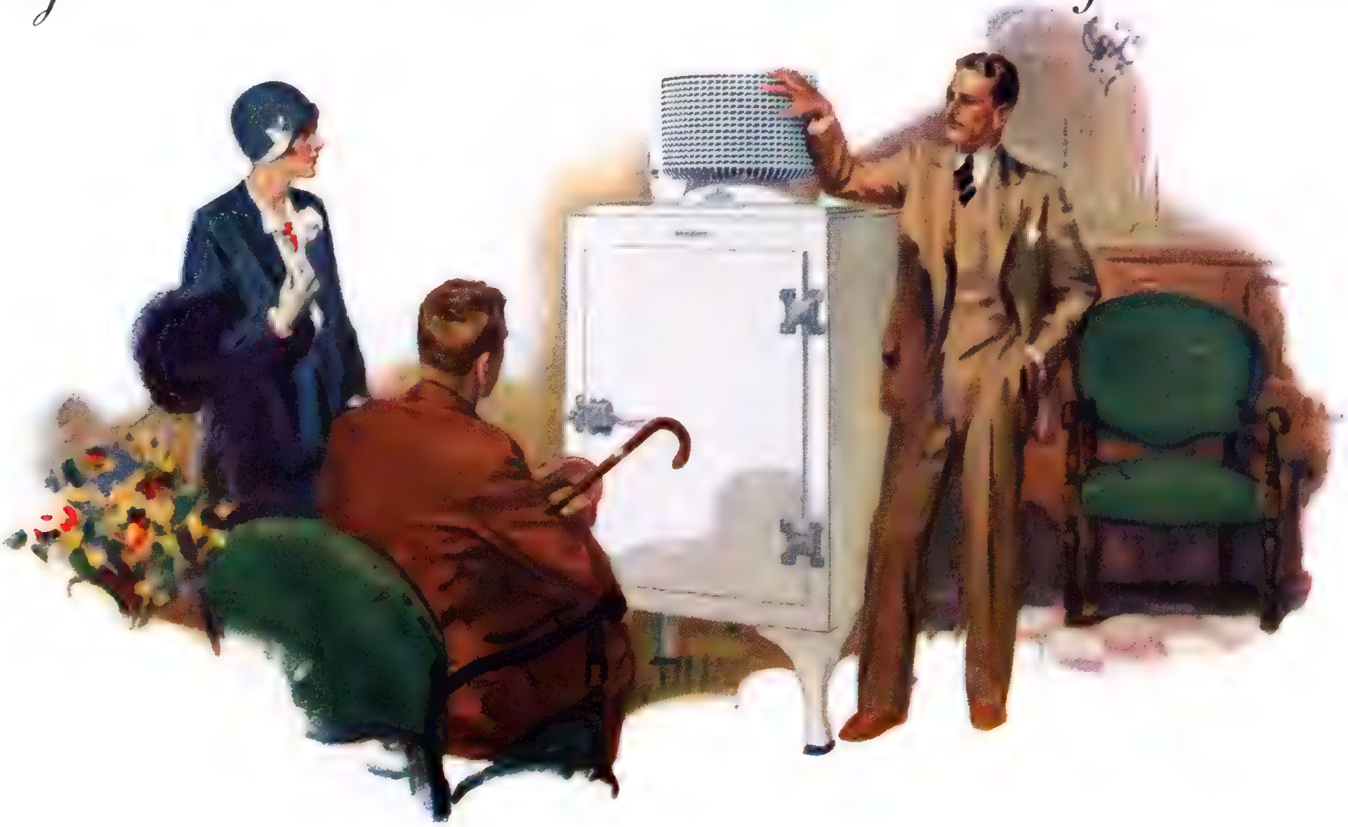

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"My secrets! my intimacy! Ah, Monsieur, I beg of you——"

"Madame, the cardinal affirmed very clearly—and proved it—that you had arranged with him the purchase of the necklace."

"Ah, you come back to that, Monsieur de Charny!" said the queen, blushing.

"Pardon, pardon! You see that my heart is less generous than yours—that I am unworthy to share your thoughts. I seek to assuage, and I only irritate."

"Monsieur," said the queen, assuming a haughty and angry manner, "what the king believes, all the world may believe. I shall not be more accommodating to my friends than to my husband. It seems to me that a man can no longer wish to see a woman when he has lost his respect for her. I am not speaking of you, Monsieur," she said, checking herself suddenly. "I am not a woman, I am a queen; you are not a man, but, for me, a subject."

Charny bowed so low that the queen had reason to think the humility of this *subject* quite sufficient.

"I advised you," she said suddenly, "to remain on your estates. That would have been more prudent. Remote from the life of the court, which is made so uncongenial to you by your habits, your rectitude, and—allow me to say—your inexperience, you might have judged more correctly those who play their part upon that stage. In order to preserve the optical illusion, Monsieur de Charny, we ought to keep on our rouge and our high heels in presence of the multitude. Too ready to condescend, I have neglected, as a queen, to maintain toward those who loved me the dazzling pomp of royalty. Ah, Monsieur de Charny, the crown on the head of a queen enables her to dispense with chastity, gentleness, intelligence, and especially affection. She is a queen, Monsieur; she rules—to what purpose should she be beloved?"

"I cannot tell you, Madame," replied Charny, with agitation, "how much I am distressed by your Majesty's severity. I had forgotten that you

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were my queen; but—render me that justice—I have never forgotten that, above all other women, you are entitled to my respect and my——"

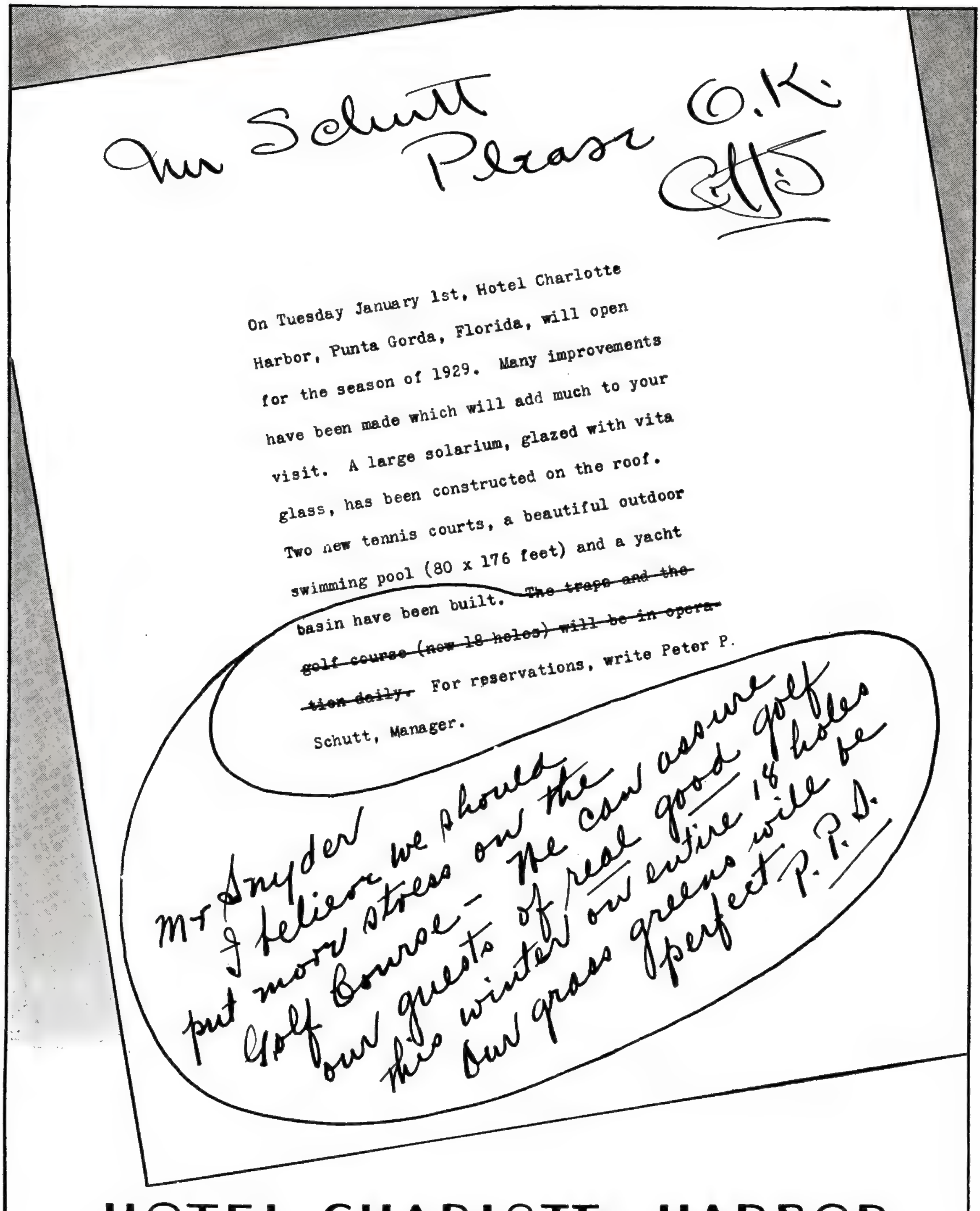
"Do not finish; I am not soliciting. Yes; as I said, absence is necessary to you. Something tells me that your name will at length be involved in this matter."

"Madame, it is impossible!"

"You say, 'impossible.' Think then of the power of those who, for the last six months, have been playing with my reputation, with my life. Have not you said that the cardinal is acting from sincere *conviction,* in consequence of an *error* into which he has fallen? Those who cause such *convictions,* Monsieur le Comte—those who create such *errors* will be able to prove that you are disloyal to the king and a disgraceful friend to me. Those who can invent so readily what is false, will they not discover what is true? Lose no time then; the danger is serious. Withdraw to your estates; avoid the impending scandal. I do not wish that my fate should drag you down, and that your career should be destroyed. I who, thank God! am endowed with the strength of innocence; I who have no stain upon my life; I who am resolved to open my breast to my enemies that they may see the purity of my heart, I shall resist. For you there will be ruin, disgrace, perhaps the prison. Take back your money, so nobly offered, and receive the assurance that not one of the generous impulses of your soul has escaped my knowledge, that your doubts have not wounded me, and that I have sympathized with your sufferings. Depart, I say, and seek elsewhere what the queen of France cannot give you—faith, hope, happiness. Before the matter can come to trial before parliament, fifteen days must elapse. Go, then! Your uncle has two vessels ready, at Cherbourg and at Nantes; make your choice. But at all events, go away from me. I am the bearer of misfortune; avoid me. I valued but one thing in the world; that fails me, and I am lost."

On saying these words the queen rose abruptly, and seemed to indicate the termination of the interview. Charny approached her respectfully, but eagerly. "Your Majesty," he said in an agitated voice, "has shown to me my duty. It is not on my estates, it is not outside of France, that the danger lies, but at Versailles, where you are suspected; at Paris, where you are to be judged. You cannot have a more loyal witness, a more resolute supporter, than I; I shall remain. Those who know so many things will say them; but at least we shall have the happiness—dear to courageous hearts—of meeting our enemies face to face. Let them tremble before the majesty of an innocent queen, and the courage of a man superior to them all. Yes; I shall remain, Madame, and be assured your Majesty need no longer hide your thoughts from me. Everyone knows that I do not run away from danger. You know that I have no fear; you know too that in order to avoid me it is not necessary to send me into exile. Oh, Madame, hearts that are separated can understand each other; at a distance aspirations are even more ardent than in proximity. Fear nothing! I shall be near enough to help you, to defend you, but not near enough to disturb or injure you. You did not see me, did you, during the time that I lived near you, watching your movements, counting your steps, living your life? Well, it will be so again; for I cannot obey your wish—I cannot go away. Besides, what difference would it make? Would you, in any case, have thoughts of me?"

The queen made a movement which separated her from the young man. "It shall be as you please," said she; "but—you have understood me—I am not a coquette, Monsieur de Charny. It is the privilege of a queen to think what she says, and to say what she thinks. I avail myself of that privilege. One day, Monsieur, I distinguished you among those who surrounded me. I do not know what drew my heart toward you. I thirsted for a friendship



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strong and pure; and I allowed you to perceive this, did I not? It is so no longer; I no longer think as I thought then. Your soul is no longer kindred to my own. I avow it to you frankly. Let us spare each other."

"It is well, Madame; I never thought that you had chosen me; I never thought— Ah, Madame, I cannot bear the idea of losing you. Madame, I am mad with jealousy and fear. Madame, I will not suffer you to tear your heart from me; it is mine, you have given it to me, and no one shall take it from me but with my life. Be a woman, be kind to me; do not abuse my weakness, for just now you blamed me for my doubts, and now you crush me with your own."

"Heart of a child—heart of a woman," said the queen, "you wish me to depend on you! Fine protectors we should be for each other! Weak, oh, yes; indeed you are weak, and I, alas! am not stronger than you."

"I should not love you," murmured Charny, "were you other than you are!"

"What!" exclaimed the queen, in tones of passionate eagerness, "this queen accursed; this queen who is ruined; this woman on whom parliament is to sit in judgment, whom public opinion will condemn, whom her husband, her king, will perhaps drive from him—this woman still finds a heart that loves her?"

"A servant who worships her, and who offers her all the blood of his heart in exchange for the tear she has just now shed."

"That woman," cried the queen, "is blessed, is proud, is the first among women, the happiest of all! That woman is too happy, Monsieur de Charny; I know not how that woman could have complained—forgive her!"

Charny fell at the feet of Marie Antoinette, and kissed them in a transport of religious love.

At the moment the door was thrown open, and the king appeared, trembling, thunderstruck, on the threshold. He had surprised the man accused by Monsieur de Provence at the feet of Marie Antoinette.

CHAPTER LXXX

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE

THE QUEEN and Charny exchanged glances so full of terror that their most cruel enemy would have pitied them both. Charny rose and saluted the king with profound respect.

"Ah," said the king, in a hollow voice, "Monsieur de Charny!" The count replied only by another salutation. The queen felt that she was lost.

The king continued, "Monsieur de Charny, it is not honourable to a gentleman to be caught in the act of robbery."

"Robbery!" murmured Charny.

"Robbery!" repeated the queen, who seemed to hear again hissing in her ear those horrible accusations respecting the necklace, and imagined that the count was also about to be soiled by them.

"Yes," pursued the king; "kneeling before another's wife is robbery; and when that wife is a queen, Monsieur, we call it high treason."

The count was about to speak; he was about to protest his innocence, when the queen, eager in her generosity, not willing that the man she loved should be accused of an unworthy act, came to his aid. "Sire," she said eagerly, "it seems to me you are assuming a habit of evil suspicions and unfavourable suppositions which I warn you are unfounded. I see that respect enchains the count's tongue; but I who know his goodness will not allow him to be accused without defending him." She paused, exhausted by her emotion, terrified at the falsehood which she would be obliged to invent, and in despair because she could think of none.

But this hesitation, which appeared so odious to the proud spirit of the queen, was really the salvation of the woman. In these horrible encounters, where the honour, even the life, of the woman

(*Continued on page 125*)

Travel News

A Digest of Travel Announcements

RAILROADS - STEAMSHIPS - RESORTS - TOURS

WINTER WANDERER'S TRAILS

Our climates are as different as chalk and cheese. From sizzling heat in July and August, the Weather Man goes into reverse and blows a breath that chills and freezes . . . zero nights in New York—polar blasts in Chicago—ice-caked mornings elsewhere in the North . . . make one wonder where the American actually does go in winter.

Like the Englishman and the Continental, the American traveler has his own Riviera and Egypt—and if not at his elbow—at least in his own country. A night or two out from the cities of the North and he enters a lovely natural garden rivaling the best that the Mediterranean can produce. Blue skies . . . blue seas, and the embracing warmth of summer sunshine. Great palms, not pines, sway languidly in the mild breeze which blows from the Gulf. There is a dreamy restful atmosphere which Stevenson would have loved—with a pleasing dash of Riviera sophistication.

FOR LUSTY ADVENTURERS

Stare into the crystal which tells the world cruisers of the treats in store. It seems misty, then it clears . . . there are the china-like herons on Lake Biwa . . . the Battle of the Fireflies at Ujii . . . the sacred sakè . . . incense rising to the stars. Then, following the sun around the world . . . there is . . . Agra . . . the grief-stricken Jehan's monument to his lost beloved—a temple to make the heart of every lover glow. Charmers serenading the dreaded cobra . . . see how she spreads her hood in anger . . . Mighty Everest, the monarch of all mountains . . . the crystal darkens and brightens again . . . and we see . . .

ENGLAND, GATEWAY TO EUROPE

Away in the East where the sun rises —a little more than five days from New York—lies England, America's gateway to Europe. By virtue of her eventful history, because of common ties of history and language dating from the days when the two were one, England is being recommended as the best vacation land in Europe for Americans. Tourist England reminds us of the Sulgrave of Washington, the homes of Franklin and Penn—of Sir Walter Raleigh, Frobisher, Oglethorpe. And King Arthur and his Knights in council. Think of Devon, Somerset; Kent—and London with her Westminster Abbey, the hallowed of a glorious company, the flower of men. To follow the dawn in England is to feel as if one were stepping into a landscape of Turner or Gainsborough.

ORIENTAL ART

Here's something new. On *this* trip to the Orient we are going to see the Torii Gate . . . and Yokohama . . . and Pekin . . . and Korea, or rather Chosen . . . Manchuria, as well as the Philippines and Hawaii, are not forgotten. While the wonders of the oriental world will receive their due respects, the real object behind the voyage is to specially study the fascinating art of the eastern races. The home of Hokusai, the master colourman . . . the porcelain works at Nagoya . . . the Sanjusangen-do, temple of 33,333 images. In China, the mighty Ming tombs . . . the home of the T'ang vases . . . the temple of horrors . . . the city of the Dead, and more.

SOUTH TO NEW ORLEANS

The Gulf of Mexico resembles more than anything a huge horn on the map. At the highest part of this, the Father of Waters opens his maw and empties the contributions of half the United States. One hundred and three miles up the river from the Eads Jetties stands the Rouen of the Western World—New Orleans. New Orleans means Mardi Gras—a French dash and flavour—noisy markets—bustling streets, busy thoroughfares and stately homes. New Orleans is lots of fun and there's a big crowd going this winter.

YELLOWSTONE'S YOUNGSTER

Old Faithful has a new companion named the New Giant Geyser. The Fairy Creek Section of the Yellowstone National Park is his birthplace. From his crater, 100 feet in diameter, he spouts boiling water 75 to 100 feet in the air twice a day. This fountain has already caused much comment as the eruptions are from 3½ to 4 hours in duration.

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES

RAFFLES HOTEL—SINGAPORE. Famous now to the politically minded as the Gibraltar of the Orient, Singapore is significant to the tourist in another respect. The Raffles Hotel is located at the fork of the roads on the great highway of travel—the roads which lead to Mandalay, Siam, Ceylon, New Guinea, the Philippines and Australia. Known as a landmark to world travelers, it is the hotel which made Curry Griffin famous—and is the home of the Millionaire Cocktail.

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INVESTMENT TRENDS
S.H.W.

Stocks *versus* Bonds

By KENNETH S. VAN STRUM

NOT LONG AGO the purchasing of stock was considered a speculative proceeding—gambling rather than investing. The conservative investor bought bonds. Only recently have investors discovered the true merits of common stock. That these "equities," "partnerships," "ownerships," or whatever one wishes to call common stocks, are a "cure-all" for every financial evil was preached to the public.

This swing of the pendulum has caused the speculative fever for common stock to rage with such intensity that many believe the day of the bond is over. The investing public is convinced that one can "grow with the country" by investing in the common stock of its leading industries.

Wall Street the National Main Street

In many respects this new tendency is having a salutary effect upon all business. In the first place, it has killed the myth of the tyranny of capitalism. The common stockholder is a part owner, sharing the profits and losses of his companies with the other stock investors.

No longer are companies condemned merely because of size. It is being realized that size makes for economies which will be passed on to the people, and will raise the general standard of living. And once the investor is made to feel part owner of a corporation, he insists not only that its customers be treated fairly but that the corporation itself have a fair chance.

The present tendency is not to condemn capitalism, but to make everyone a capitalist. Wall Street has truly become the national Main Street.

Situation Should be Re-appraised

The benefits of common stock need no longer be demonstrated. On the contrary, lest a reaction set in which may seriously undermine the confidence of those who have selected unwisely, let us appraise the situation a little more soberly. After all, have the circumstances changed so radically that we cannot still champion common stocks without being forced to eliminate bonds entirely?

The history of securities has an instructive story to reveal, one which will lend another angle from which to view the facts.

Bonds First Form of Lending

Money-lending originated in the earliest complex civilization, that of the ancient Egyptians. There was at that time no question of interest or return for money lent. It was an act of friendship. If, however, the original sum was not returned when promised, the punishment was most severe.

The practice of money-lending spread to Babylon, where the system of charging interest originated. Interest-charging was frowned upon by the government and was prohibited by law. The need for larger sums of money grew with the progress of civilization, however, and more money was borrowed in spite of everything. Soon the idea of issuing bonds took root.

The Venetians were the first to create a national debt when they issued bonds carrying an interest rate. Holland adopted the idea immediately. Borrowing against the public credit enabled her to indulge in a great colonial expansion program.

Other nations were quick to see the advantages of borrowing. In Antwerp the first security market was originated. There, loanable capital was collected from all parts of Europe, and princes who had hitherto gone to private financiers for their loans now turned to the Antwerp market. In its early years, the loans were made for the most part to public debtors. The lenders required interest payments, and wanted good security for their loans, but they did not profit by the progress of the venture they were assisting.

Bondholders were unwilling to take the risks of a business enterprise, and since few men had the money necessary to finance a business like shipping, several individuals had to contribute capital. By investing in several ship bottoms, or, in other words, by combining with others in equipping several ships, it would take a real catastrophe to shake him entirely loose from his fortune.

Until about 1700, most private enterprises were small enough to be owned and operated by a few men in partnership, so that it was unnecessary to issue stock. A few projects went beyond private means, however, and stock companies were formed by combining the investments of many.

Besides the shipping enterprises, most of the early companies, such as the "Virginia," "New Jersey," or "Pennsylvania," were for the most part concerned, as their names suggest, with the development of lands in America.

Mass Production Requires Large Sums

The years 1763 and 1764 marked the beginning of an era. The invention of the spinning jenny and steam engine led to the Industrial Revolution; hand labour in the home became machine labour in the factory. From that day on, the trend of progress has been toward mass production. And with it all has come the need for staggering sums of capital to finance the resulting industries.

There has always been a sharp distinction between stocks and bonds. The bondholders were not interested in the profits of their companies so long as they were providing a margin of safety for their bonds. Their only concern was to secure a safe return on their money. The common stockholder's profits depend entirely upon the company's management of the business. He is willing, even anxious to take an active part in its affairs, for he is in reality an owner, and when the profits increase or fall off his personal bank balance is affected.

The Case for Stocks

Recently we have come to realize that it is the common stockholders who have profited by the growth of the country. In some cases, where the investor has been willing to take the risk of financing an infant industry, immense profits have resulted. And in almost any case the holdings of the common stockholder have increased in value steadily as the industries of the country have grown.

One of the greatest advantages of common stocks is that if the cost of living goes up, their value increases, whereas bonds have a steady income rate. Since companies make more money when prices are rising, common stockholders receive larger dividends. Whether commodity prices rise or fall, bondholders continue to receive their 5% or 6% interest, or whatever the rate may happen to be.

This situation has created a very real investment problem. In order to protect their purchasing power, even those investors who cannot afford to take business risks feel free to buy common stocks. Investors should remember, however, that this condition of affairs is the direct result of shifting price-levels. If prices were stabilized, bonds would be as excellent investments as ever. Stabilization of the price-level is a monetary problem with which the banking authorities are deeply concerned at the present time. Even a relatively stable price-level soon restores to each form of security its particular merits which in these hectic days sometimes seem more theoretical than real.

The Case for Bonds

Common-stock buyers have aided the business world immeasurably, it is true, but even the most enthusiastic common-stock campaigner must admit that the country is continually spotted with business failures. Between 1,500 and 2,000 business concerns are forced into the bankruptcy courts each month. Besides these public cases, there are the many privately-owned concerns which die quietly and without record. But business failures are the price of progress. Every progressive step taken by the business interests means that the savings of thousands have been combined—for failure or success; and we cannot know which is to succeed and which to fail. The stockholders must assume the greater part of those risks.

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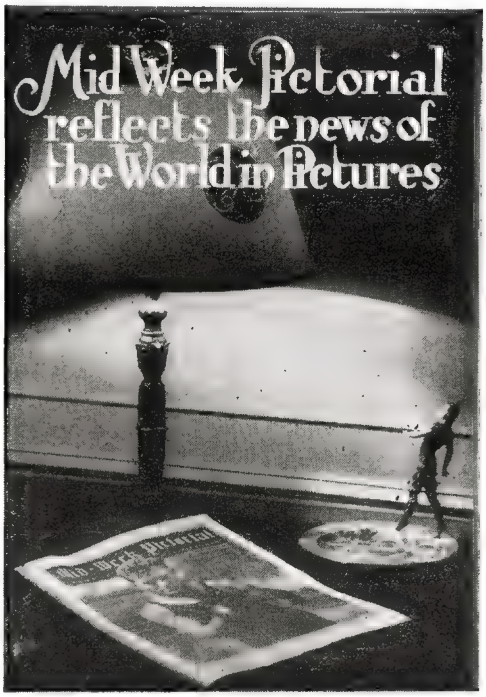
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Diversification policies, investment trusts, and other agencies have been devised to take away some of these risks, but they can never be completely eliminated. From a dollar standpoint, a diversified list of bond holdings would be the safest investment, but then the possibility of shifting price-levels arises. From a purchasing power standpoint, stocks are safer, but at their present levels the risks loom large. Studies have been made which prove that even a well-diversified list of stocks can rise as much as 100% in value in a bull market and fall to one-half their value in a bear market.

Conservatism Recommends Both Stocks and Bonds

The average investor today does not hesitate to put his money into stocks. The past few months of soaring stock prices is proof enough of their advantages to satisfy him. Stocks have reached levels none dared predict. Some will undoubtedly go higher. The country is still growing at a tremendous pace. But the investor must be devoid of sentiment about his country's progress to be successful. Many of the conservative investors and investment trusts are turning once more to bonds. While in a broad way bonds will rise and fall in value with stocks, they never move over such a wide range.

It is strange to recall that only three short years ago there was great difficulty in persuading investors to place part of their funds in stocks. Today the merits of bonds must be preached! It has long been true, however, that a middle course is safer, that the investor should buy both stocks and bonds.

Bonds Have Held Their Own

Many people today have the impression that the bond market has been demoralized in the craze for stocks. The figures, however, do not justify such a conclusion. In 1923, three-quarters of the new securities issued were bonds, one-quarter stocks. Since that year both the stock and bond markets have been rising rapidly, speculation has become intense, and the mania for stocks, which is played up by newspapers, has overshadowed the more moderate advances in bond prices. But, in spite of all, underwriting houses continued to turn out three new bonds for each share of new stock. And with all the enthusiasm for stock, there has been sufficient demand to cause bonds to rise to the highest levels since 1917.

The bond market has not been in the limelight, but it is evident that the feeling that bonds are rapidly giving way to stocks is but a popular delusion. The figures show that bonds are holding their place remarkably well; and sound investment policy still finds a proper place for bonds as well as stocks.

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The following list of booklets may be of interest to you. Choose by number the ones you wish to see, fill out the coupon below and we will be glad to have them sent to you without charge, or you can write the Bankers themselves. Please enclose ten cents if the material of more than one company is desired.

19. A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS, a booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

2. CONSERVATION OF YOUR WEALTH, an interesting program for sound investing is offered by the Bank of North America & Trust Company, City Hall Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

4. COMMONWEALTH YEAR BOOK: An illustrated detailed statement of the operations of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of much interest to investors. Offered by Commonwealth Edison Company, 72 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

5. SERVING A NATION, an illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service Organization, and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

6. HOW TO SELECT SAFE BONDS, a pamphlet outlining some sound investment principles, offered by George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

7. INVESTORS' GUIDE, a detailed statement of sound investments, is offered by Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

9. SECURITY BONDS, a name applied to 6% real estate bonds which are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Maryland Casualty Company, a $40 000,000 corporation, are described in an illustrated booklet. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

10. FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS, a booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

14. "INVESTMENTS THAT ENDURE" is the slogan of the Utility Securities Company, 230 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., and is applied to the various securities which are offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars will be mailed upon request.

15. BANKING BY MAIL—a booklet showing how this means can be profitably followed toward a regular program of saving, offered by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, Atlantic and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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January, 1929

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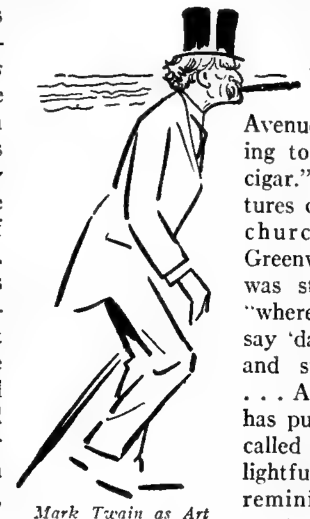
*A*uthors and Books

Will these idol-smashing biographers stop at nothing? Now they are trying to tell us that one of the most famous Lincoln stories isn't Lincoln's at all. . . . The story goes that a delegation of clergymen once called upon Lincoln and asked him not to put Grant in high command because he drank whiskey. . . . To which Lincoln replied: "I wish some one would tell me the brand of whiskey that Grant drinks. I should like to send a barrel of it to every one of my other generals." . . . W. E. Woodward, in his new book, *Meet General Grant,* says he has information that Lincoln himself denied being the author of this story, declaring it to be at least a hundred years old. It all began, according to Lincoln, when some one complained to King George II. that General Wolfe was mad. "If General Wolfe is mad," he replied, "I hope he bites some of my other generals." . . . Mr. Woodward's book, published by Horace Liveright, is the Literary Guild's book for November. It is based on months of research, and is, according to Mr. Woodward, the most difficult piece of work he has done.

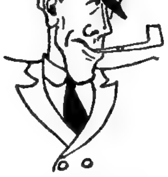
Perhaps Paeder O'Donnell made his recent trip to America for more than the completion of arrangements with Putnam's, who recently published his novel, *The Way It Was With Them.* . . . Perhaps he came for a bit of a rest. . . . America is not famous for the restfulness of her welcome to visiting literary folk, but then, few of them are used to the exciting home life of Mr. O'Donnell in Ireland. . . . Fights, hunger-strikes, executions are apparently every-day occurrences with him. . . . In at least one hunger-strike and four or five near-executions, he has played the leading rôle. . . . He will tell you that prison is a fine place for thinking; and, if you have been hungry most of your life anyway, a hunger-strike is not so much. . . . That is, he will tell you these things if you can get him to talk at all, which we were fortunate enough to do. . . . In his novel he gets you tremendously excited over the buying of a sack of flour, so real does he make his simple Irish folk. . . . Anyway, he has gone back to Ireland. He was probably homesick for "things doing."

It has come to the point where Cape Cod reminds you of Joseph C. Lincoln just as old London reminds you of Dickens, or the Wessex countryside of Thomas Hardy. . . . Which may or may not make Mr. Lincoln a great novelist. Critics have a way of ignoring him, but the public does not. Far from it. . . . Book after book, all somewhat similar in manner and matter, appear; promptly they reach the best-seller lists and cling there tenaciously, sometimes until the next book comes off the presses, filled with the same true-to-life, lovable people, the same humour touched with pathos, without which there simply isn't a Joseph C. Lincoln. . . . The latest is *Silas Bradford's Boy,* published by Appleton.



Mark Twain as Art Young saw him.

When Art Young first came to New York he saw Mark Twain, then an old man, "walking up Fifth Avenue as if he were trying to catch up with his cigar." . . . He drew pictures of P. T. Barnum at church; he knew the Greenwich Village which was still the only place "where a woman could say 'damn' right out loud and still be respected." . . . All this and more he has put into a jolly book called *On My Way,* a delightful hodge-podge of reminiscence and comment published by Horace Liveright. . . . Art Young says he believes himself to be the first cartoonist in the United States to draw a daily political cartoon. . . . There has been no one for a generation in the world of politics, letters or art whom Mr. Young has not known and cannot talk about with the same observation and humour he puts into his drawings.



William McFee
A caricature by Gene Markey

Off to South America on the tramp steamer *Candelshoe* we went with William McFee in his new novel *Pilgrims of Adversity.* . . . There we wandered, drowsy with glamour, deciding that Mr. McFee must spend all of his time on a ship, and most of it in South America, to write so convincingly. . . . And then his publishers, Messrs. Doubleday and Doran, tell us that Mr. McFee had been sojourning at the Old Vicarage, Letheringham, Wickham Market, Suffolk (could any address be more so—and less South American!), dashing around the neat countryside in a roadster with "Spirit of Westport" painted across the hood. . . . And now he's back in his Connecticut home. . . . It's enough to blast anyone's faith.

The publication of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Buck in the Snow*—her first volume of verse in five years—is one of the most exciting things that has happened to poetry-lovers in years. . . . More than a quarter of a million volumes of Miss Millay's poetry have been sold since the publication of her first volume *Renascence* in 1917—one year after she left Vassar. . . . This is a record any poet might be proud of. . . . Then, too, she wrote the libretto of "The King's Henchman" which some claim to be the great American opera. . . . In her latest book she is as beautiful, whimsical and wistful as ever. *Buck in the Snow* is a Harper book.

→ A Few Leaves to Turn Over in the New Year →

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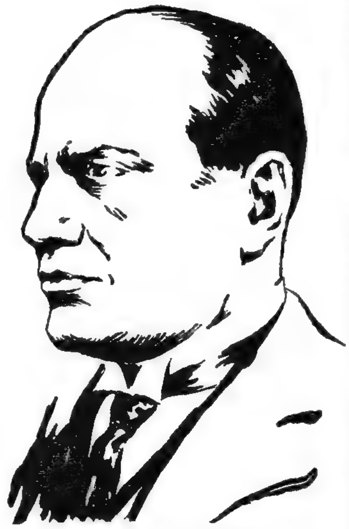

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ALSO TREMENDOUSLY important in a poetical way is Robert Frost's new book of lyrics, *West-running Brook* (Henry Holt). Mr. Frost is one of the handful of moderns about whom conservatives and the modern-est of moderns agree. . . . And they agree that he is an outstanding American poet, whose work will live as shaping the poetry of his day. . . . Mr. Frost has spent most of his life in the New England about which he writes, and at present he dwells at Amherst College, where he is a professor of English. It is quite the thing for poets to be professors nowadays.

EVERYWHERE WE HAVE BEEN during the last few days people are talking about Orlando. . . . Orlando, the hero-heroine, who is three hundred years old before he-she gets adjusted to life so that his-her author feels all right about leaving him-her. . . . Orlando, who starts out as a page at the court of Queen Elizabeth and ends up a sophisticated matron of the year 1928. . . . And if this isn't confusing enough, we suggest that you read the book, *Orlando* (Harcourt, Brace) . . . which is as interesting as it is confusing. Its author is Virginia Woolf, who likes experimenting. . . . She has already had the literary world by the ears with her *Mrs. Dalloway,* a whole novel occupied with the doings of a quiet day, and *To the Lighthouse,* an equally subtle and detailed searching of minds and motives. . . . Mrs. Woolf is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography.*

WHAT'S A MERE first edition these days! Coward-McCann, for instance, have brought out a volume of plays by Thornton Wilder, called *The Angel That Troubled the Waters,* which has three first editions, each one grander than the last, which is the ordinary or garden variety of first edition. One is limited to 750 copies, numbered, signed by the author, with a photograph of him, too. . . . Another is limited to 2,000 copies, numbered, signed by the publishers (no photo!).

ANN PARRISH came back a month ago from a visit to Ireland to find her latest book, *All Kneeling,* selling at the rate of 50,000 copies a month. . . . Which is a welcome home for anybody. . . . Miss Parrish is that rare author, one who is both Reader's Best Friend and Critic's Delight.

WE ARE STILL unsophisticated enough to be left breathless by the idea of a $25,000 prize for the serial and book rights to a novel. This is what Katherine Holland Brown received for the manuscript of *The Father* in the *Woman's Home Companion*-John Day

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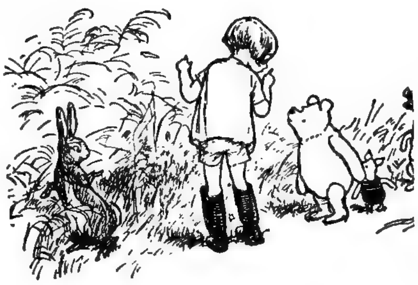
Company novel contest last spring. . . . Now this novel—best of 1,393 which were entered in the contest—has been published by The John Day Company, and we were among the first to read it, we think. . . . It is all about John Stafford, a fighting Abolitionist editor at the time of the Civil War, a father who was guide, playmate, and companion to his children. . . . Miss Brown has been writing this book, off and on, since 1917. . . . In spite of the fact that she is a frail little person, Miss Brown gets up at five o'clock every morning and writes for three hours before breakfast, and then again until noon, sometimes in the afternoon. She rarely works after three o'clock, however, and therefore believes herself "deplorably lazy."

WALTER PACH'S *Ananias, or the False Artist*, published by Harper's, turns the art world upside down, according to critics. Among other things, Mr. Pach charges that the Metropolitan Museum in New York City contains much painting and sculpture which does not rise above the level of mediocrity. . . . Which is a cruel thing for Mr. Pach to say, for he was practically brought up in the Museum (his father was official photographer from the day it was founded) and he has since become one of its most popular lecturers. . . . Then, too, the museum has a complete set of Mr. Pach's own etchings.

WE THINK that Frank Nicholson should have been run in by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Great Men before ever he published his *Favorite Jokes of Famous People*. . . . These jokes may be screamingly funny when told, but—well . . . In a personality-revealing way, however, the book is a gem. . . . It's a fascinating game to see what your favourite hero thought was funny. . . . And everyone in the world is here, excepting only George Bernard Shaw and Calvin Coolidge, who refused to be drawn into the sport. . . . Then, too, there are Mr. Nicholson's drawings, and they are worth going a long way to see. . . . Dutton publishes the book.



HOW DOES A. A. MILNE manage to go on outdoing himself, year after year—that is what we would like to know! . . . We were reading *The House at Pooh Corner* aloud to our favourite nephew the other day, and it was with a

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sigh which outdid the nephew's—and he has a good big sigh—that we laid it down at the end. . . . It is every bit as delightful as *Winnie-the-Pooh,* and if it's not quite so good as *When We Were Very Young* and *Now We Are Six,* that is because they are in verse; and Mr. Milne is specially designed by Providence to write verse. . . .

Charles Francis Coe was once given only ten days to live. He wound up his business, and then on the eleventh day, found that he was still alive. So he became a writer, and is now the author of *Swag,* a Putnam novel all about crime. . . . Mr. Coe's dramatic life-story moved us to verse. We began bravely:

Charles Frances Coe
Had ten days to go. . . .

—and then we couldn't get any farther.

John Gould Fletcher, whose *John Smith, Also Pocahontas* has recently been published by Brentano's, has returned to the land of his birth from England, where he now lives, to make an extensive lecture tour. It may be some consolation to him, as he stands on chilly railroad platforms waiting for midnight trains, to think that his book is selling, selling. . . .

A $30,000 prize has been awarded by the Argentine Government to Hugo Wast for his novel *Stone Desert.* . . . And as though that were not enough for one man, the Spanish Royal Academy has just given him its yearly award also—for his previous novel *Black Valley.* . . . They are both stories of the Argentine mountains, and are rapidly making Mr. Wast the most popular writer in South America. . . . Translators are busily at work rendering these novels into a variety of languages. . . . Among them are Louis Imbert and Jacques Le Clercq, who have just presented *Stone Desert* to American readers via Longmans, Green and Company, publishers.

Robert Hyde—so Payson and Clarke, his publishers, tell us—is in the habit of building a house with his own hands while planning out a novel. . . . If he keeps up the rate he has so far set for himself—a house, a book, and a baby each year—he will soon have to start a town all his own, with a nice new library building for his own works, and schools and colleges for the children. . . . His second novel is called *Young Family.*

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, author of *Army With Banners,* is included in the California Hall of Fame. . . . She shares this honour with fourteen other women, among them Gertrude Atherton and Kathleen Norris.

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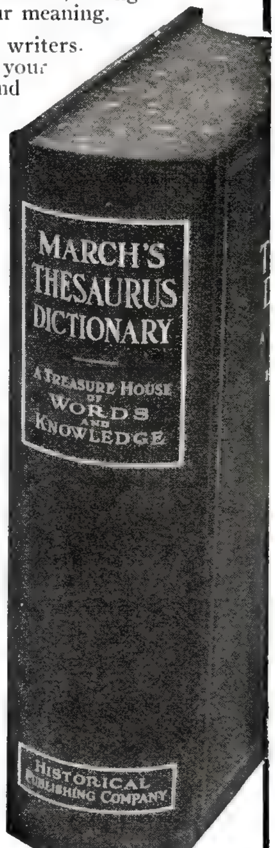
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SIGRID UNDSET'S *The Snake Pit,* is a sequel to *The Axe,* published last year. Mrs. Undset is a Nobel prize winner of note.

ROBERT BENCHLEY'S latest book is our favourite humour of the month. One reason is the story of how the book got its title. When he first sent it to Messrs. Henry Holt, they said the title then on the manuscript—*David Copperfield, or Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*—was far too long. Obligingly Mr. Benchley strove to change it, and after weeks of work produced the title under which the book now stands: *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield.*

Hors-d'œuvres
from the Newest Books

(*Continued from page* 93)

PICTURESQUE NEW ORLEANS

By 1825 New Orleans had reached its most picturesque period.

More than a hundred years before, at the time of the city's founding, John Law's followers had described it as a place of tropical luxury. Now, a century later, the same tales were being told again—but the tales were told to Americans now, to men living in New England and along the Atlantic seaboard. And now the stories were true.

For here was indeed a strange city, a city that had been first French, then Spanish, and which was now Creole, a blending of both. Here in an atmosphere of the Old World lived rich and cultured men and women; here was a community which was indeed luxurious, with its opera, its theatre, music, balls, its gambling, its bull-fights, and its circus; a city of men who inherited the Latin traits of both nations—fiery men who loved pleasure, men who lived for excitement, men who enjoyed any game that stirred the senses.

Opposed to the Creoles were the Americans; for many English-speaking men had come to Louisiana since 1803. It was the marked contrast between them which makes New Orleans so picturesque at this time; for the American was as unlike the Creole as red is unlike green. It was many years before red and green blended into a more sombre tone.

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who possessed wit and skill in the use of language. During twenty-four years her friends met for the pleasures of society; the chief of which they found in conversation and the reading of new books—though music and dancing were not excluded. Madame de Rambouillet and her friends had great power. They exalted the pleasures of the mind, they exercised a refining influence upon manners, they helped to keep the language pure, they made or unmade literary reputations. Above all, this series of receptions at the mansion of a clever and well-read Marquise marked a stage in the development of that art of witty and refined conversation in which the French have been generally conceded to be the leaders of the world. A *Salon* is something distinctively French often imitated in other countries, but seldom reproduced.

The Story of France, from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon III.

PAUL VAN DYKE.

THE UNFORTUNATE TZARINA

Alexandra . . . was not normal, and this must again be pointed out, as we follow her in the last tragic months of her tragic life. This cannot be denied; one need only cite as evidence the fact that in the bedroom she had occupied at Tsarskoie Selo, the walls were bound to be so completely covered with ikons that not one inch of the blue silk with which they were hung could be discerned, except in the places where there had been those of her thousands of sacred images which she had taken away with her in her exile. Another peculiarity of hers was her habit of constantly changing the room in which she took her meals, which sometimes were served to her and to her family in her sitting-room, sometimes in her bedroom, and sometimes in her bathroom.

Altogether these apartments which she had occupied in the palace at Tsarskoie Selo were eloquent witnesses of the singularities of her mind and disposition, even to the rooms occupied by her daughters, which were almost monastic in their simplicity and lack of comfort, with beds that looked like hospital cots, having no pillows and hardly any blankets. As a contrast to this austerity, the wardrobes of the young princesses were on an extravagant scale, and they used, most of the time, to wear white frocks in order to please their mother, who, whenever she discerned a spot on one of them, immediately had it given away or destroyed.

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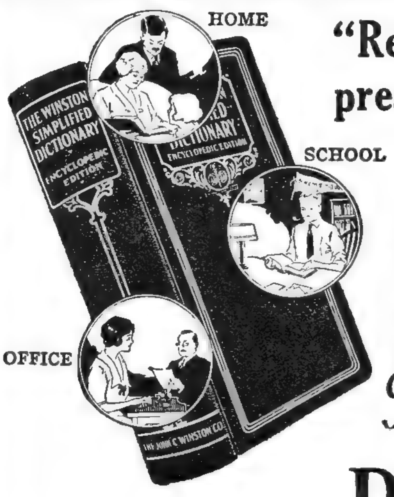

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The remarkable esteem, critical as well as popular, which the $10,000 prize winning novel *Jalna* achieved for itself, for its author, Mazo de la Roche, and for the Atlantic, which published it during 1927, makes us doubly happy to announce, for serial publication beginning in February 1929, this Canadian writer's just completed story *Whiteoaks of Jalna*.

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The Queen's Necklace

(*Continued from page* 110)

surprised is often at stake, a minute gained is sufficient to save her, as a second lost is enough to ruin her. The queen by instinct had seized the favourable moment for delay; she had checked the suspicions of the king, and restored the confidence of the count.

"Do you mean to say," replied Louis XVI., leaving the rôle of king to assume that of the anxious husband, "that I did not see Monsieur de Charny there on his knees before you, Madame? Now, when a man is permitted to kneel thus, it must be—"

"It must be, Monsieur," said the queen, severely, "that a subject of the queen of France has a favour to ask of her—"

"A favour to ask of you!" cried the king.

"And a favour I cannot grant," pursued the queen. "Otherwise, Monsieur de Charny would not have needed to entreat upon his knees, I assure you; and I should have joyfully granted his wish to a gentleman for whom I have a particular esteem."

Charny breathed again. The eye of the king had become uncertain; his brow had gradually relaxed from its unusual threatening air which surprise had caused it to assume.

Meanwhile Marie Antoinette, angry at being compelled to utter a falsehood, and in despair at not finding one to utter, was searching distractedly for some plausible fiction. She had expected, by acknowledging herself powerless to grant the count the favour he solicited, to restrain the curiosity of the king, and had hoped that the examination would stop there. She was mistaken. Any other woman would have been more prudent by showing less haughtiness; but for her it was torture to utter an untruth before the man she loved. To exhibit herself in this false light was to conclude all the falsehoods and stratagems of the park intrigue by a *dénouement* as infamous; it was almost acknowledging herself guilty, it was worse than death. She hesitated still. She would have given her life that it might be Charny who should invent the lie; but he, the loyal gentleman, did not even think of doing so. He was afraid, in his delicacy, of seeming even disposed to defend the honour of the queen.

Marie Antoinette awaited in fearful suspense the question of the king.

(*To be continued*)

* * *

Gold, a wife, and a length of cloth: choose not these save in the bright light of day.

In the house of the iron-worker the spit is of wood.

ANCIENT BASQUE PROVERBS.
(CARPENTER)

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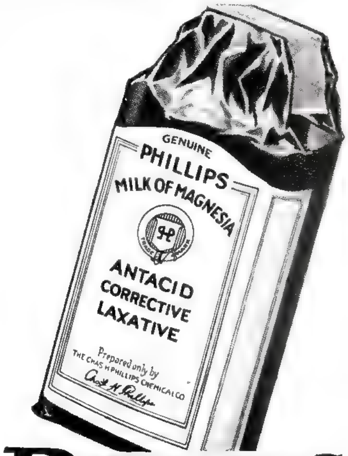

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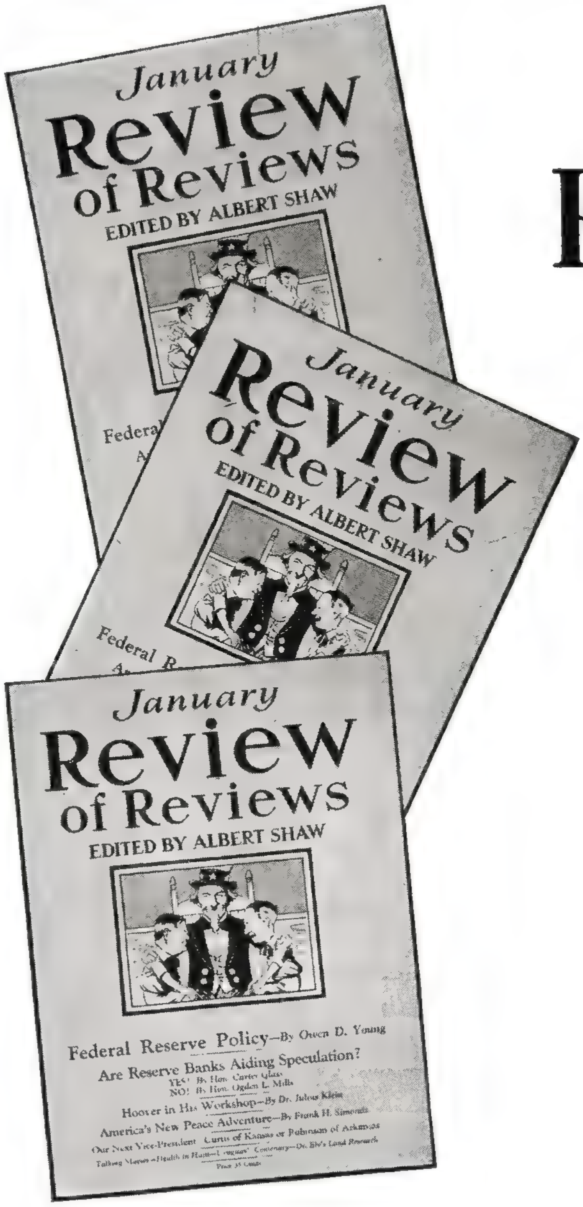
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A Real Mental Eye-Opener

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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

HOLLYWOOD'S new talking movies present possibilities of a new unity of sight and sound in the popular theatre. At present these possibilities may seem remote, but they are latently there.

Sound in accompaniment to pictures has, in the past, meant music. Such noises as were introduced were musically handled, and were but trifling incidents in the musical scheme. Now, music and movies from a theoretical standpoint are like the proverbial oil and water. The two may be put together, but there is no fusion, no unity. The picture is a completed creation in action. The musical score is added. The two are not conceived in similar terms at the same time. When two arts are joined, one will always predominate in the total effect. In opera, drama succumbs to music. In motion picture presentations music succumbs to drama.

Observe how all this is changed with the advent of talking pictures. By means of the new devices the screen itself will come to life with its own sound. At present this is far from realized, chiefly because the sound has no dimensions. People move as they speak, but their voices remain hung in one spot somewhere behind the screen. With the next improvement this focal point of sound will disappear; sound will proceed from any point of the picture, or from a hundred points, and each will be able to move up and down and forward and back, and to either side. Thus will come about a complex dimensional counterpoint — something altogether new under the sun.

Many have observed that the newsreel talkies are much more vivid than the features, and the reason for this is that all the sounds incidental to the scene are presented, while in the features everything but the voices is suppressed. When the improvements outlined above have come to pass, features also will take on their full load of sound, and all the fantastic and exquisite rhythms and tones of modern life will vitalize the theatre. We shall hear, as Luigi Russolo predicted years ago in his book called "The Art of Noise," "the gurgling of water, air, and gas in the pipes, the rumbling and rattling of motors, which breathe exactly like animals, the palpitation of valves, the push and draw of pistons, the strident cries of mechanical saws, the sonorous bounding of street cars on their rails, the cracking of whips, the flapping of flags . . . the roaring of crowds, railway stations, steel mills, textile mills, print shops, electric plants, subway trains . . . and of modern warfare."

All these, as the author just quoted insists, will not simply be imitated. They will be combined and patterned according to necessary plan of the picture presented. Tones and sounds will weave into the clash of forces in the pictured story, resulting in an art form that our day alone could have realized.

Turning from theory and speculation to business facts in connection with sound devices, 1928 was the biggest year that radio has ever had. Competent observers claim that radio sales for 1928 were at least three times greater than the sales for 1927. The astonishing fact in radio sales is that the greatest volume of business was done in the most expensive type of set. One manufacturer reports that he is months behind on orders for radio equipment priced at $500 to $1000, while he is overstocked on a $95 outfit. Furthermore, all manufacturers tell us that "the sales curve is flattening out." This means that radio formerly sold briskly before Christmas and before great public events. Now the sales are more consistent throughout the year. Both facts indicate, of course, that new radio equipment has placed the instrument on a high musical plane, so that it has come to be regarded as a cultural necessity. The fact that most of the widely sold highly expensive sets are combination radio-phonograph machines lends weight to this view.

AS ONE REVIEWS the records issued during the last year, two Columbia sets stand out as being of particular interest. These are the sixth symphony of Kurt Atterberg, played by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, and a tone poem called "Karma" by Charles Haubiel, played by the composer and the Columbia orchestra. These are the prize winners in the Schubert centennial competition, Atterberg having won the international prize, and Haubiel the American prize. These two works are perhaps the first ever to be recorded before they were given public performance.

America is the land of prize competitions. It is a rather melancholy thought that the compositions that eminent judges consider worthy of large awards are often not considered worthy of subsequent performance. Here are two prize winners that will be bright exceptions to the rule. The symphony of Atterberg is a great and noble creation. The composer is a Swede, but none of the Northern folk colouring of a Grieg or an Alfven finds its way into this symphony. Rather surprisingly, it is Brahmsian in tone and feeling. But it is not the hollow profundity and barren romanticism of many of the imitators of Brahms that find expression here. Atterberg has not imitated Brahms any more than Chausson imitated Franck. The two happened to be born alike. The rewarding and recording of this symphony is as important as the issuance of Columbia's monumental centennial edition of Schubert's works.

HAUBIEL'S "Karma" has five sections, entitled "The Soul Ascending," "Toward the Abyss," "Resurrection," and "Retrospect." It is a familiar mystical mood that he has captured—part sentimentality, part philosophy, part contemplation of the bronzes and silks and colours of the East. He did it fairly well, and will do it better when he revises "Karma" with a blue pencil. If he should look at the score of Paul Dukas's "La Peri" he would find a model—but he might also find that what he had to say had been said before.

At the time of writing not all the releases of January have been announced. Brunswick promises at least three full album sets of Gilbert and Sullivan, containing in the first the music of "The Mikado," "Patience," and "Iolanthe," and in the second "Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," and "The Gondoliers." Another highly interesting Brunswick release for this month is the "Roman Carnival" overture of Berlioz. This piece forms the introduction to the third act of the opera "Benvenuto Cellini" and fulfills its promise. Berlioz, a sort of nineteenth-century Cellini, could have done nothing but set the heavens on fire with music about the Italian swashbuckler.

The Victor Company promises shortly Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë," the first recording in its complete form, as well as Bizet's "Carmen Suite" played by the Philadelphia orchestra under Stokowski. A valuable group is being made by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony which includes Tschaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty," de Falla's "Fire Dance," Berlioz's "March to the Scaffold" and a tone poem, "Islami," by Balakiiew.

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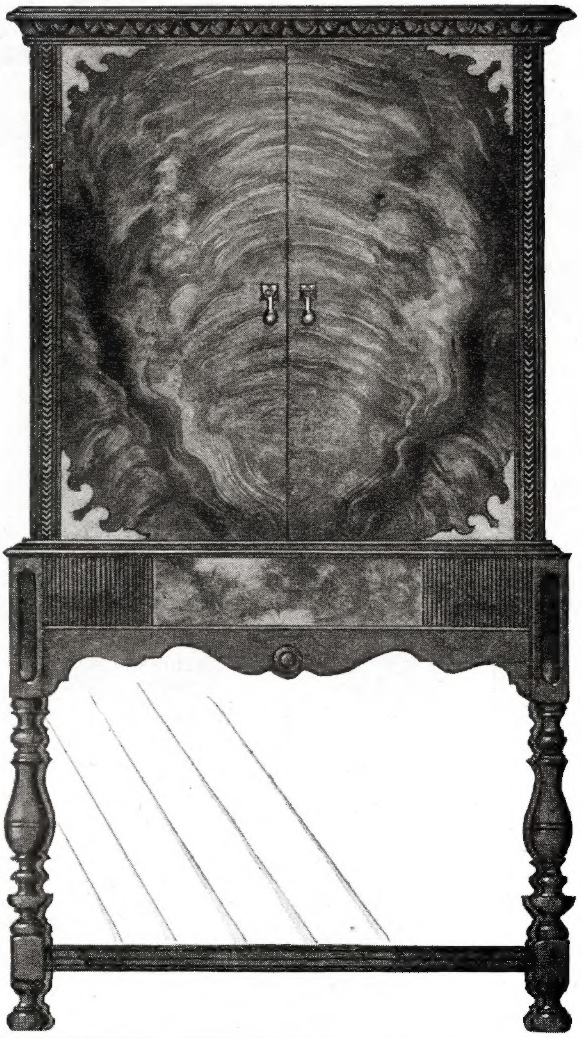

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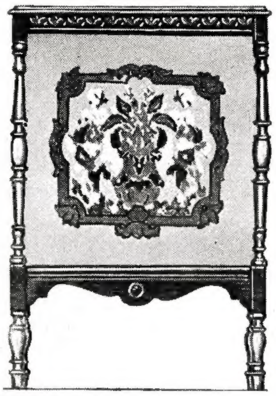

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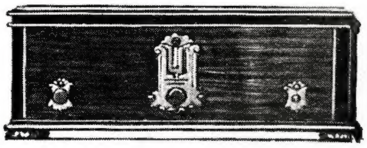

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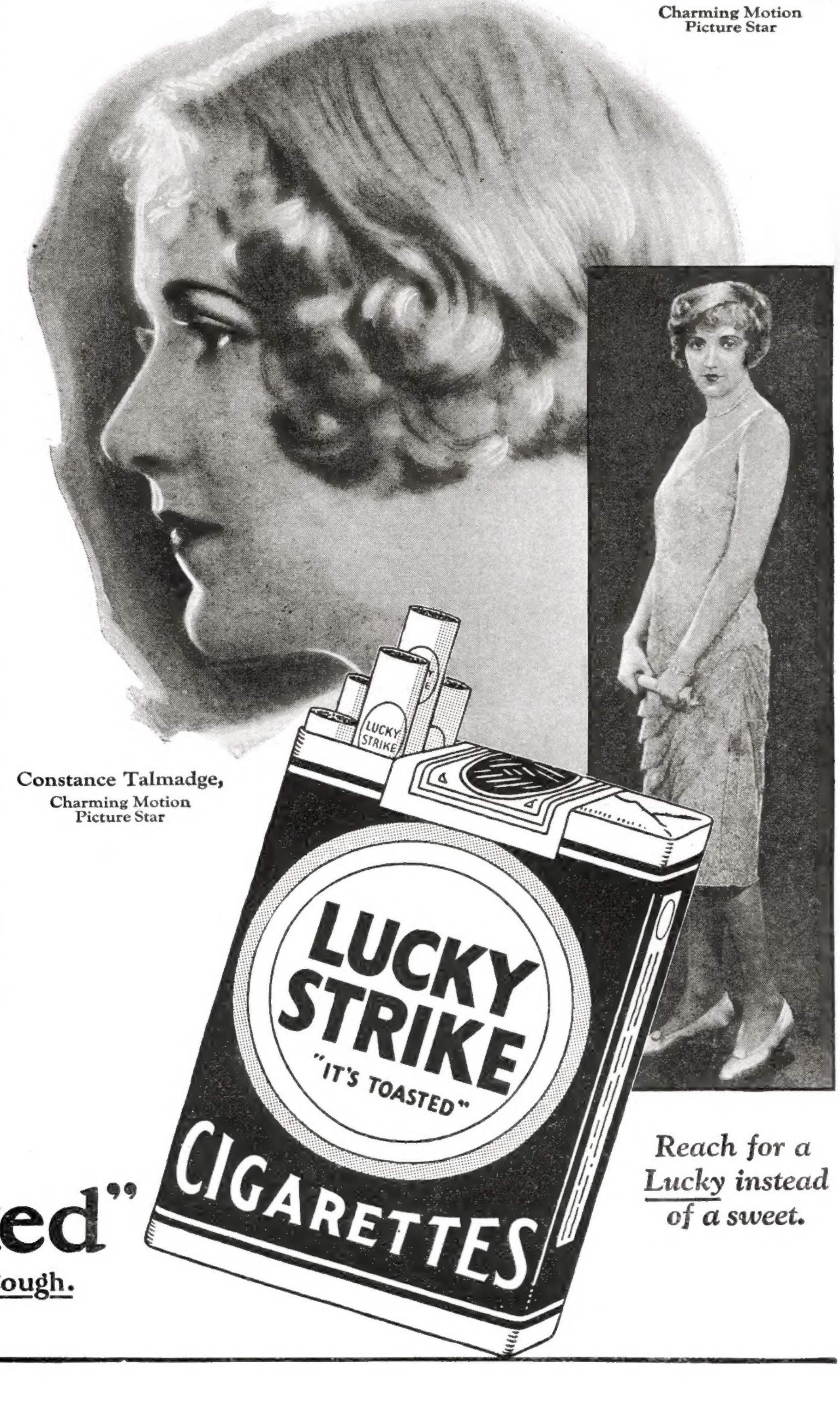
Instead of eating between meals... instead of fattening sweets...beautiful women keep youthful slenderness these days by smoking Luckies. The smartest and loveliest women of the modern stage take this means of keeping slender... when others nibble fattening sweets, they light a Lucky!

Lucky Strike is a delightful blend of the world's finest tobaccos. These tobaccos are toasted—a costly extra process which develops and improves the flavor. That's why Luckies are a delightful alternative for fattening sweets. That's why there's real health in Lucky Strike. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

For years this has been no secret to those men who keep fit and trim. They know that Luckies do not cut their wind nor harm their physical condition. They know that Lucky Strike is the favorite cigarette of many prominent athletes, who must keep in good shape. They respect the opinions of 20,679 physicians who maintain that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."



Constance Talmadge,
Charming Motion
Picture Star

Constance Talmadge,
Charming Motion
Picture Star

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

He didn't use Listerine . . .

"GREAT!" men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

don't let a Cold or Sore Throat become serious

—gargle with Listerine full strength

Kills germs in 15 seconds

SORE throat is a warning to look out for a cold—or worse.

If you have the slightest indication of
rouble, immediately use Listerine, full
trength, as a gargle.

Millions have found that this simple
ct checks the ordinary kind of sore
hroat promptly. Keeps it from becom-
ng serious. Moreover, they have proved
hat its systematic use is excellent pro-
ection against having colds and sore
hroat at all.

When you realize that Listerine kills
ven the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid)
nd M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds,
ou can understand why it is so effective
gainst cold weather complaints which
re caused by germs.

Though Listerine is powerful you may
se it full strength with entire safety in
ny cavity of the body. The safe antisep-
c indeed—unchanged during 47 years.

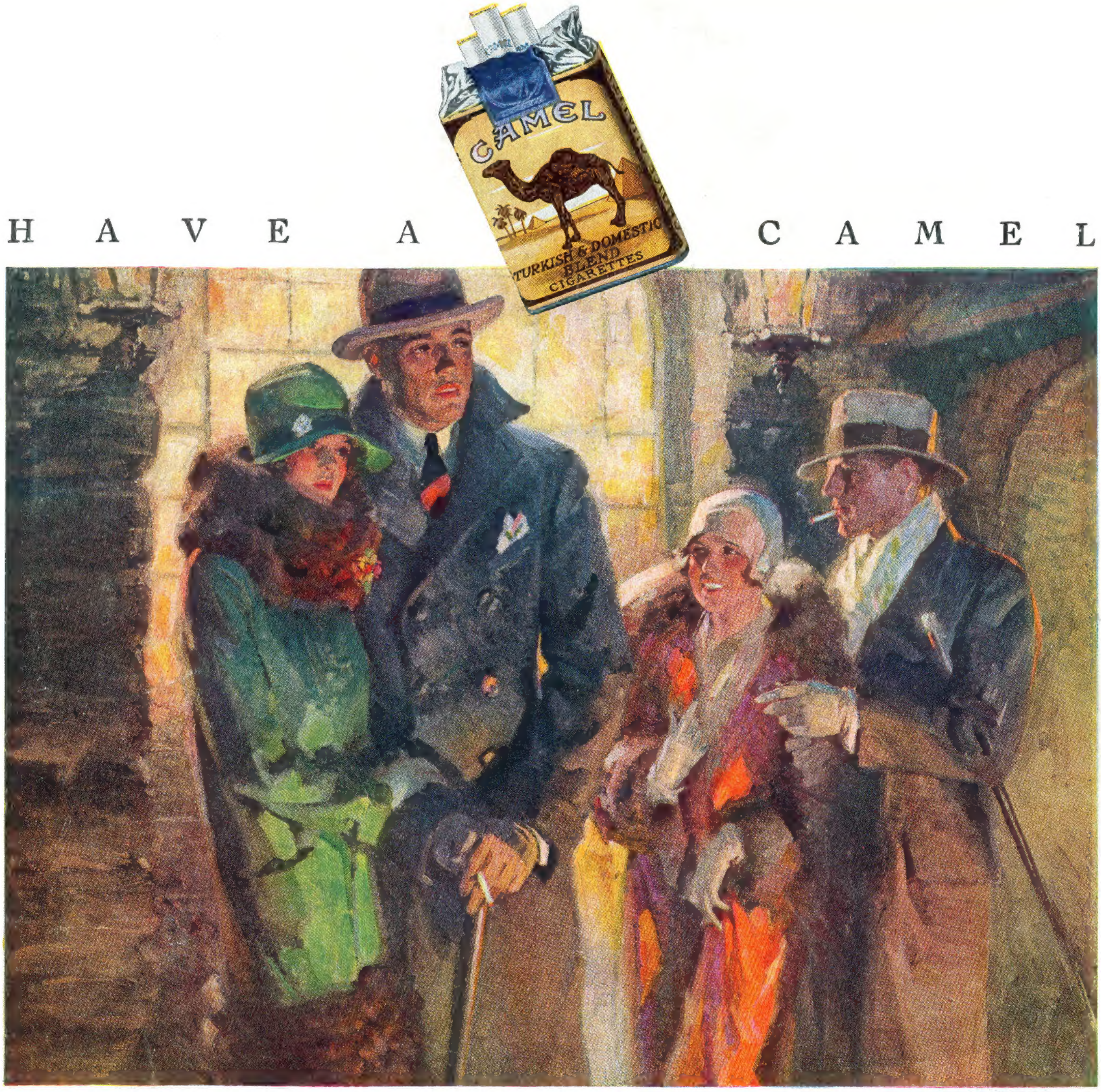
Keep a bottle handy in home and at
ork and use it—especially after exposure
o cold weather or germ-carrying crowds
n offices, railway trains, street cars or
usses. It may spare you a trying and
ostly siege of illness. Lambert Pharma-
al Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

To escape a cold—

rinse the hands with it

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. They are killed before they can enter the body. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing baby's food.

HAVE A CAMEL


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Pleasure ahead

Those who love life for its own sake instinctively choose the cigarette which gives them the greatest pleasure—

CAMEL

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